



HERGÉ · RODIER ·

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-A-RT



the.cult.of.tintin

• Hergé • Rodier • Richard •

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



- A TRIBUTE TO HERGÉ -

THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART



the.cult.of.tintin

TINTIN and ALPH-ART





NO! NO! NOOO!

Captain!



Oh... Good heavens! But... Tintin...
What are you doing here?...
What a nightmare!



What a horrible nightmare ...
Just imagine...



RING
RRRING



Hello? Yes...
No, madam...



No, you have the wrong number...
No, this is not Mr
Cutt's the butcher!
Not at all, madam.



As I was telling you, a horrible nightmare...
There was Nestor bringing my breakfast.
But it wasn't Nestor, and it wasn't my
breakfast either.

Oh yes?...



Then suddenly...

RRRING

Again?



Hello? Yes... Wh-wh-... what?... Who?...
Signora Castafiore?

NOO!



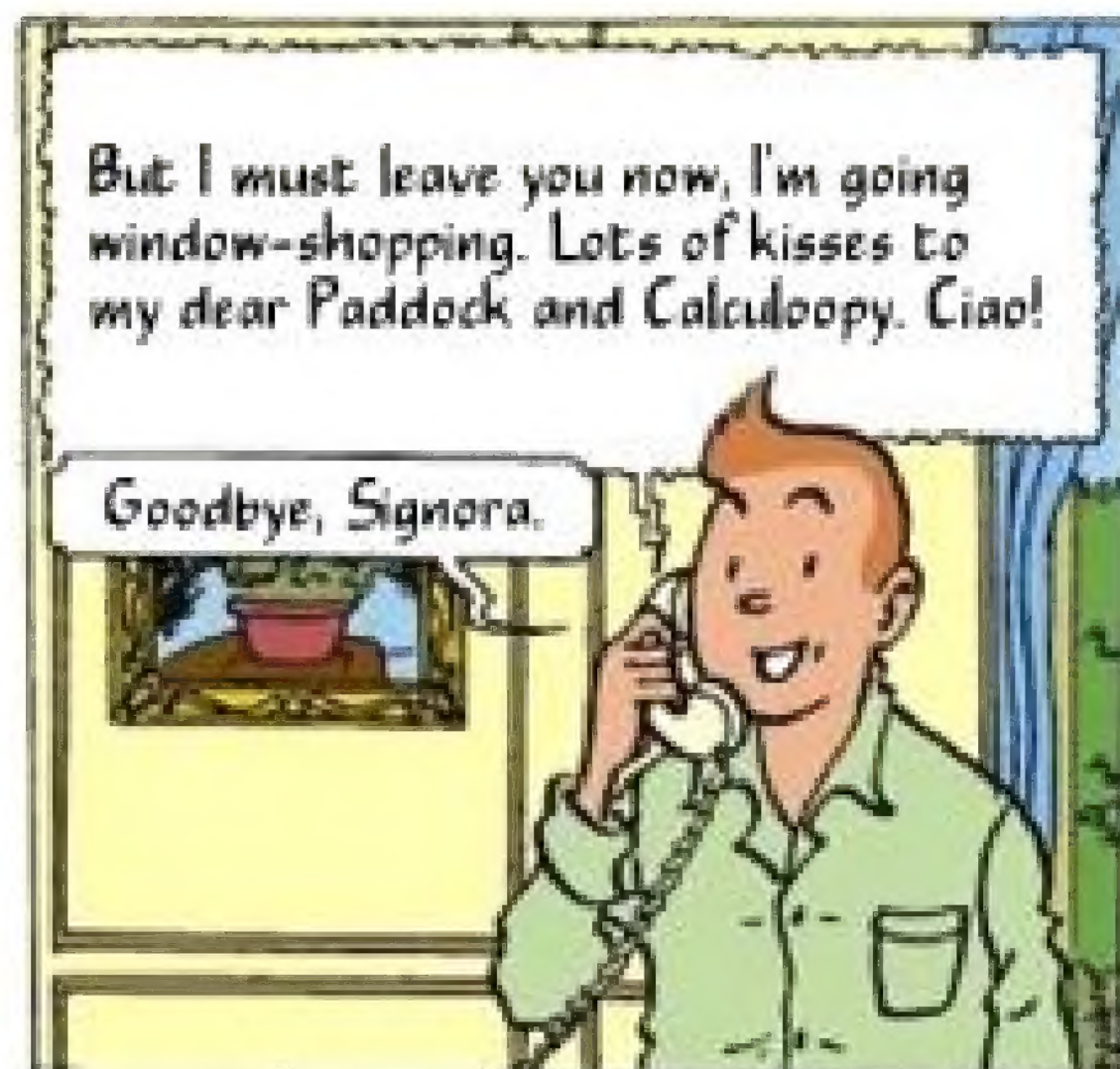
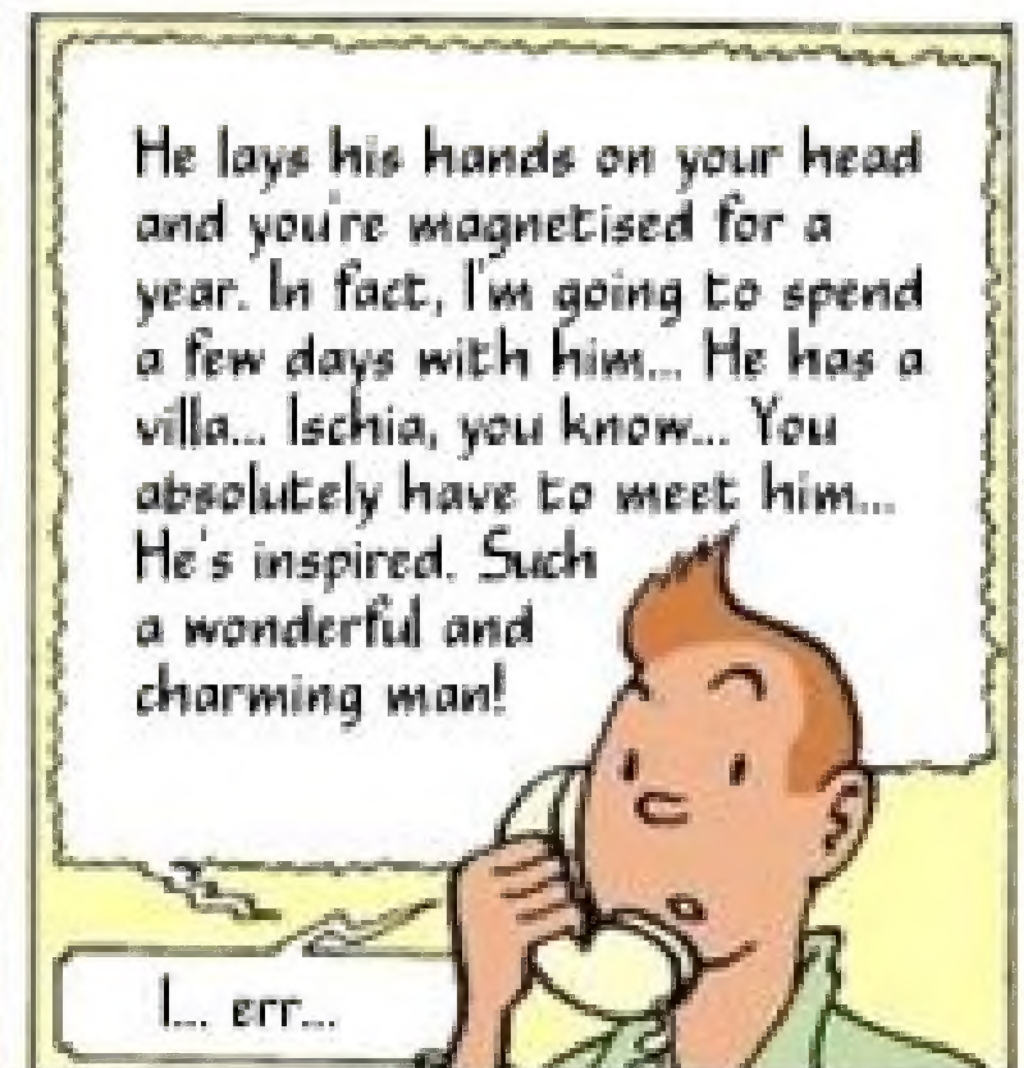
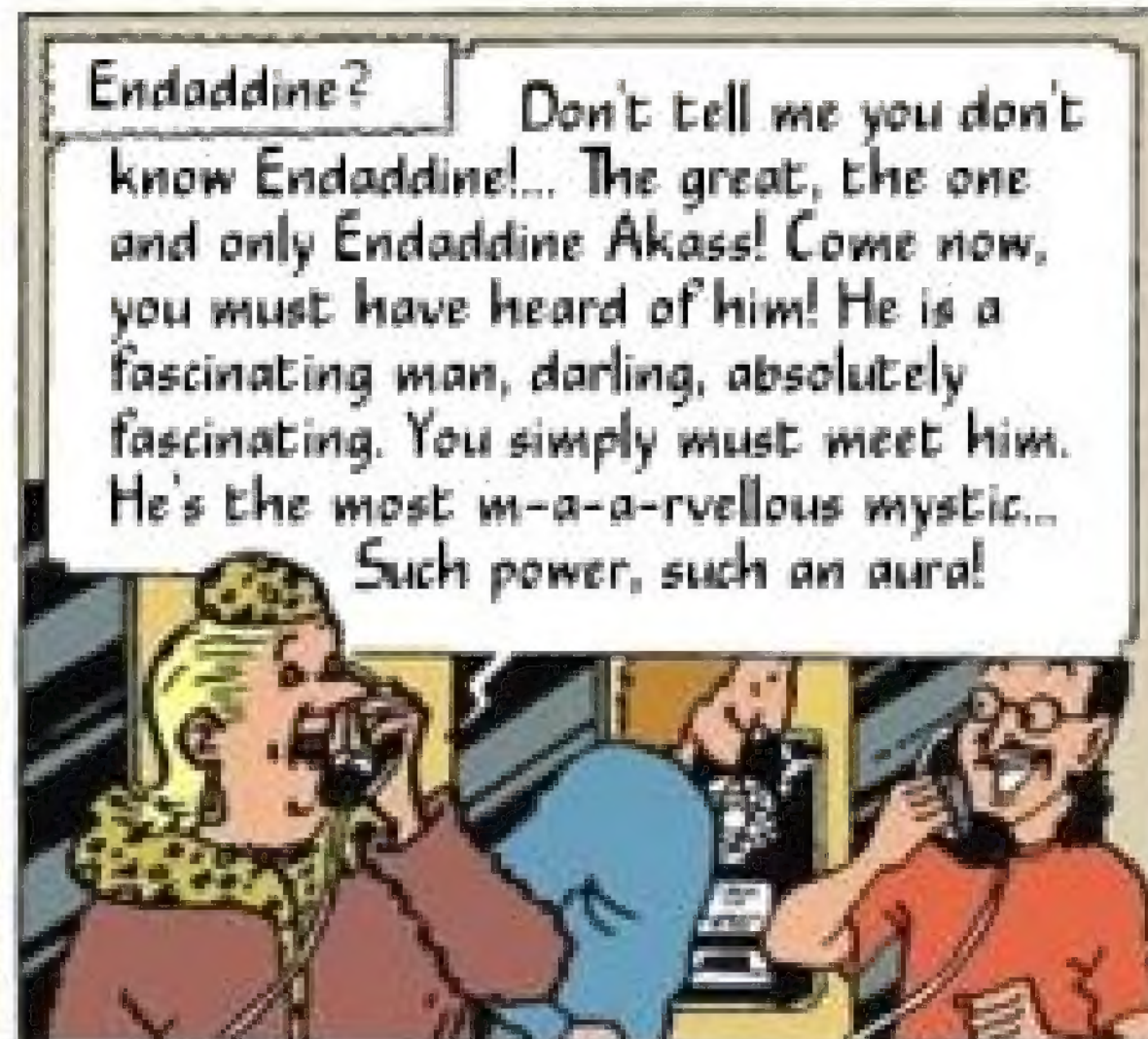
Yes, I've just arrived from Los
Angeles... Yes... And I'm in your
country for two
days. I'm planning
to come and
embrace you and
my brave Hassock.
How is he?

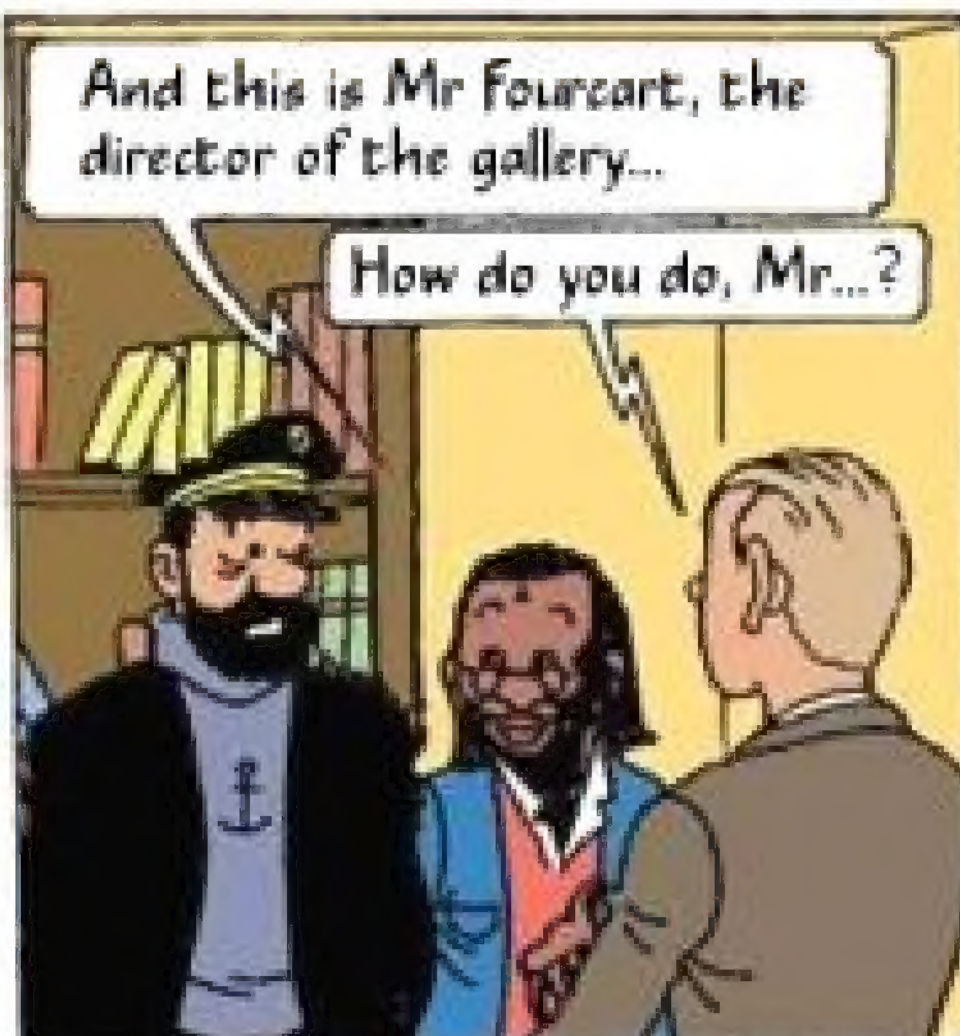
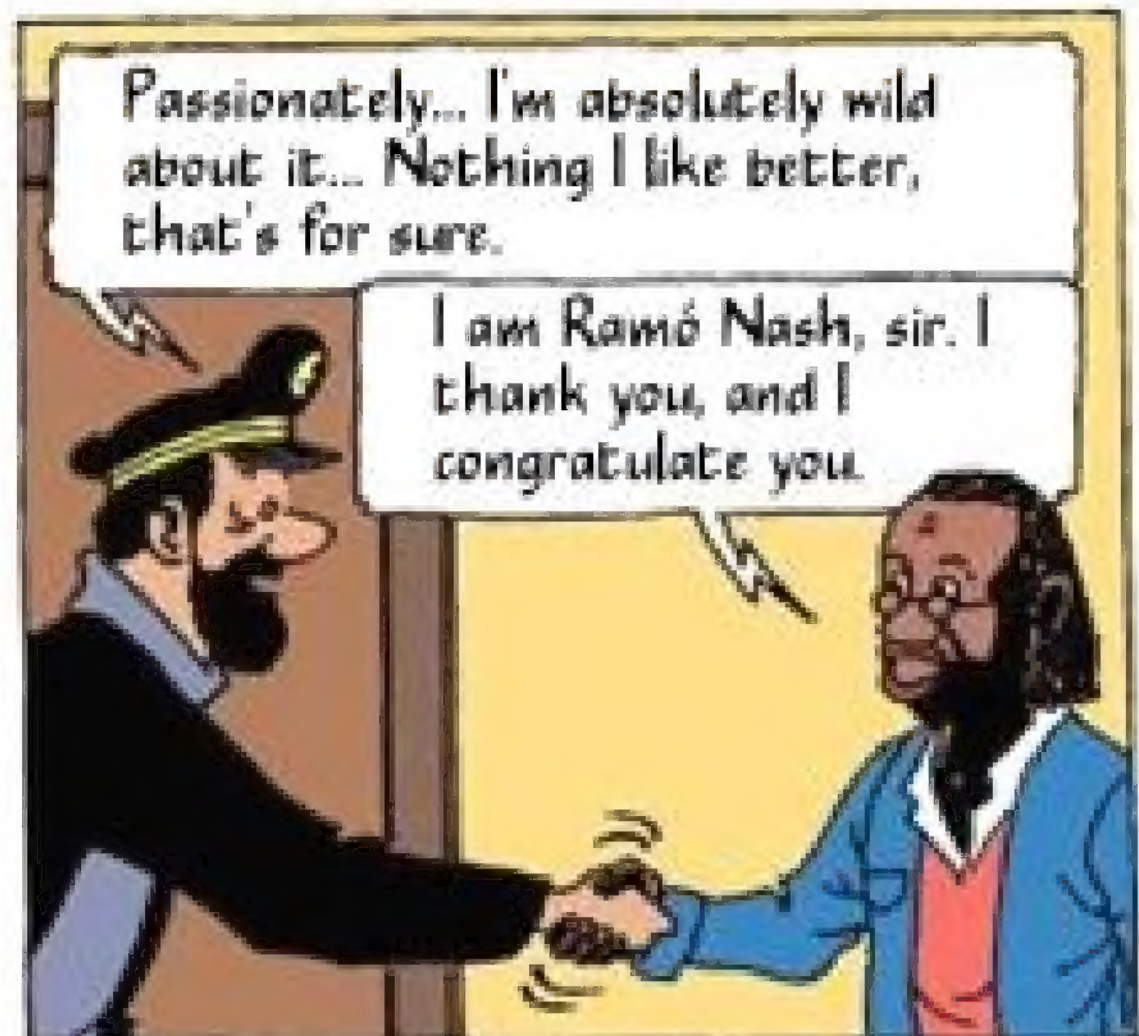
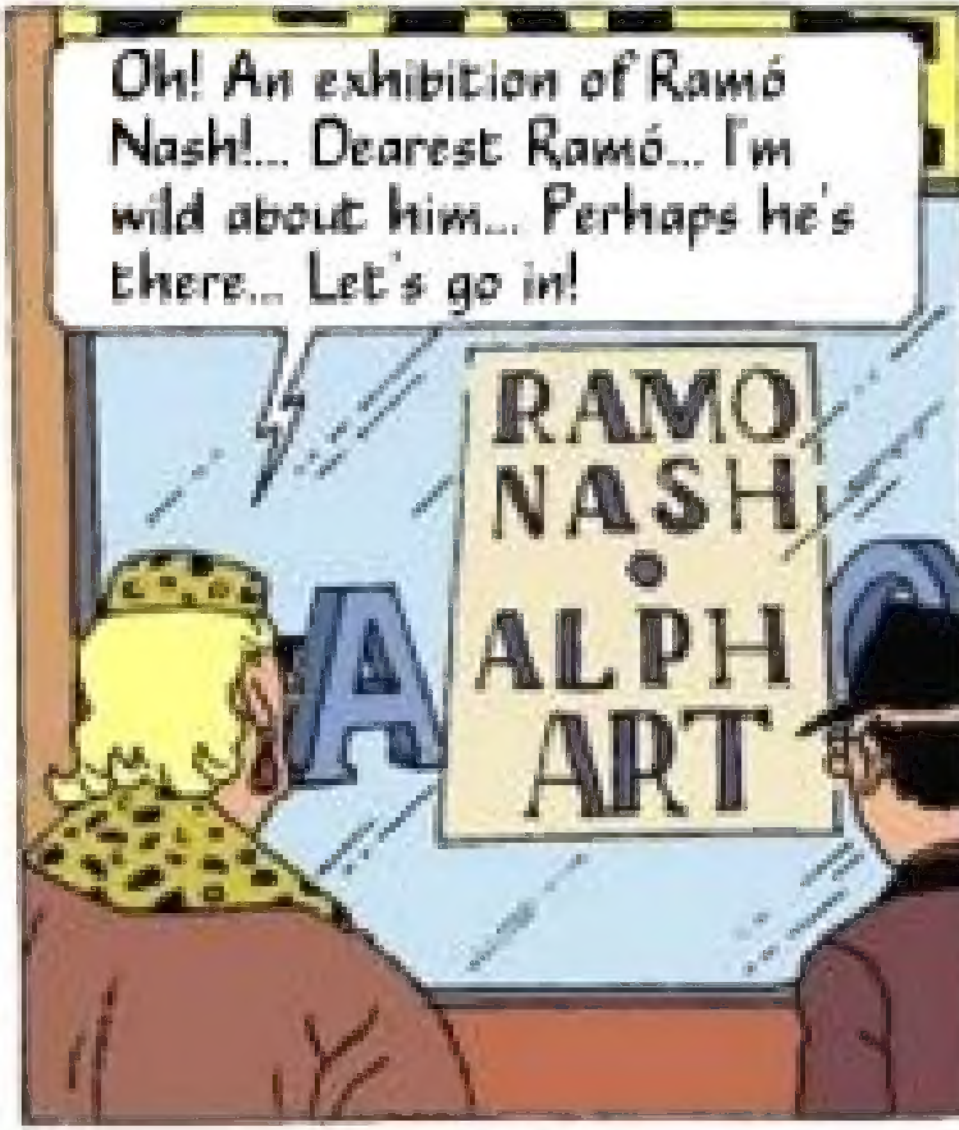


Very well, Signora, I... He's just gone
out!... He will be most upset to have
missed you...



Where are you calling from?
From the airport, caro mio...







Dearest Bianca!

Ramó! ... Darling, what a surprise!
My goodness me!



SMACK



My dear friend, allow me to
present an art lover ...



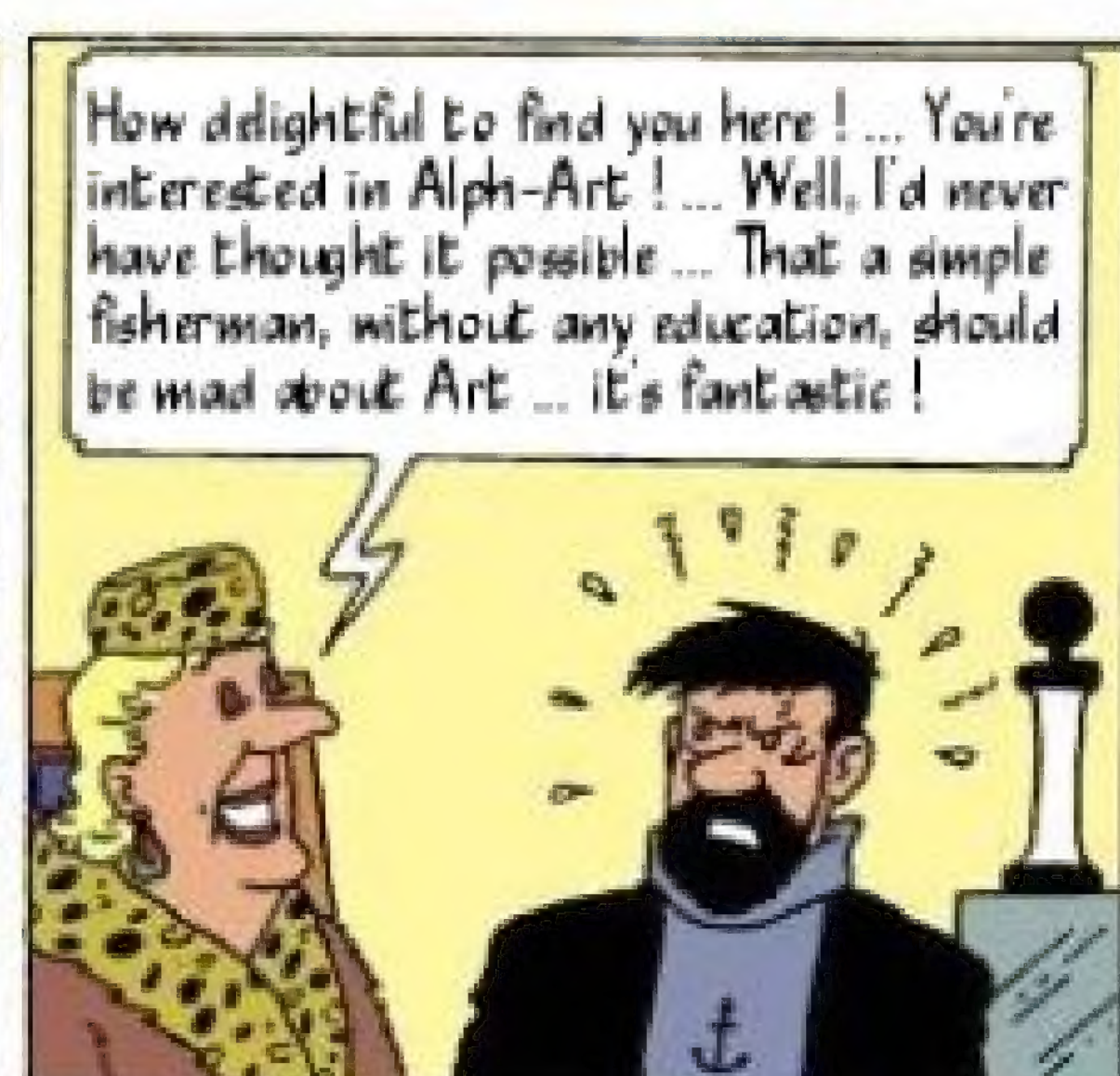
Captain Stopcock! ... You here! ...
What a surprise!

Bianca! ... You here! ...
What a surprise!

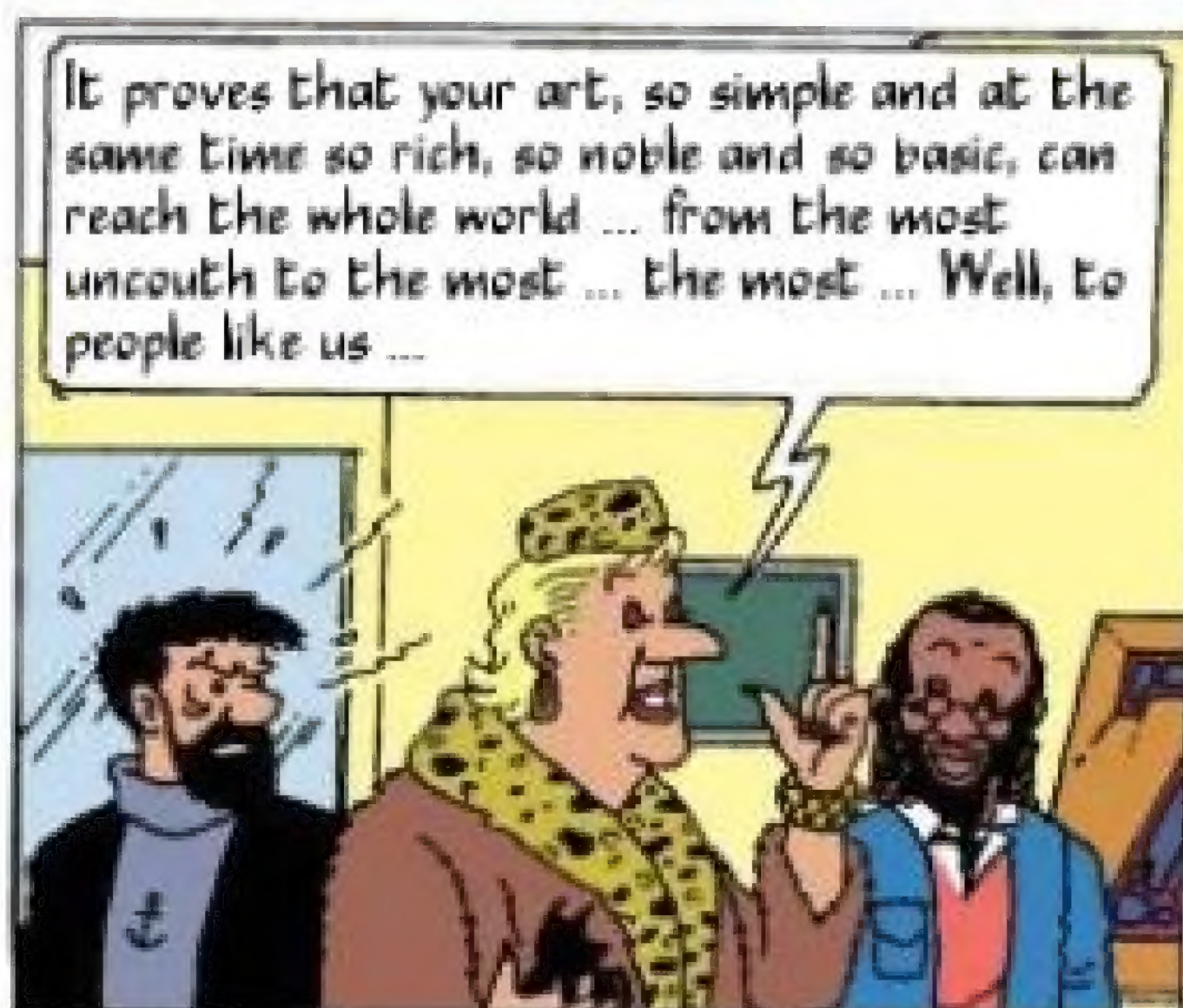


SMACK

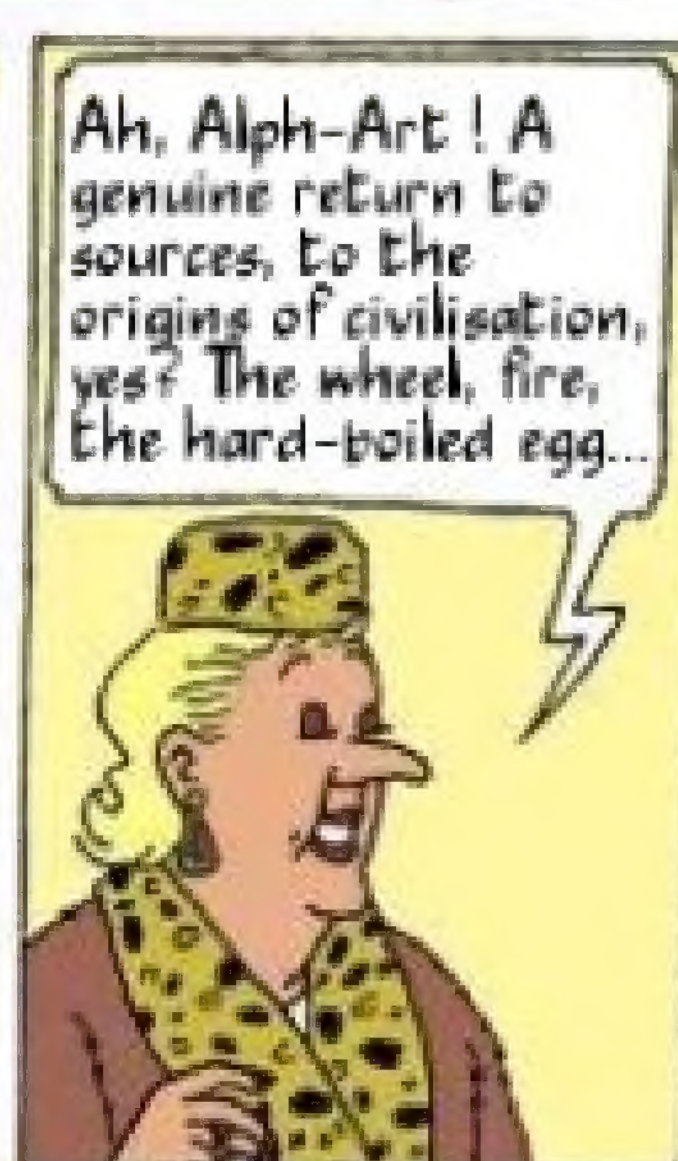
SMACK



How delightful to find you here! ... You're
interested in Alph-Art! ... Well, I'd never
have thought it possible ... That a simple
fisherman, without any education, should
be mad about Art ... it's fantastic!



It proves that your art, so simple and at the
same time so rich, so noble and so basic, can
reach the whole world ... from the most
uncouth to the most ... the most ... Well, to
people like us ...

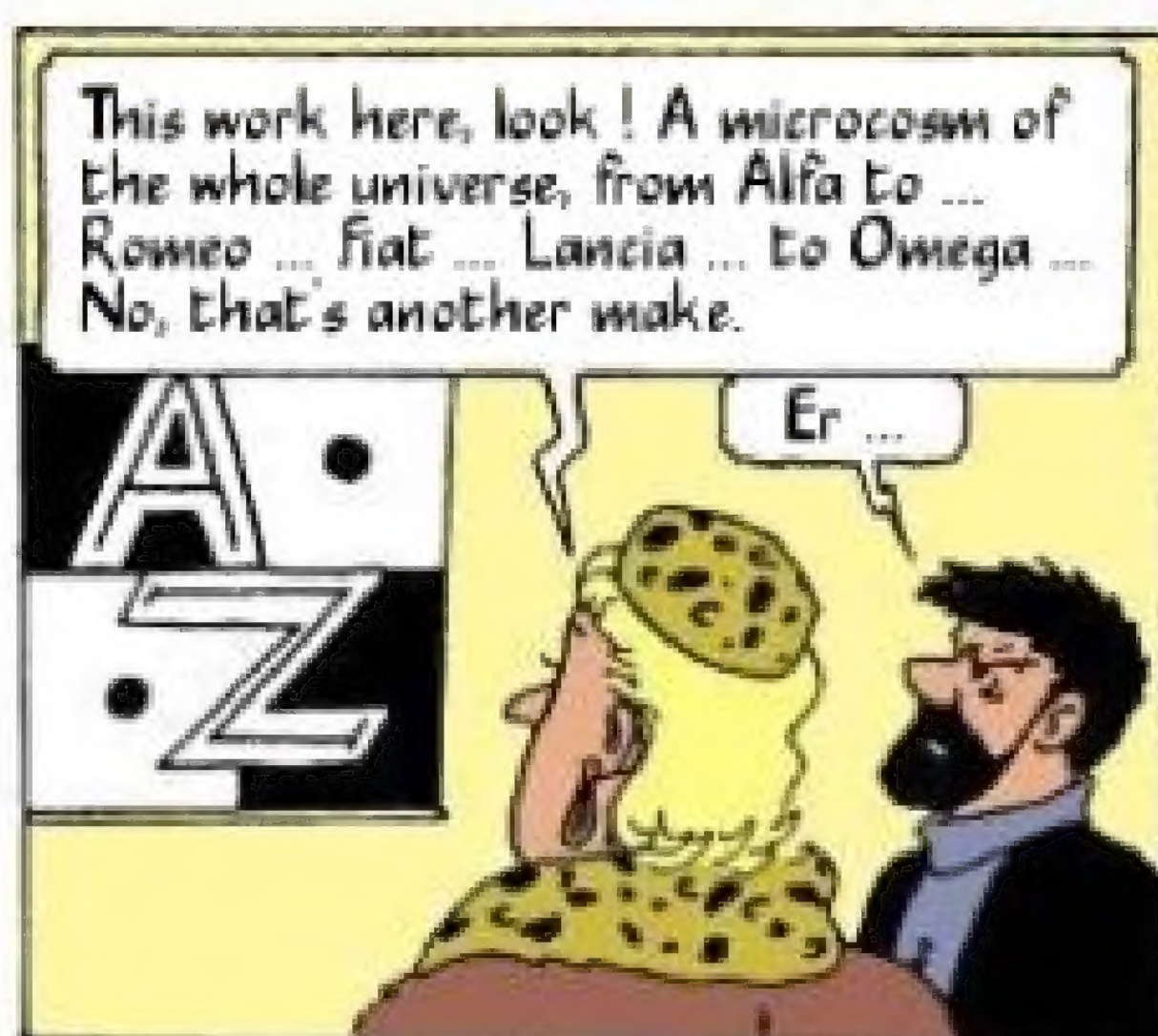


Ah, Alph-Art! A
genuine return to
sources, to the
origins of civilisation,
yes? The wheel, fire,
the hard-boiled egg...



Look at that, Captain Kapok! What
strength, what nobility! You feel
better when you've seen that,
don't you?

Er ... Um ...



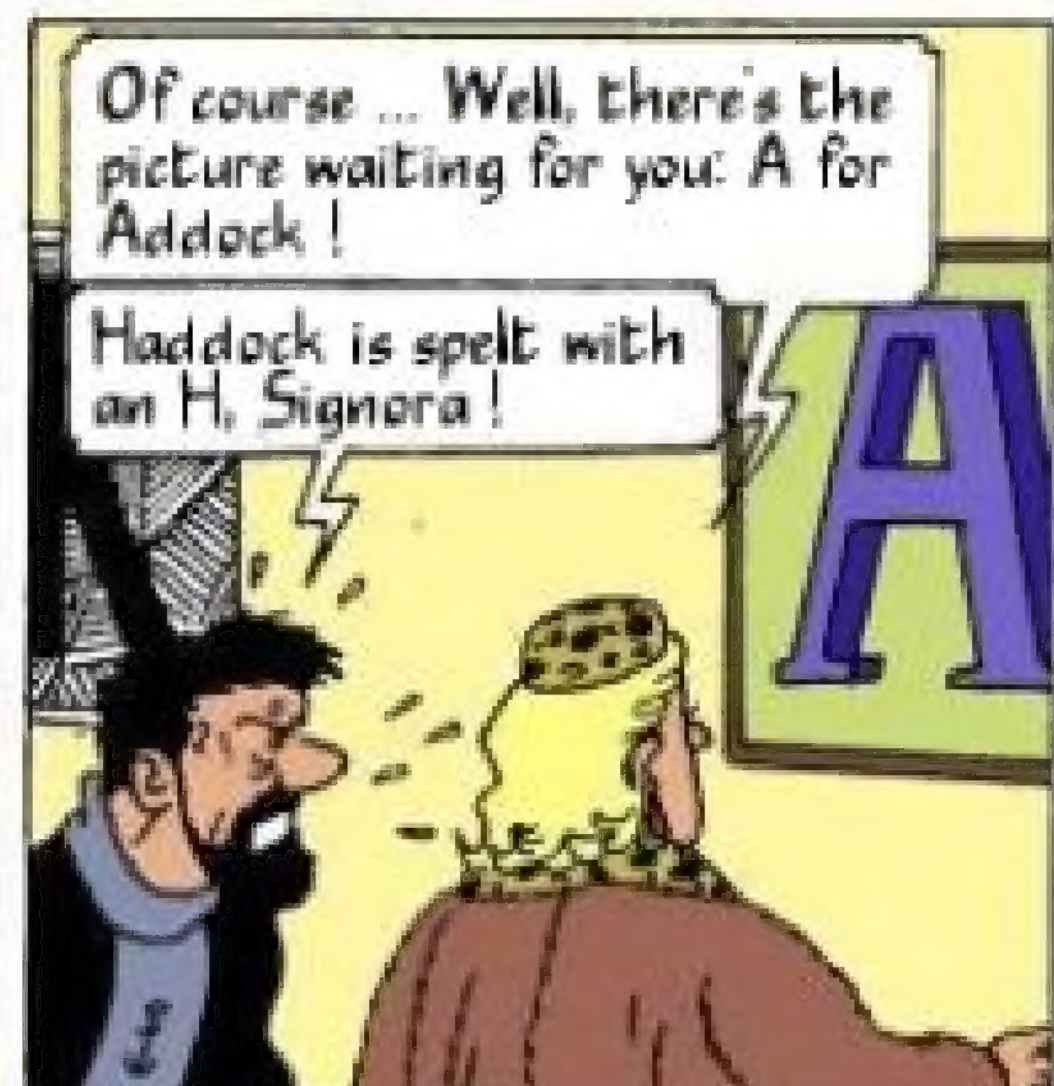
This work here, look! A microcosm of
the whole universe, from Alfa to ...
Romeo ... Fiat ... Lancia ... to Omega ...
No, that's another make.

Er ...



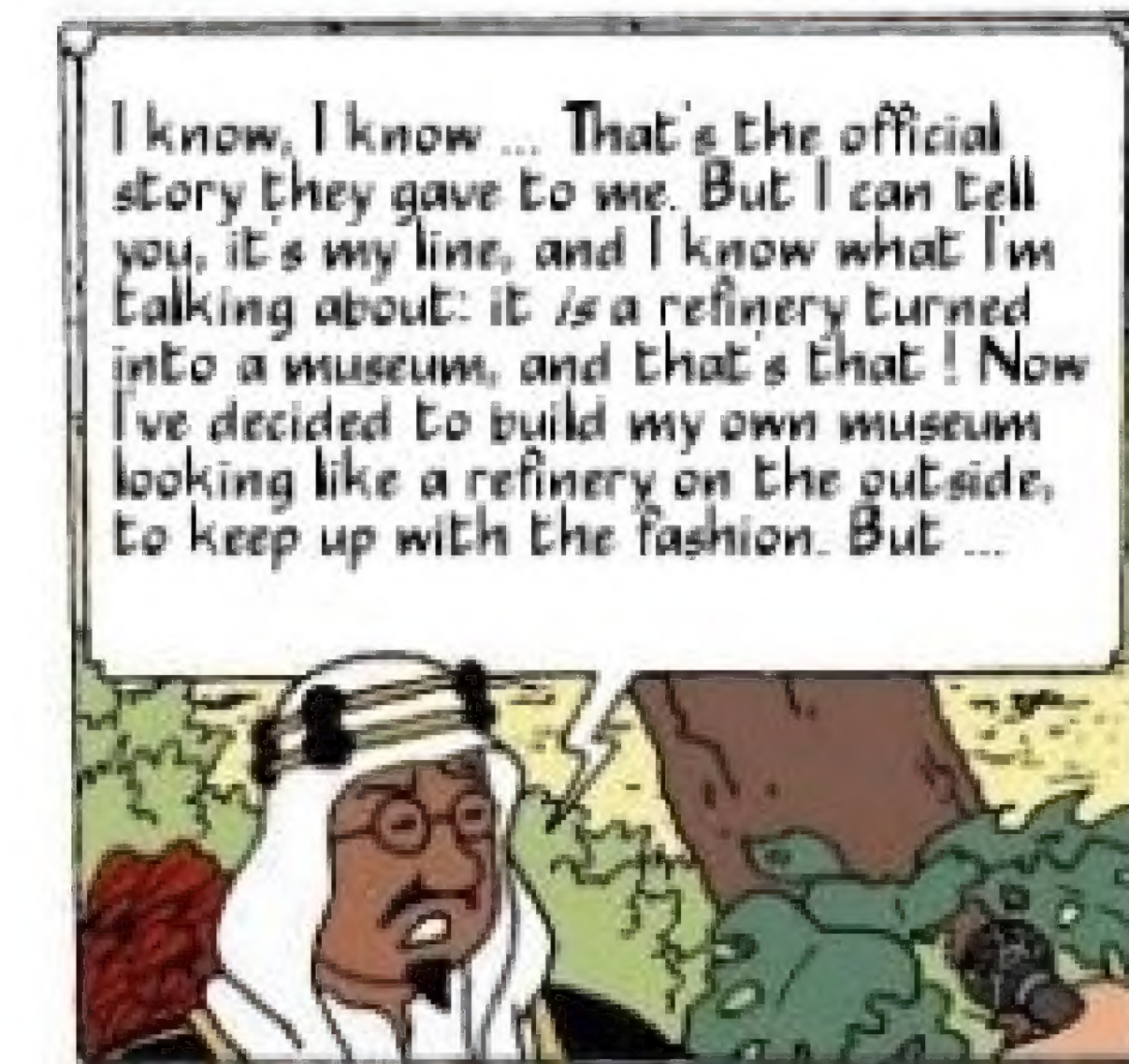
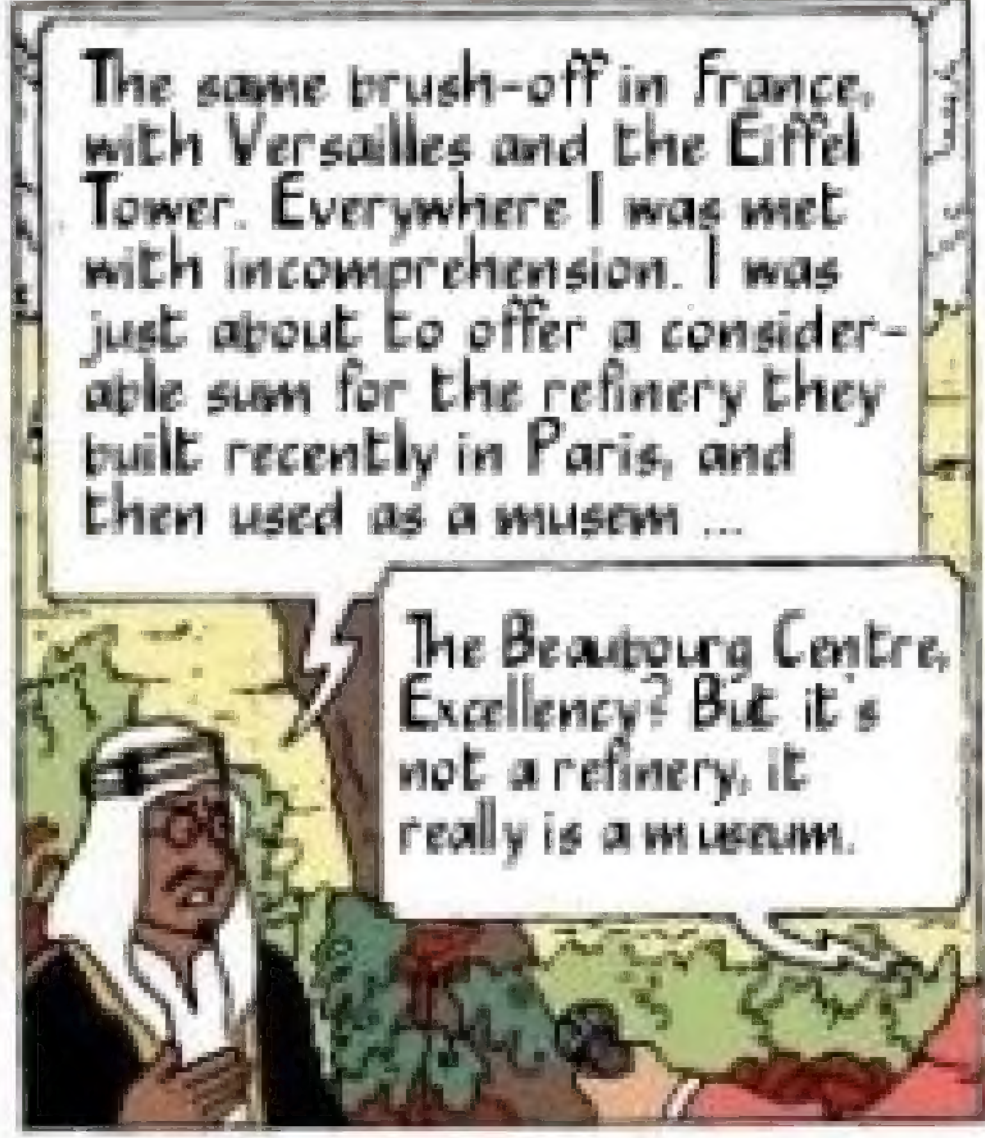
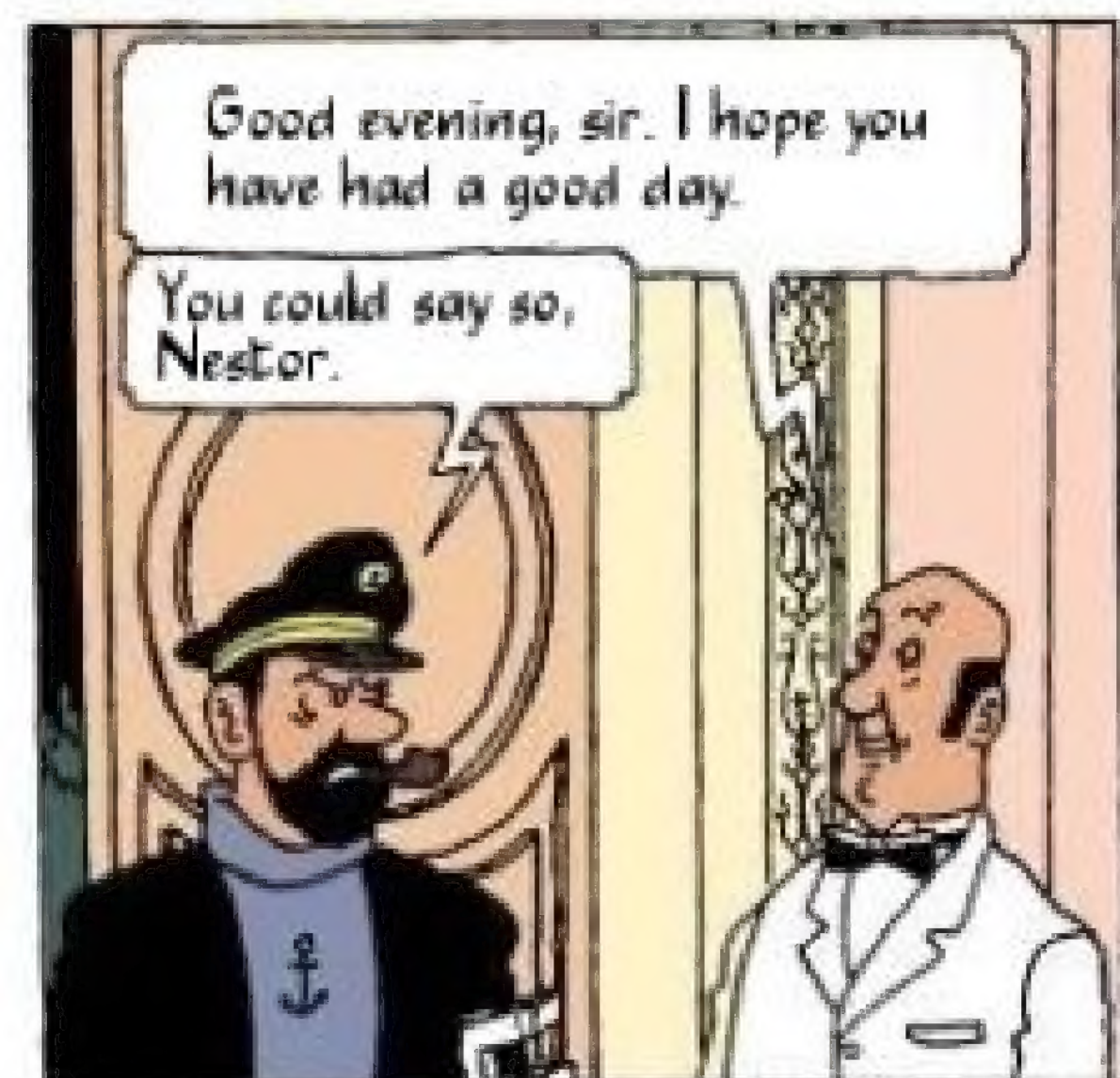
Oh, this one! Especially for you,
Captain ... K, for Kapok!

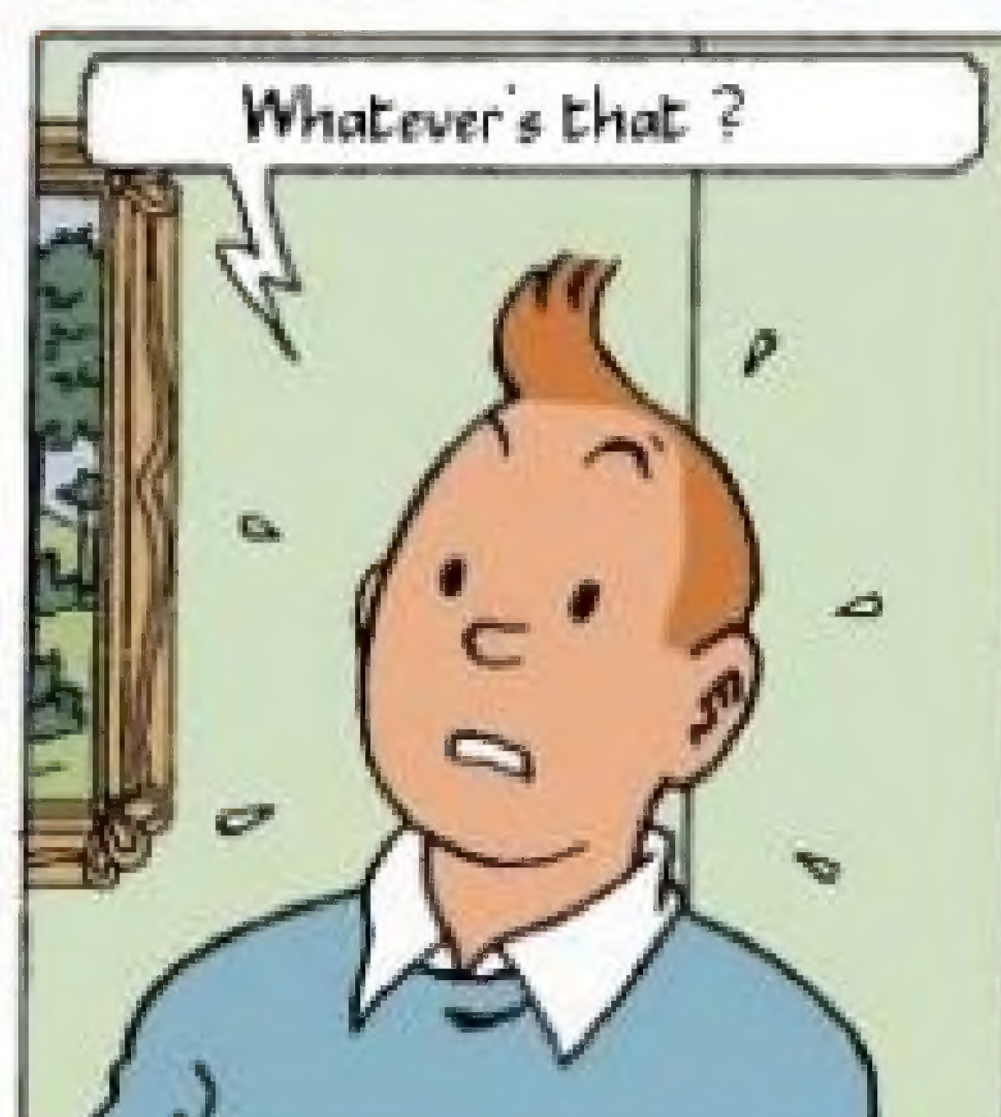
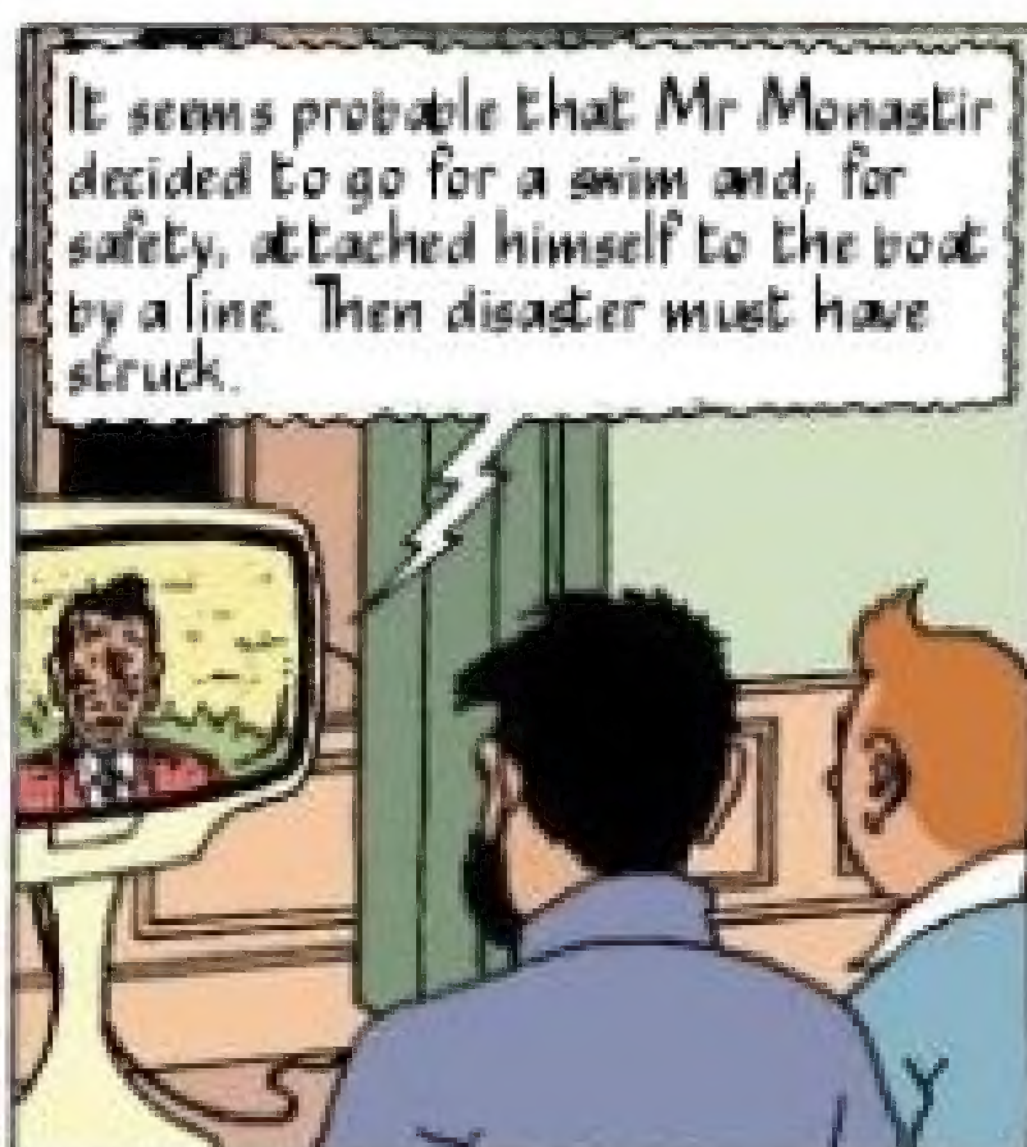
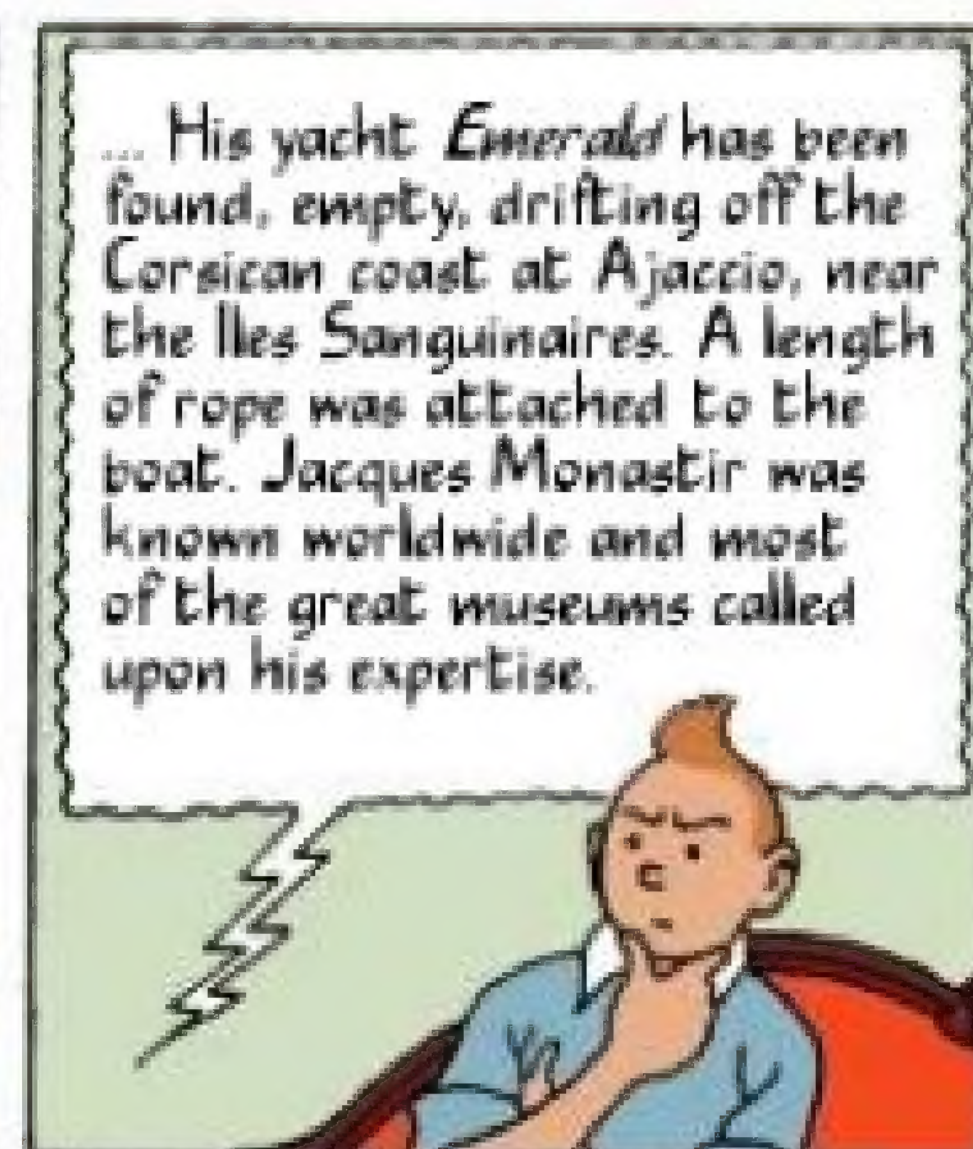
My name is Haddock,
Signora Bianca!

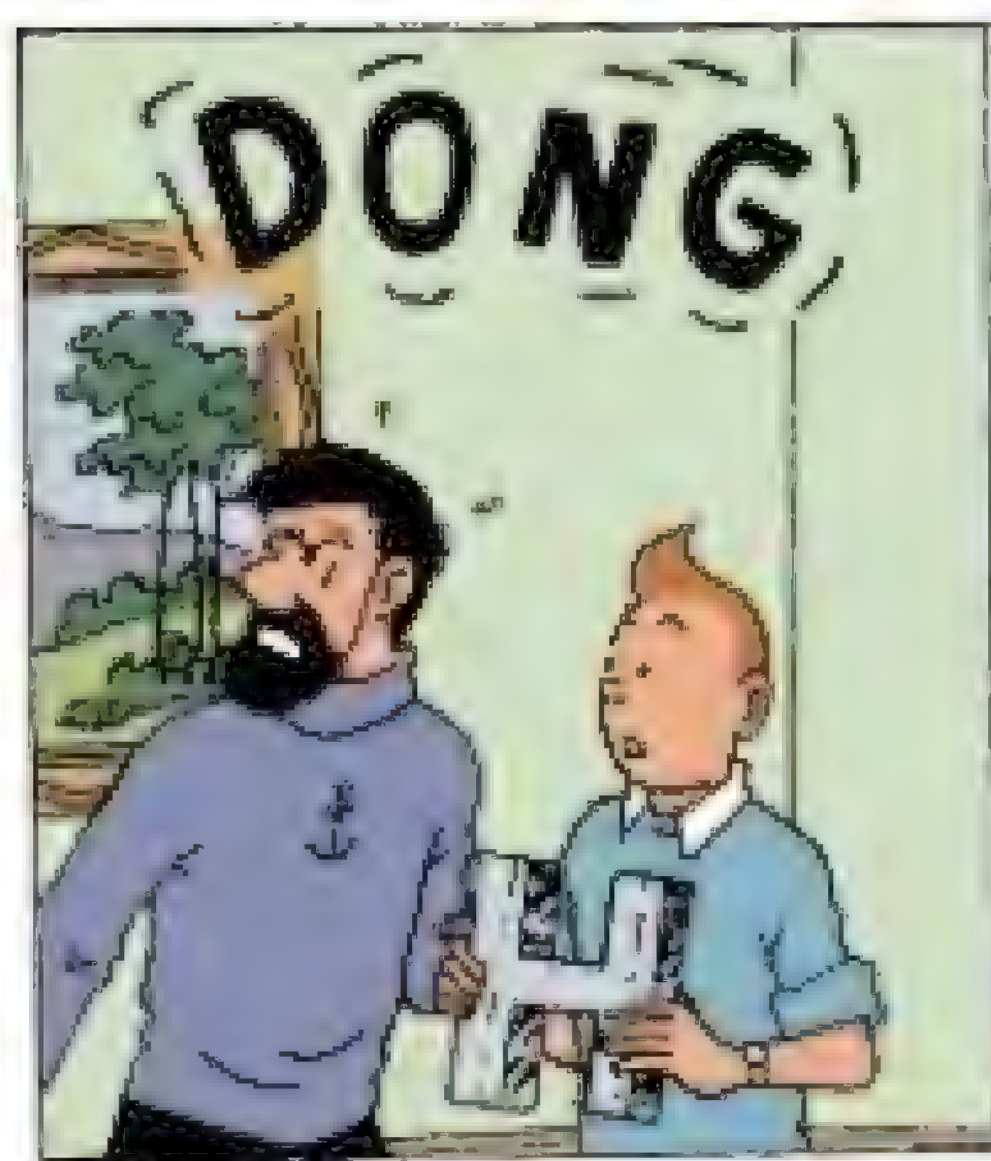
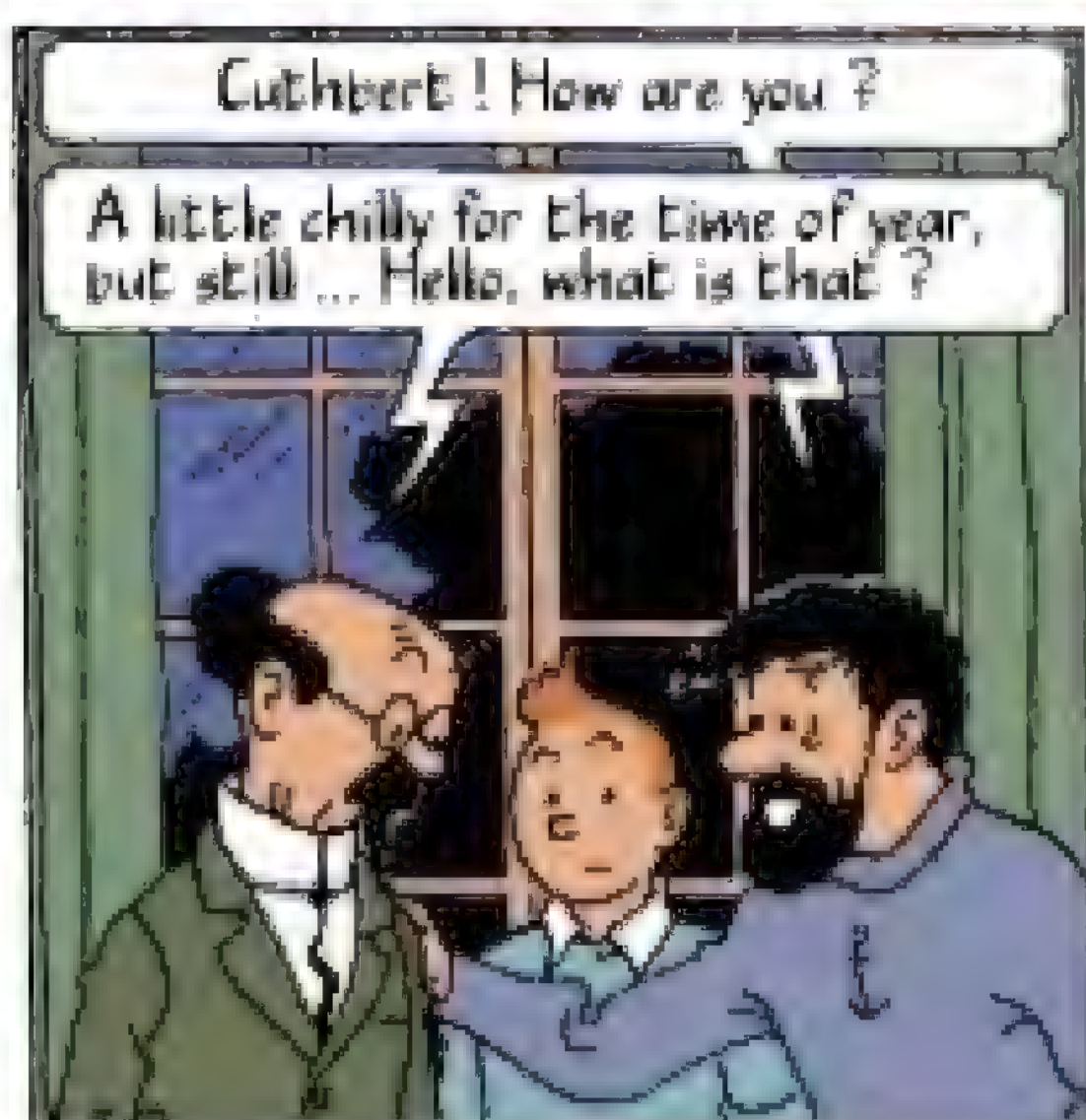
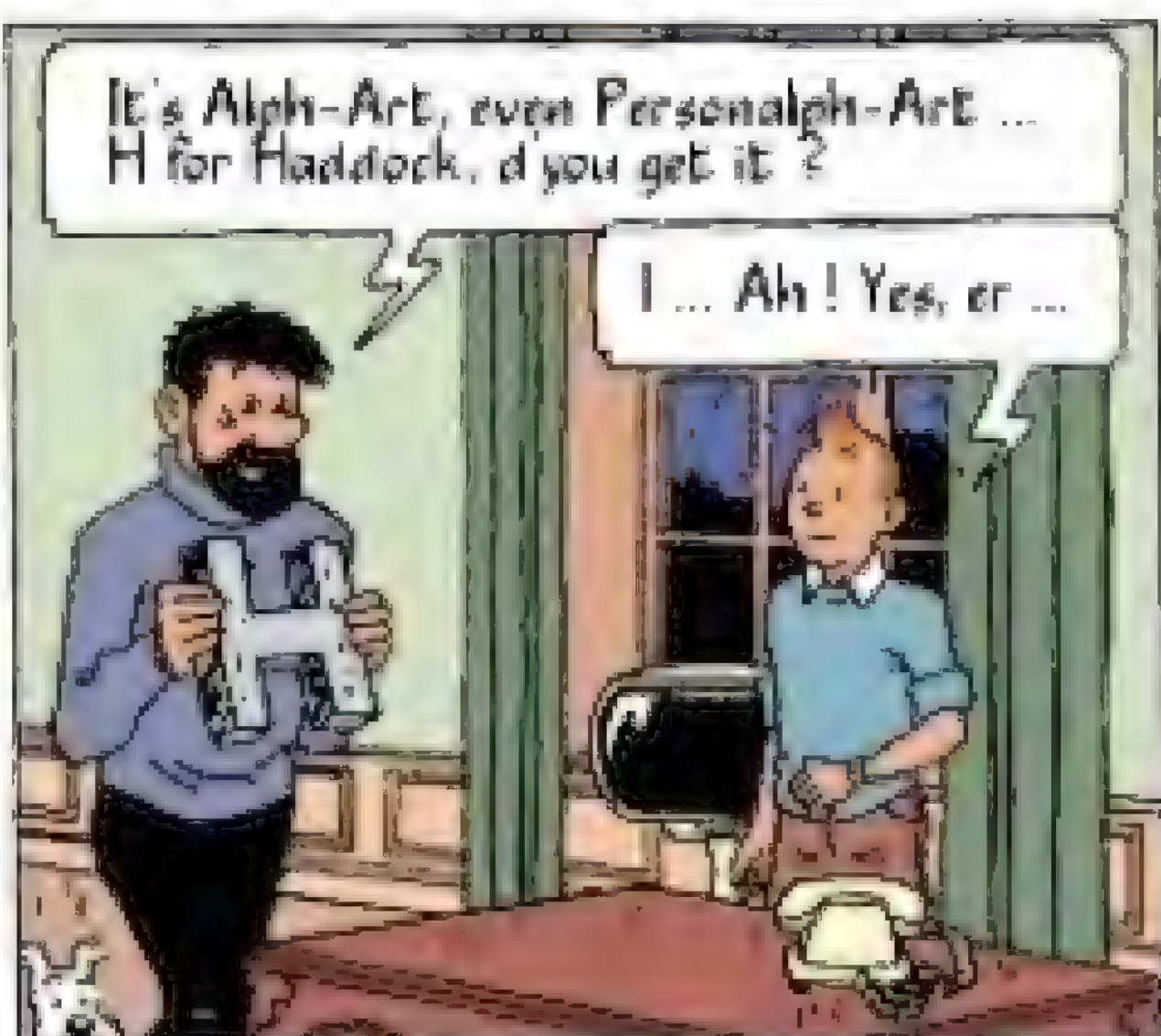


Of course ... Well, there's the
picture waiting for you: A for
Addock!

Haddock is spelt with
an H, Signora!









It isn't for anything !!! It's Alph-Art, that's all. And it isn't for anything!



Oh, good ! Oh well! Oh ! Good, good, good.

Well, well.



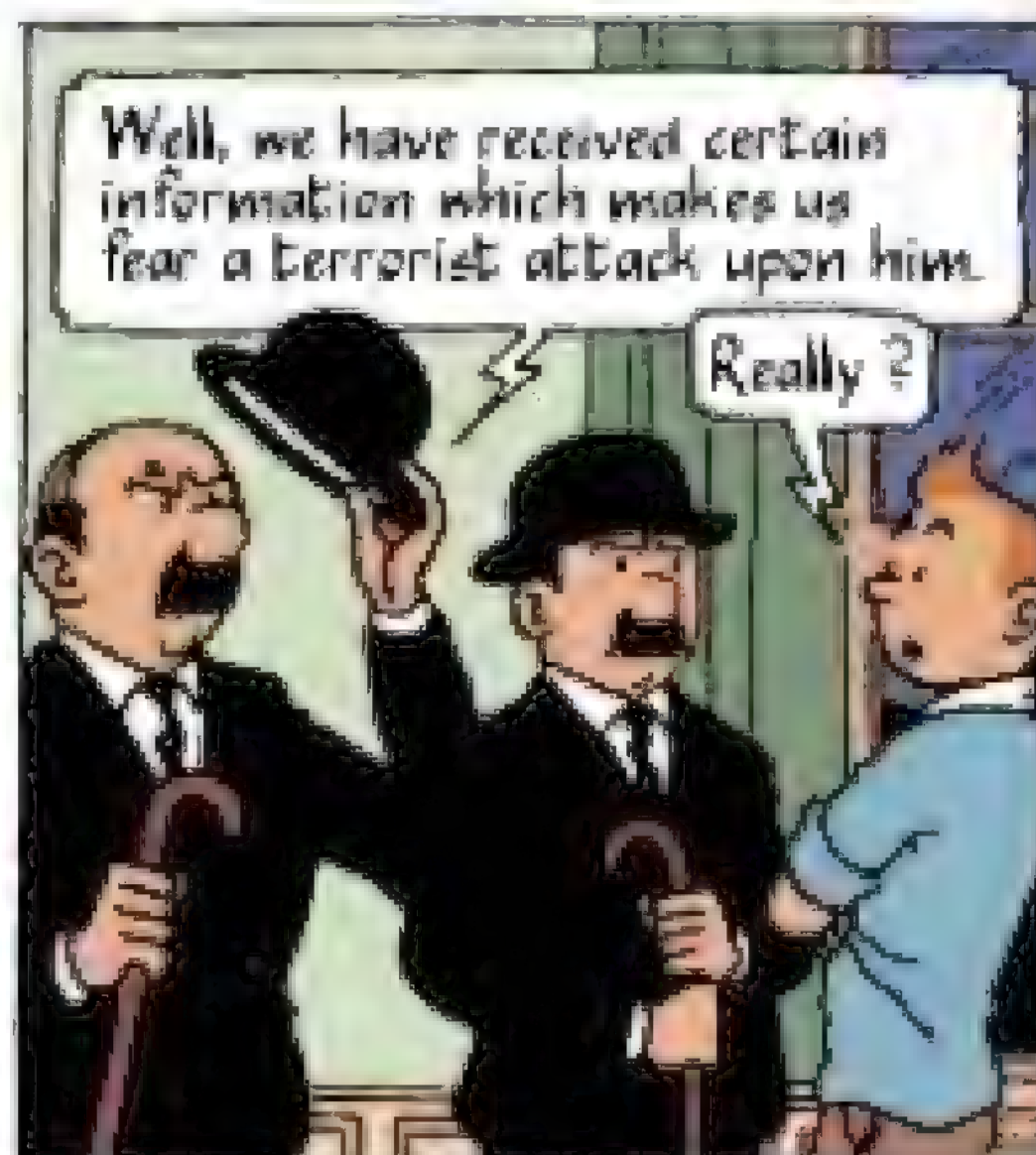
And what fair wind blows you here, gentlemen ?

Well, it's like this.



Perhaps you know that Emir Ben Kalish Ezab is on a visit to this country ...

Yes, we just saw him on television.



Well, we have received certain information which makes us fear a terrorist attack upon him.

Really ?

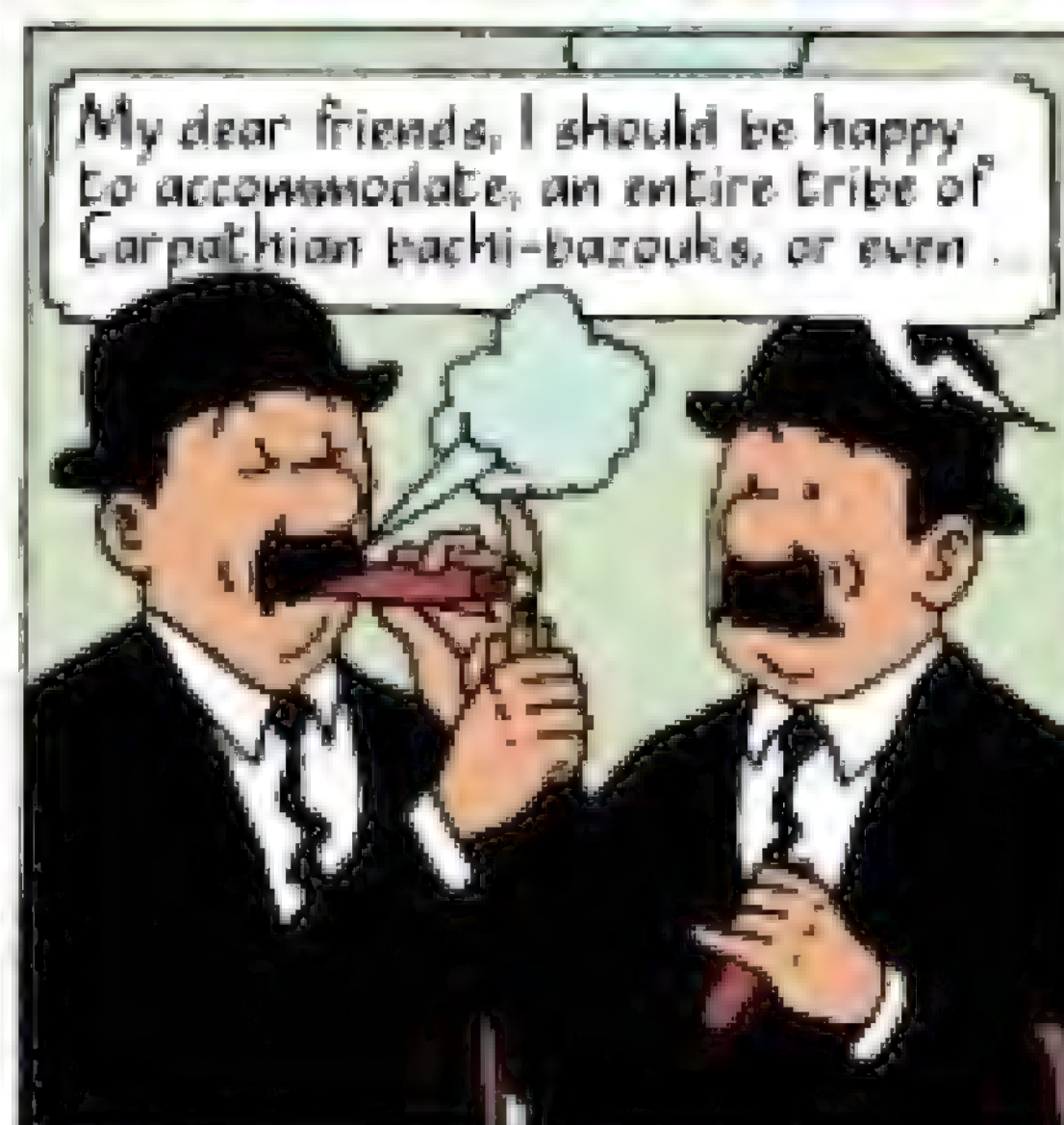


Yes, it's feared that he may be kidnapped by a Palestinian commando.



Well, we thought that perhaps, since you know him well, you might put him up here, incognito, him and his son ... A cigar, Captain ?

Thanks.



My dear friends, I should be happy to accommodate, an entire tribe of Carpathian bachibazouks, or even ...



... or even a herd of fully-grown buffalo ... but have young Abdullah here ? Never again ! Not a chance !



But he's the nicest little boy in the world ... These cigars were smoking, he gave them to us himself.

That was kind, eh ?



You think so ? Well, if I were you I'd watch out, because that little brat ...



BANG ! BANG !



What did I tell you? Ha, ha!
I know that little friend!



Are you okay, my poor friends?
Ha, ha, ha!



BANG



Abdullah, just wait till I catch you!



Have we got a war on here?



No, no war ... Exploding cigars ...
Someone played a joke on us ...

Aha, exploding cigars! They
were a specialty of my Uncle
Anatole. Them and the
dribbling glass.



My, my, what's this thingummy?
Looks like an H, eh?



Yes, it is an H.

So what's that
what's it for, then?



IT IS A WORK OF ART! IT IS
ALPH-ART! IT IS BY RAMO NASH
AND IT IS FOR ABSOLUTELY
NOTHING AT ALL!!!



Calm down, Captain.



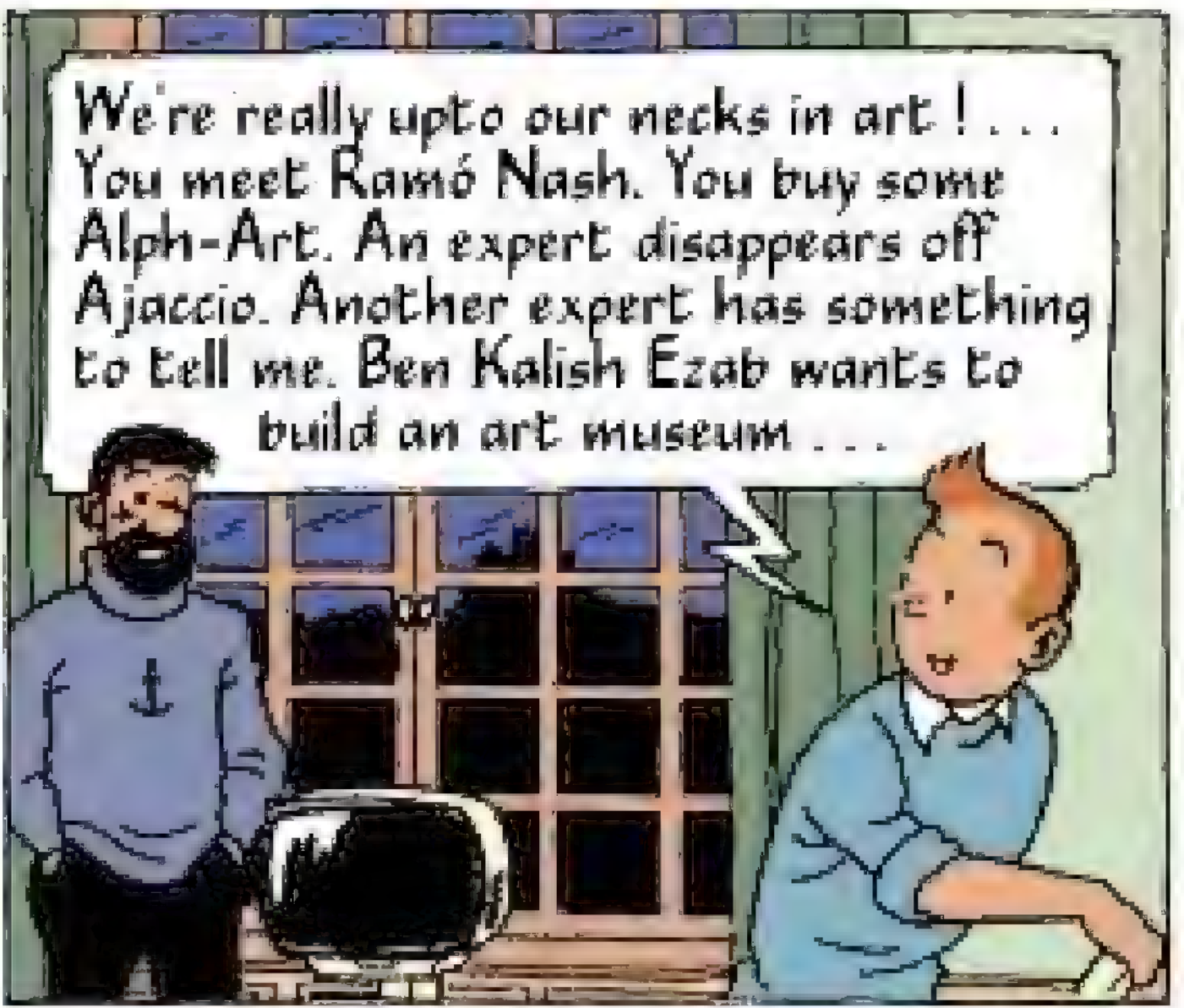
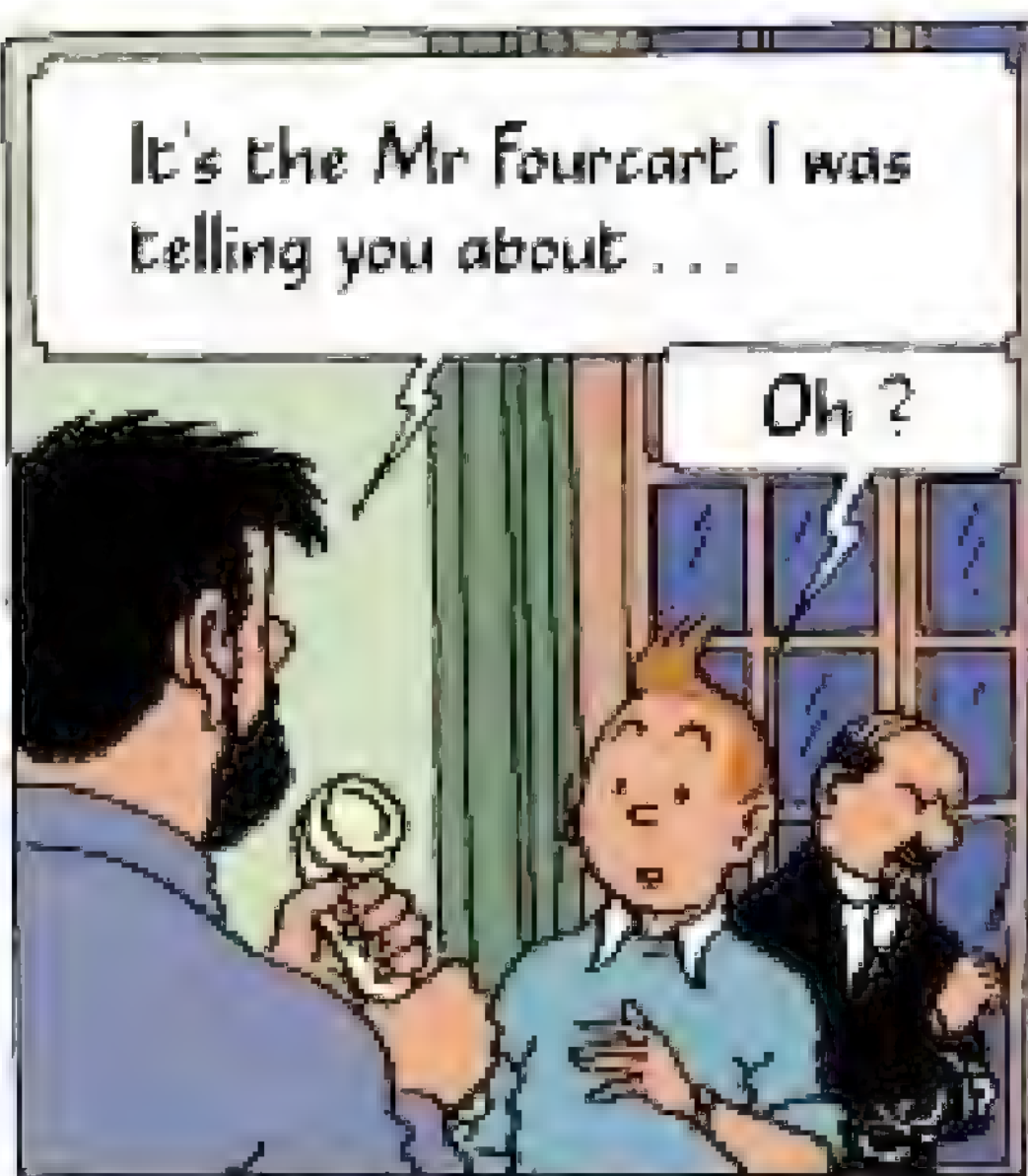
**RRRING
RRING!**

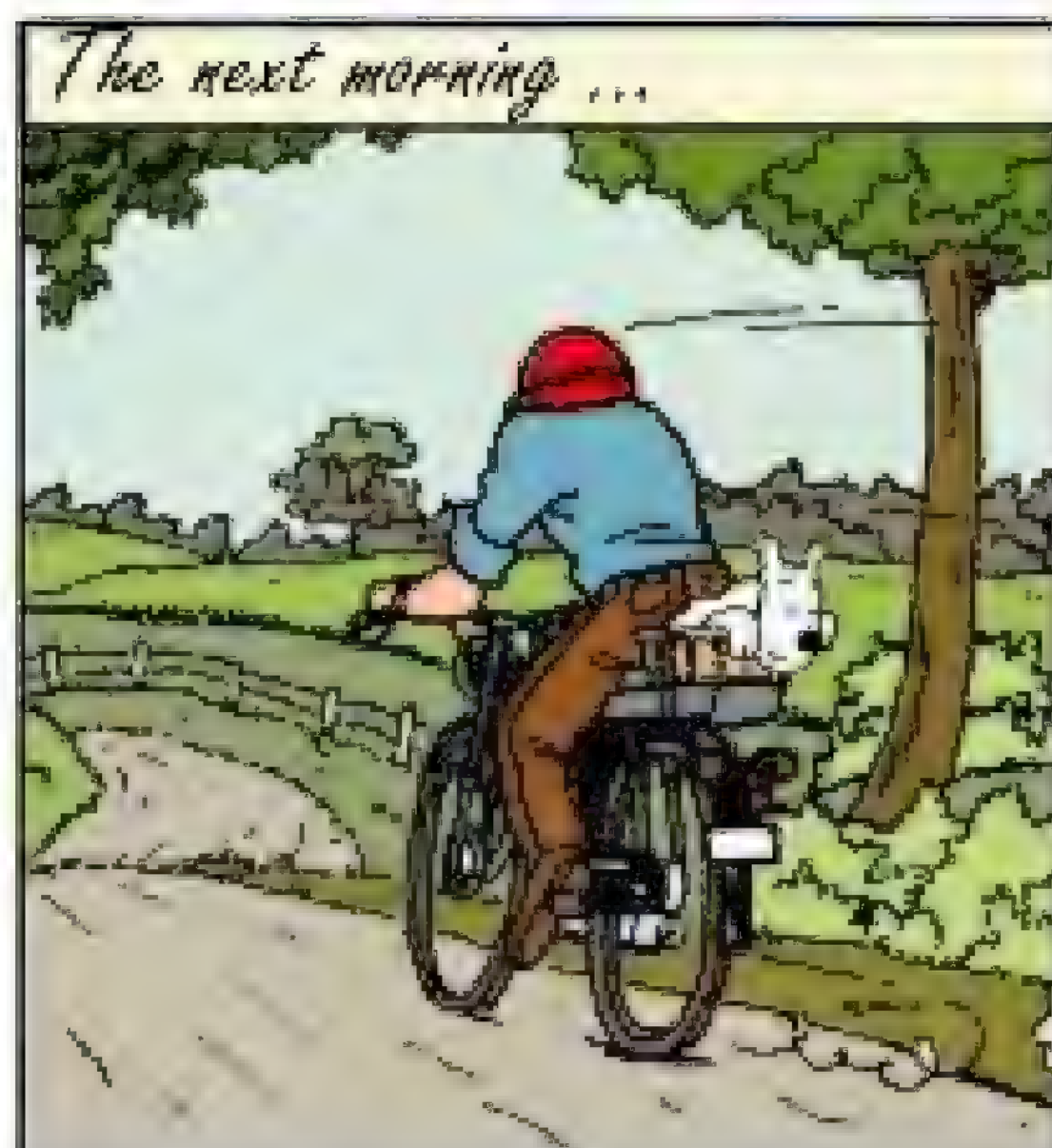
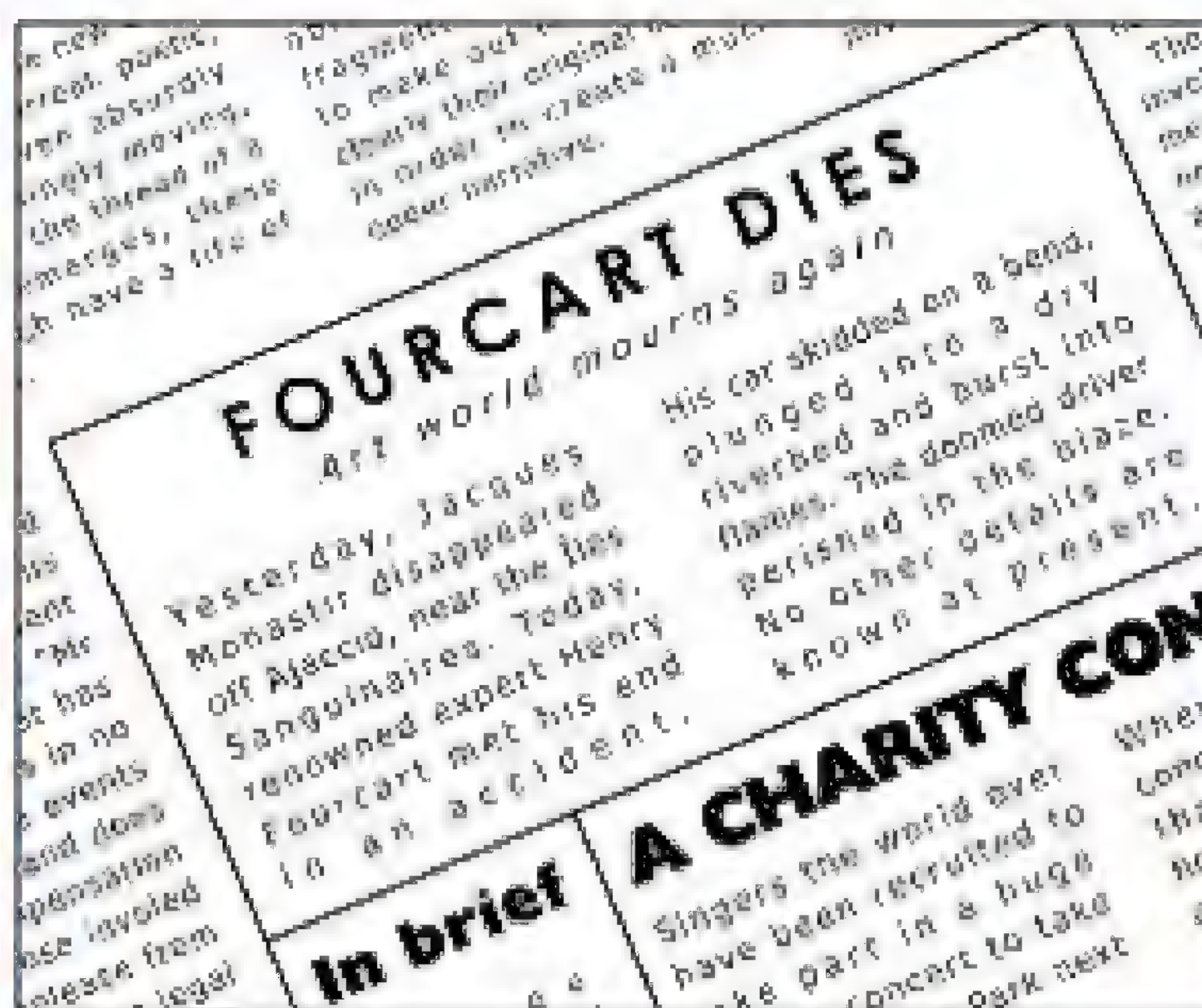


Hello? No, this is
not Mr Cutts the
butcher ...

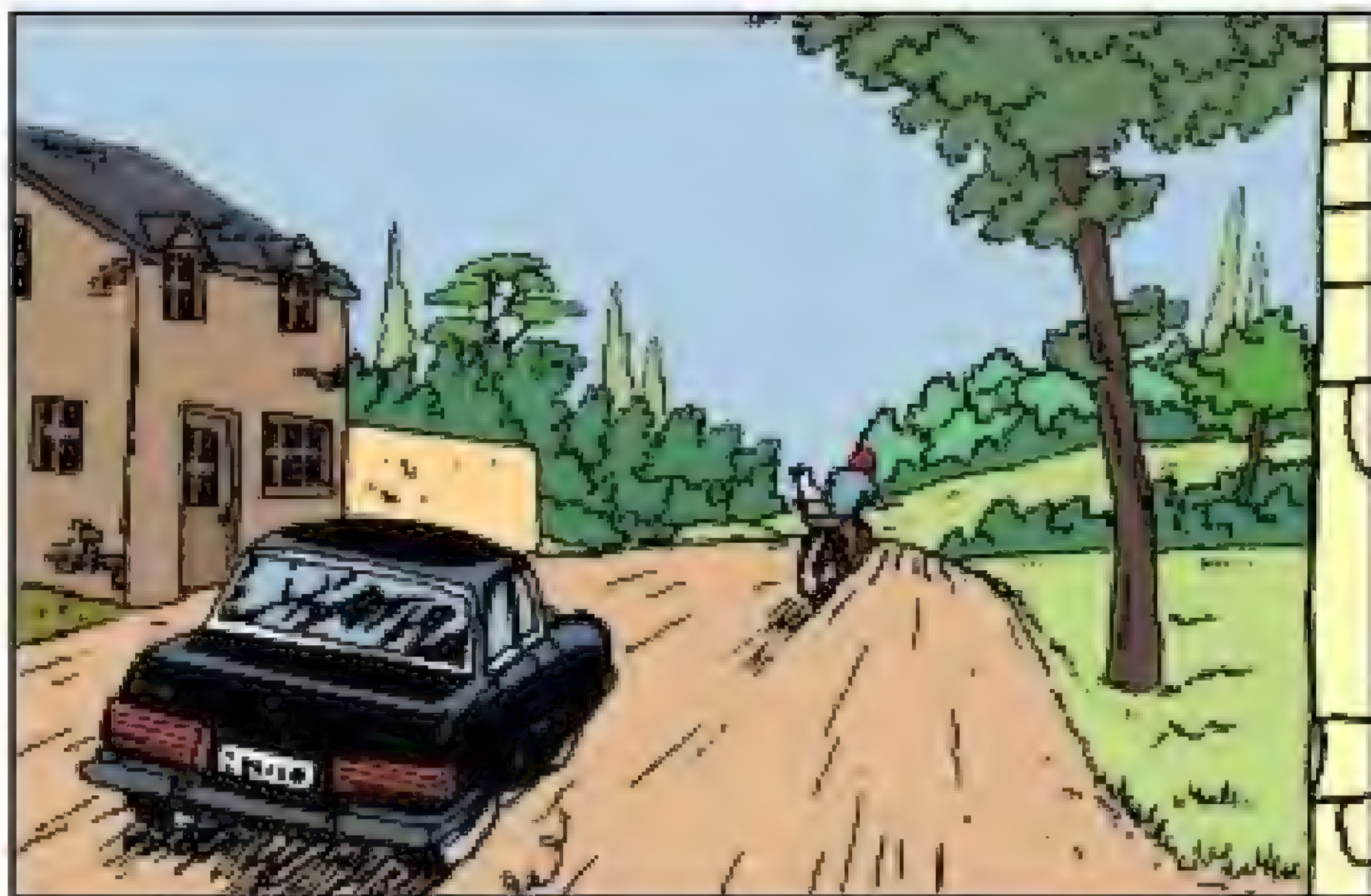
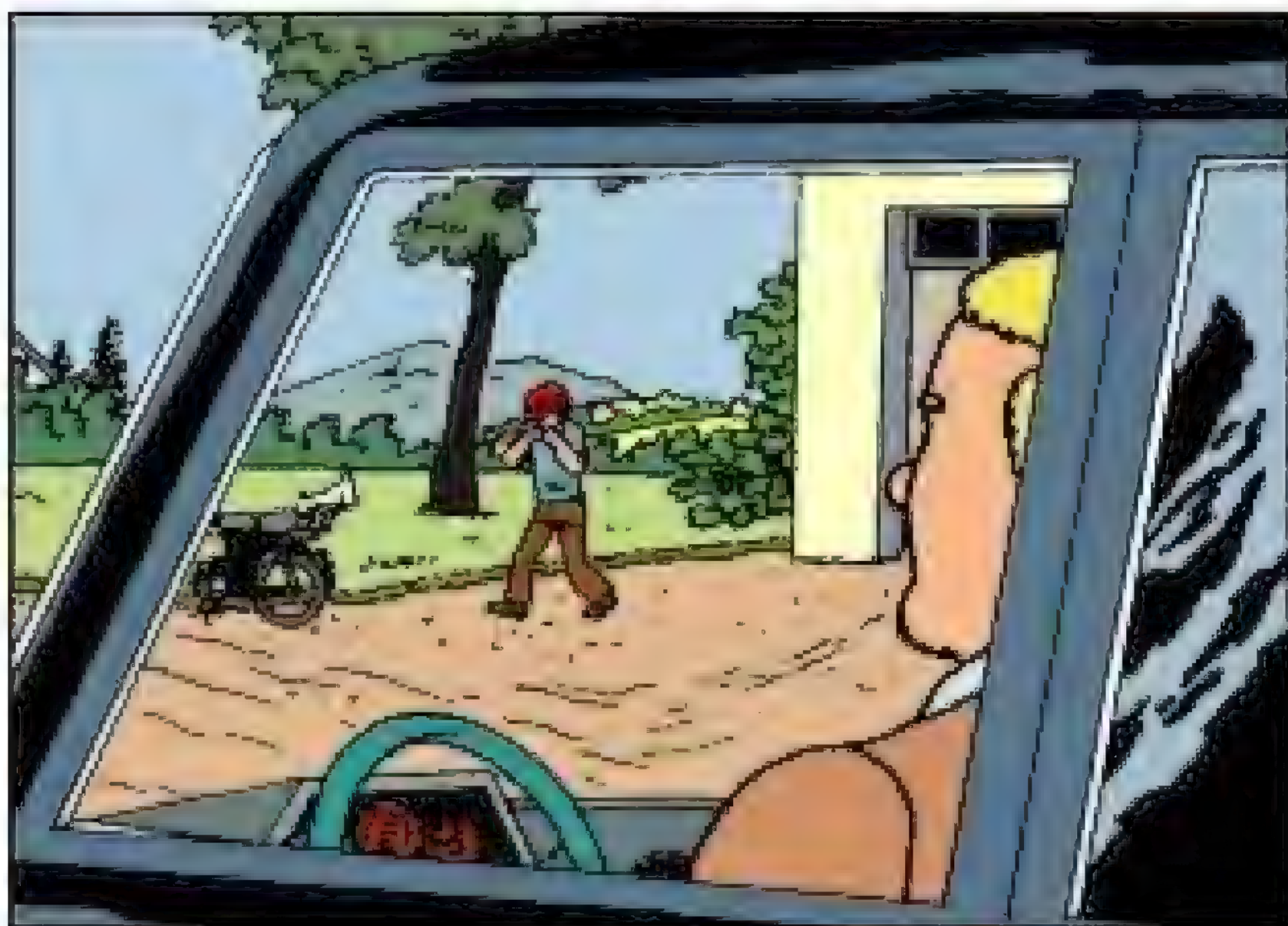
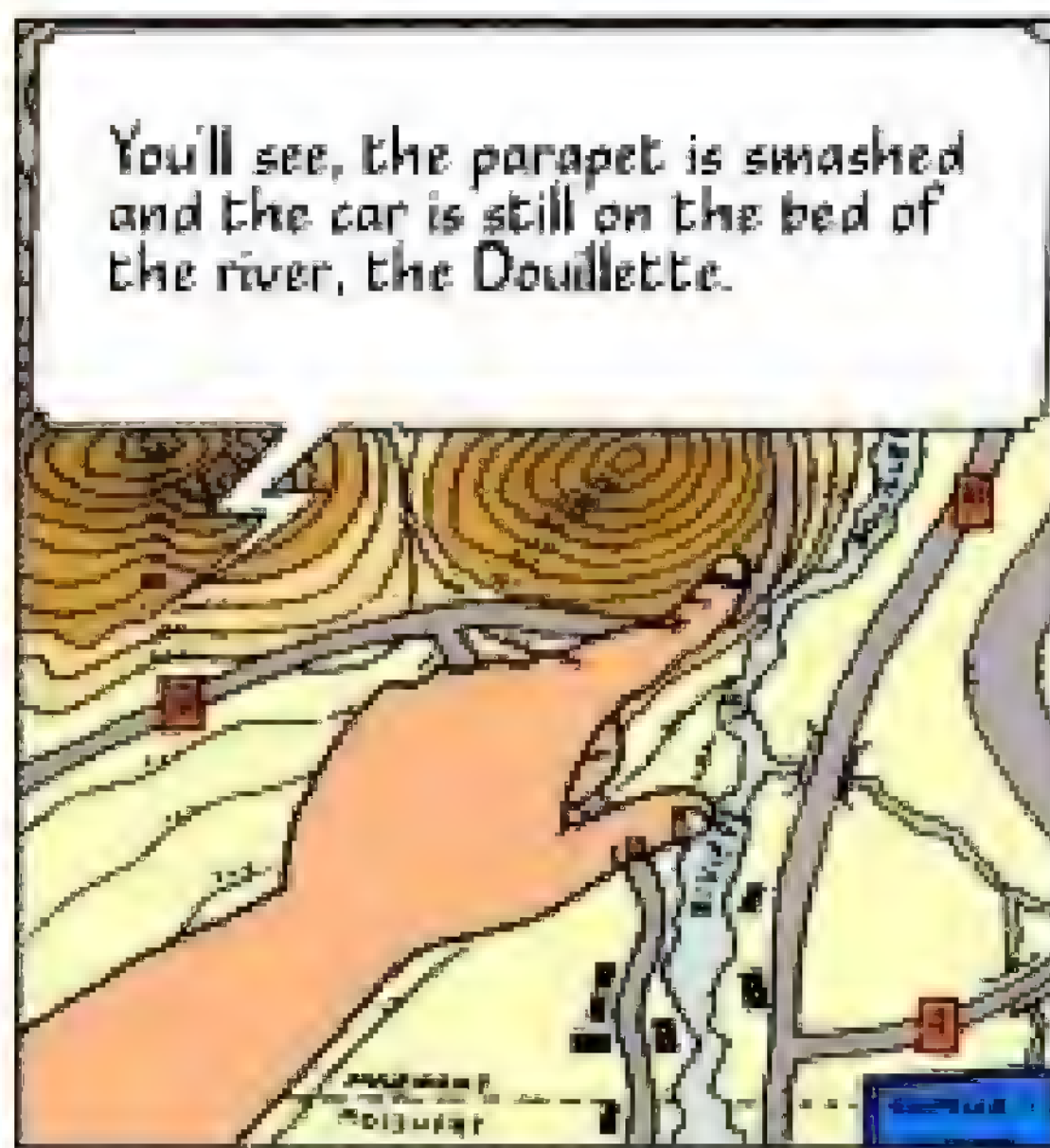
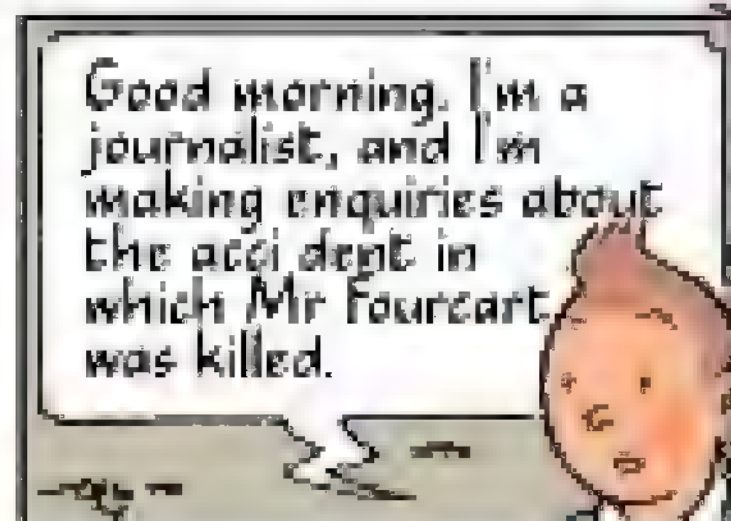
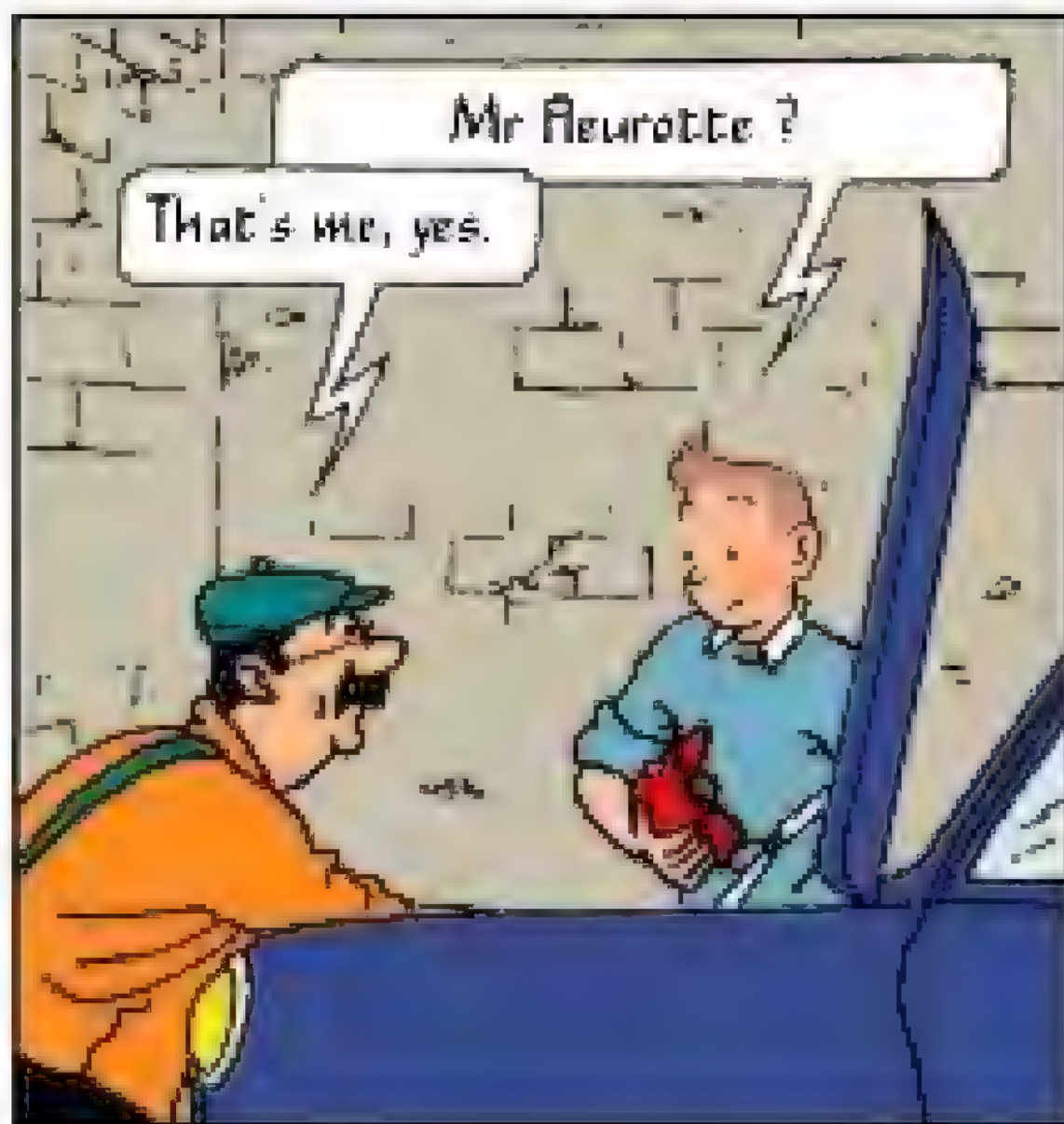


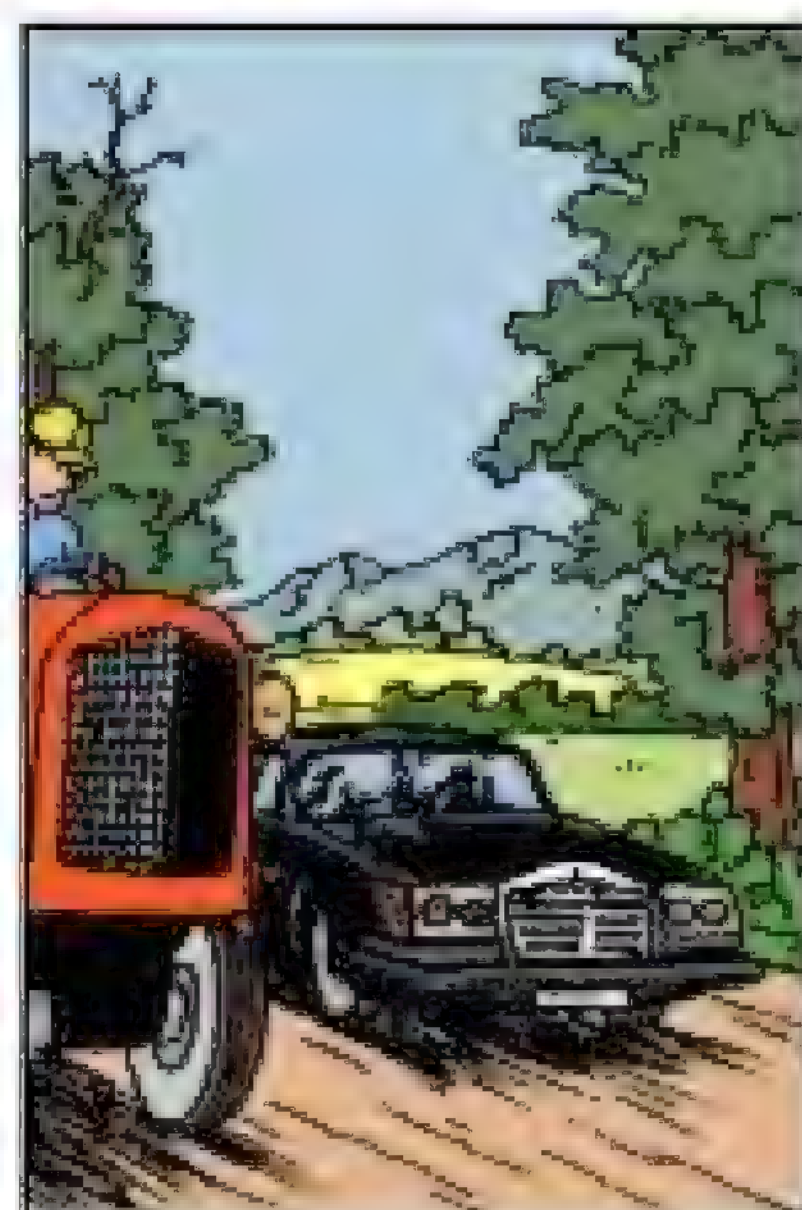
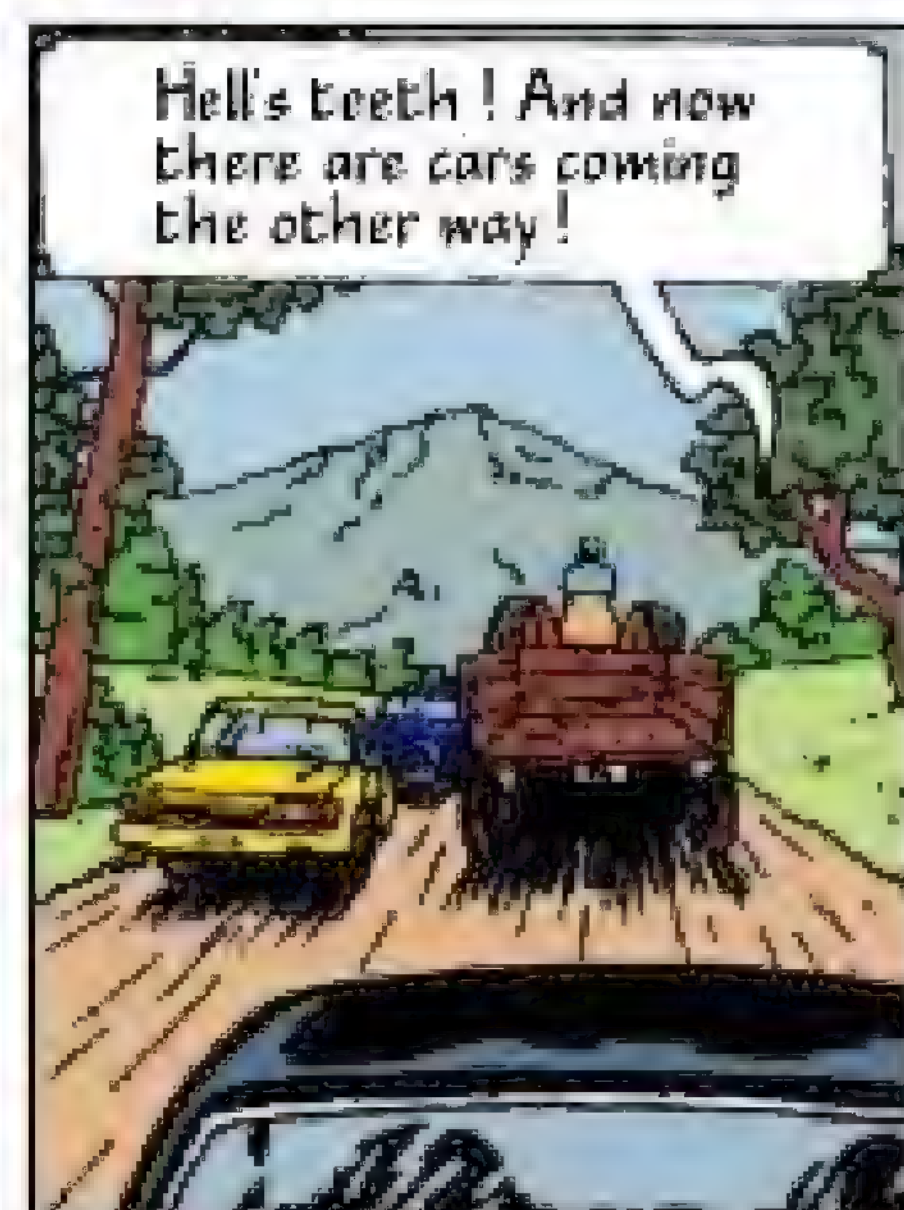
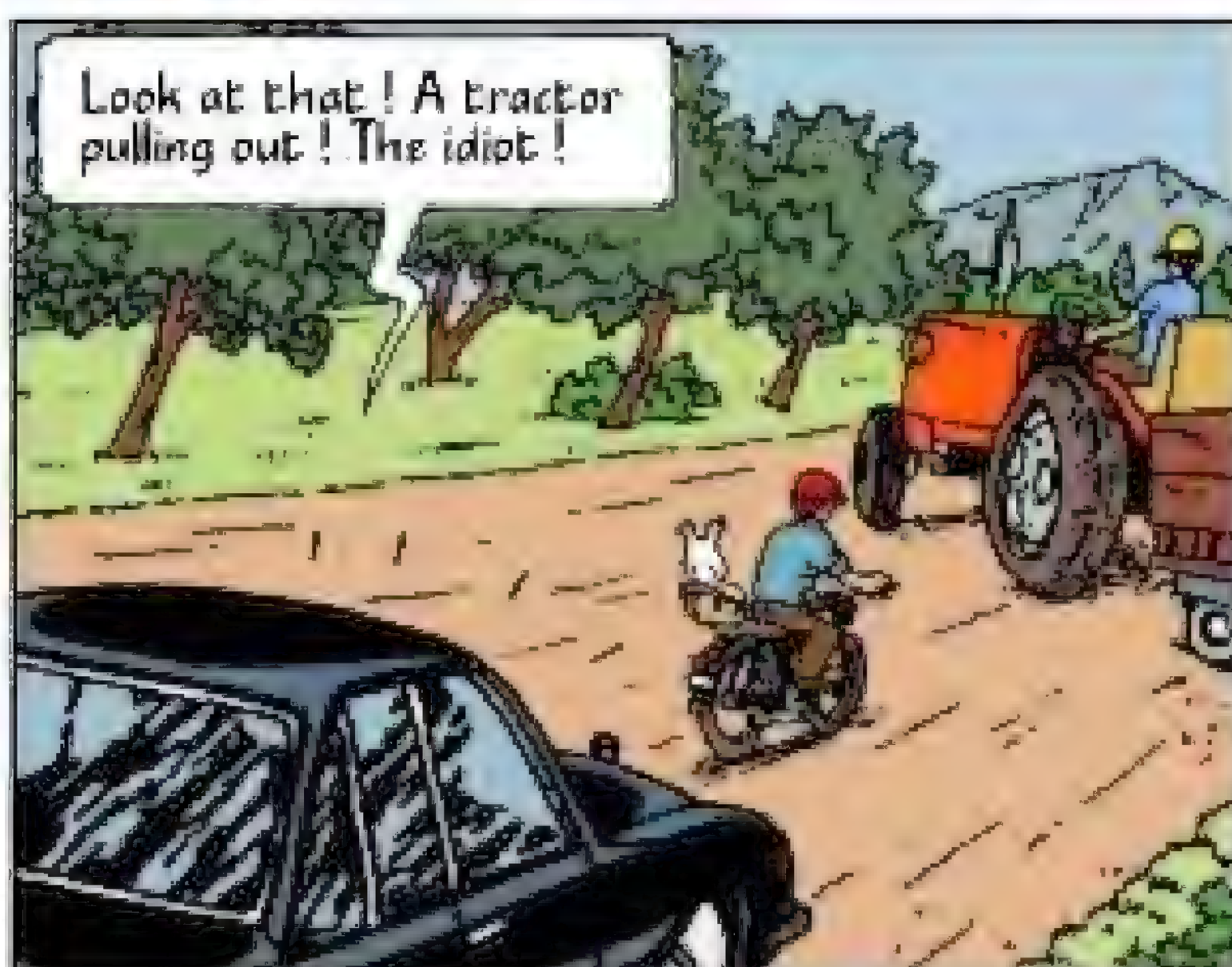
I ... err ... What? Ah, I beg
your pardon. Just a moment
and I'll pass you over to him.

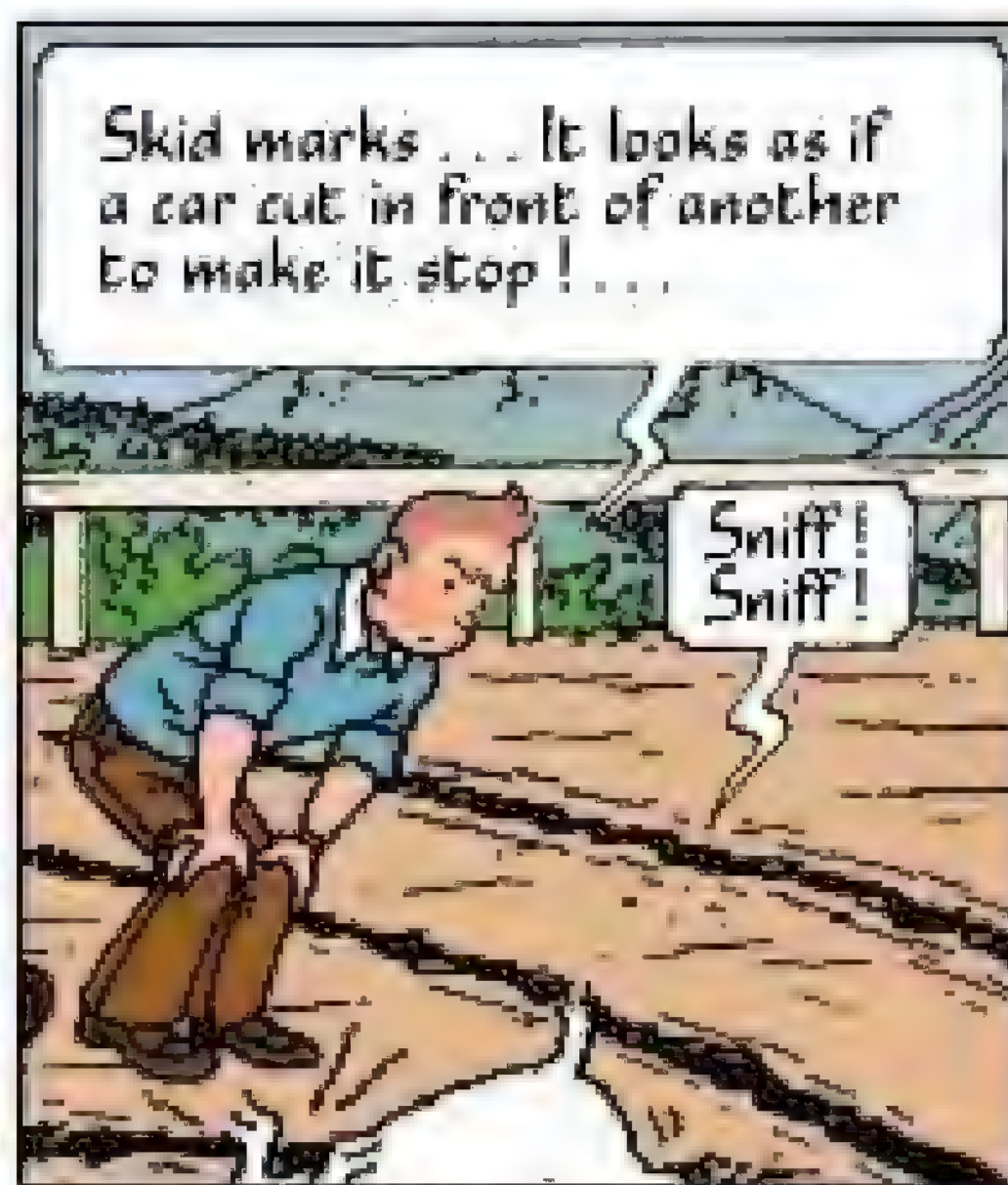
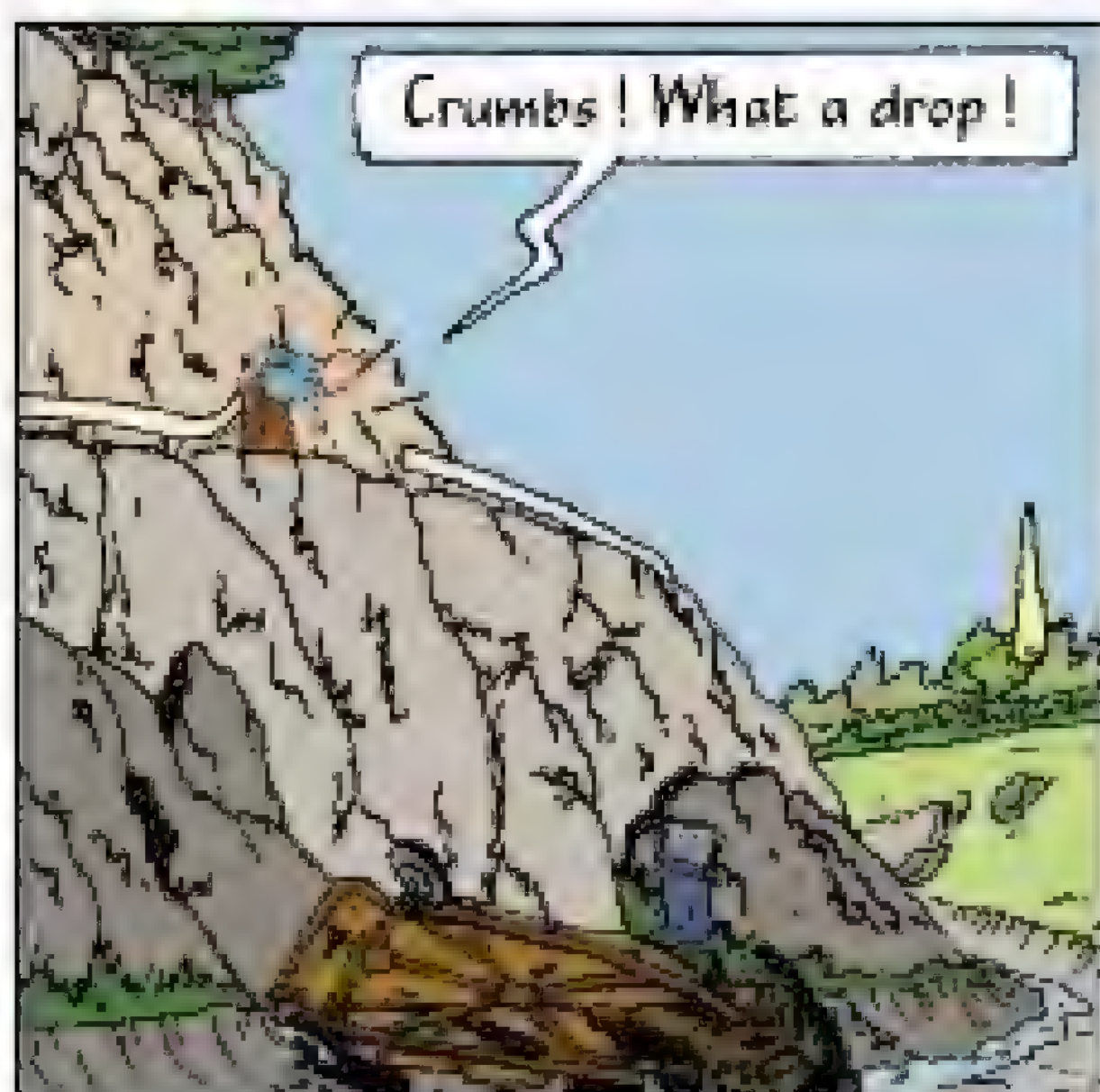
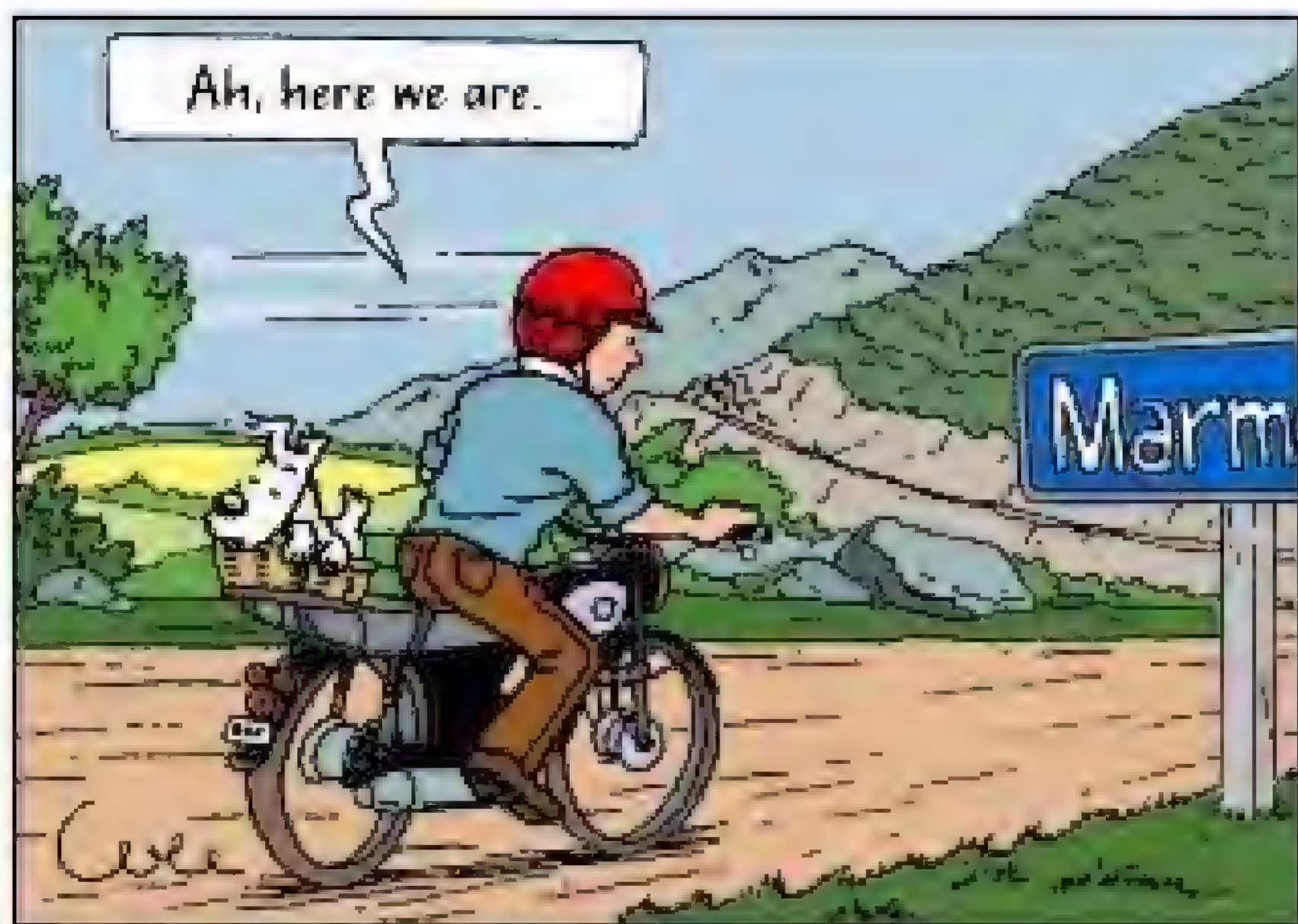
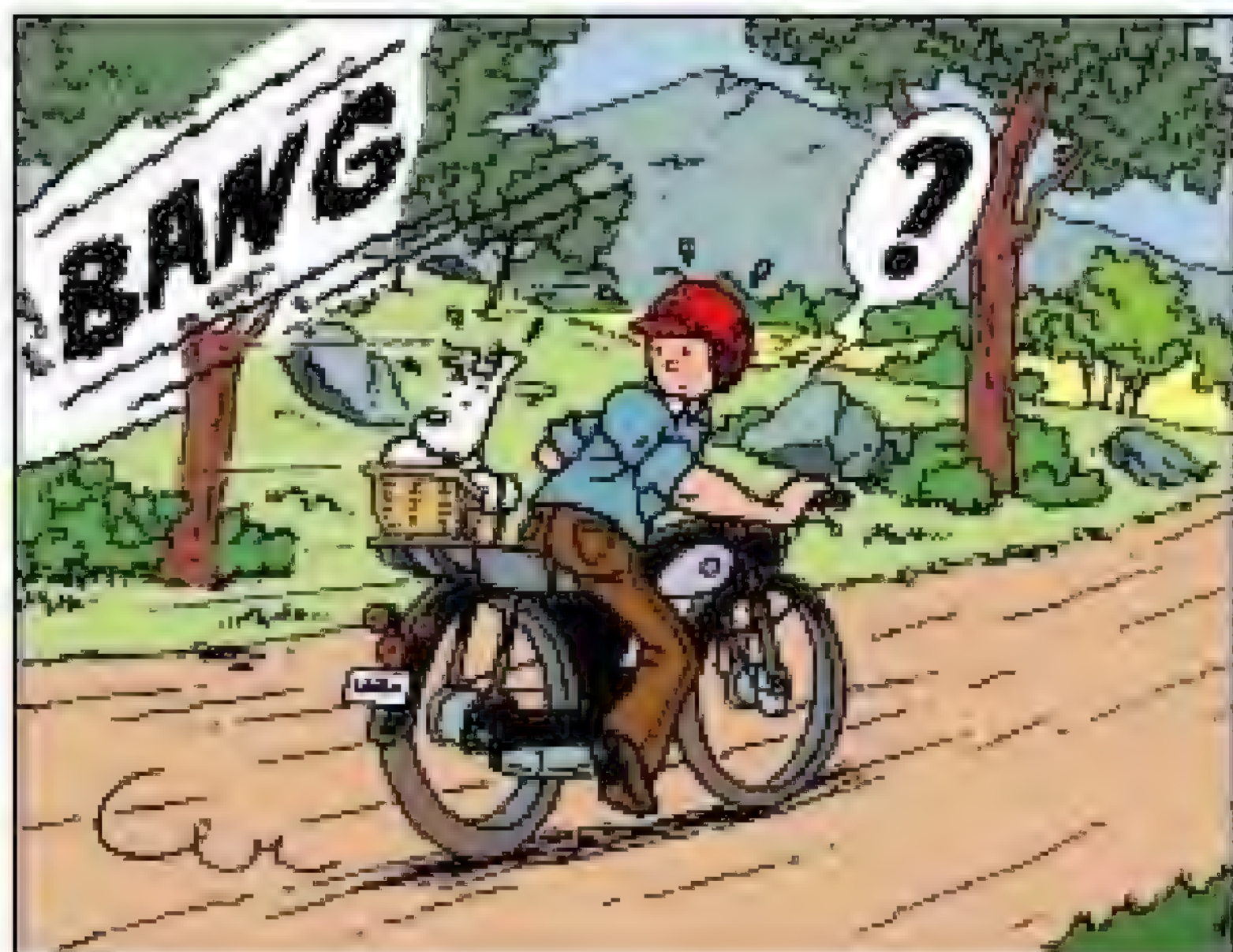


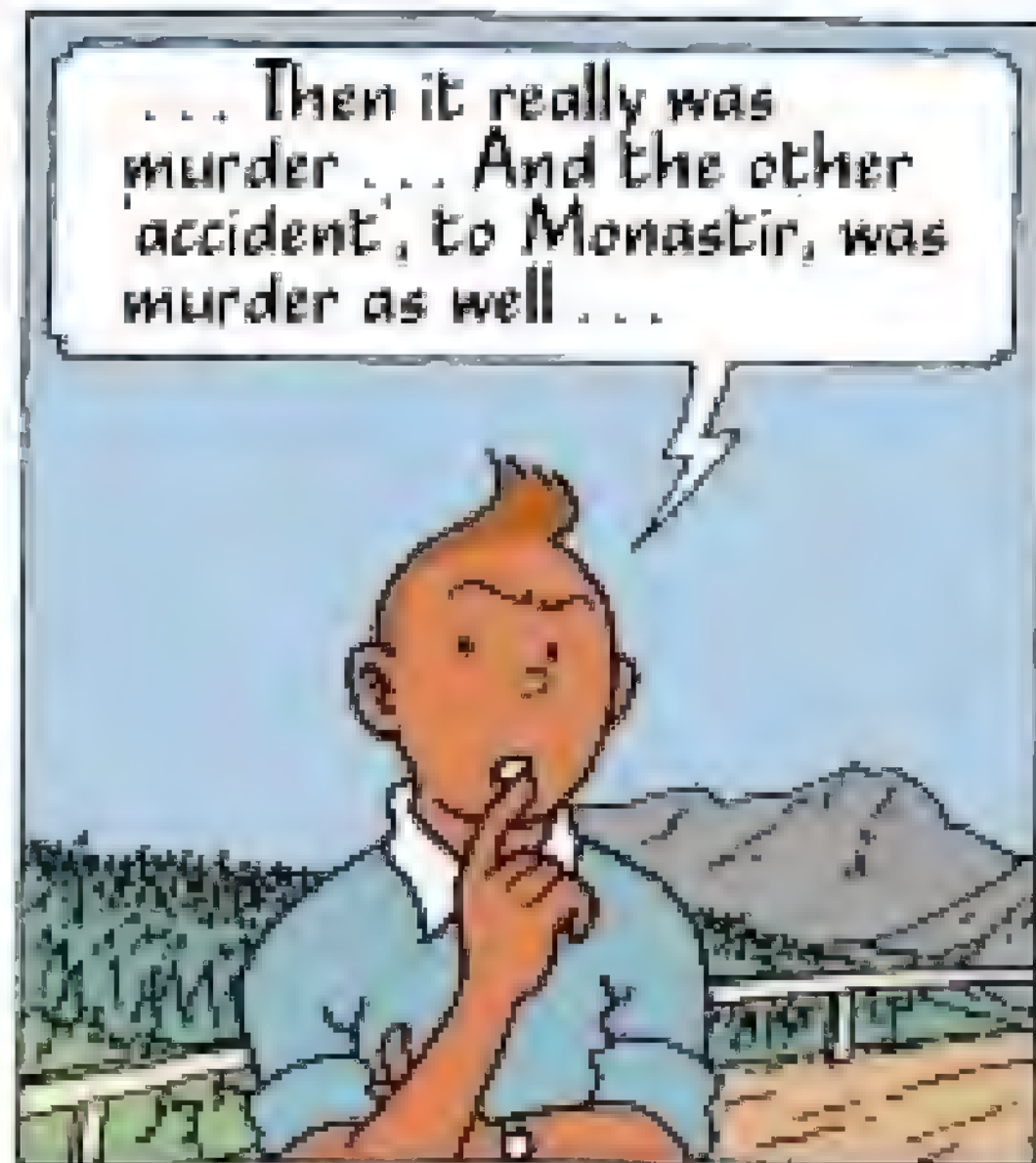


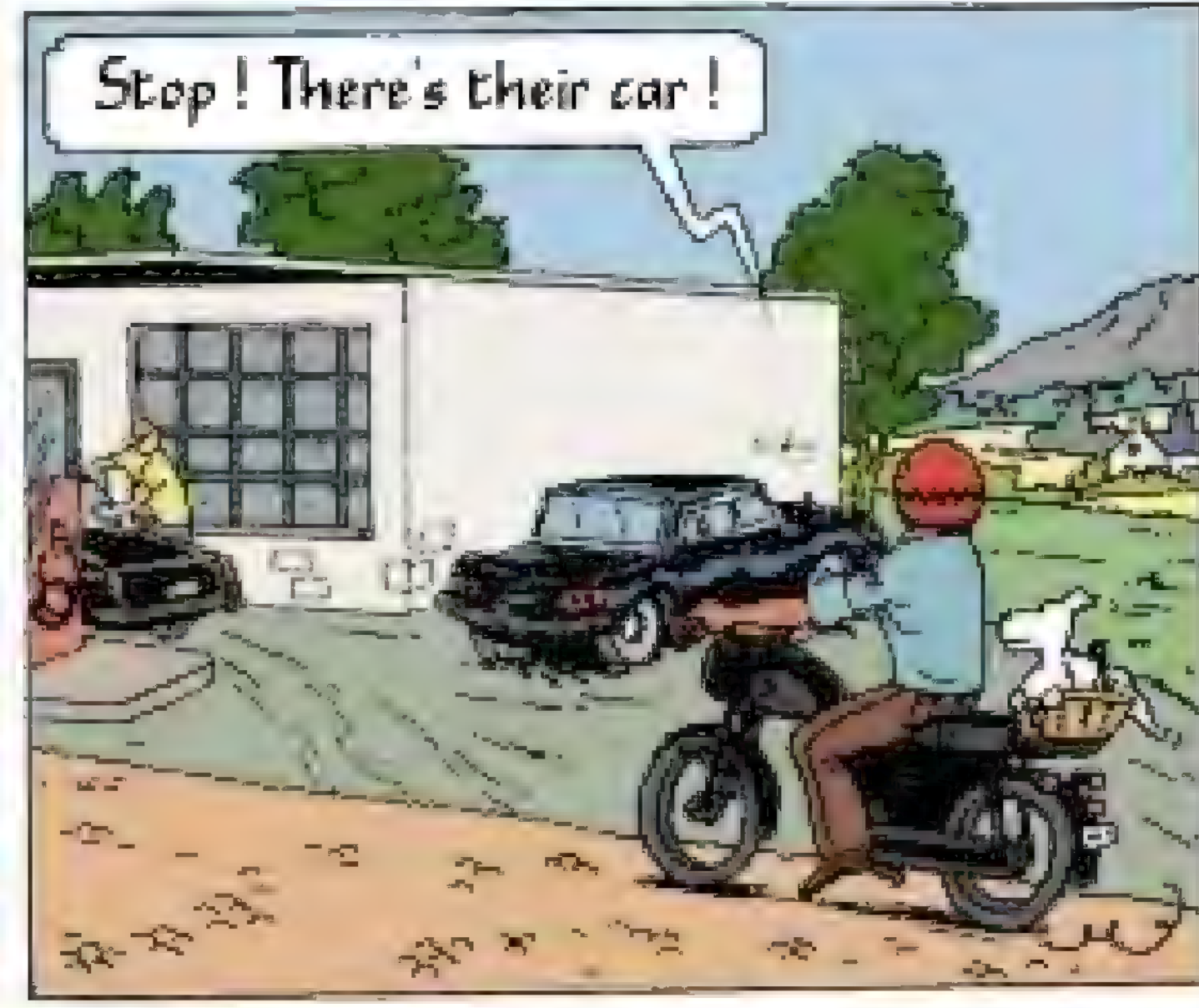
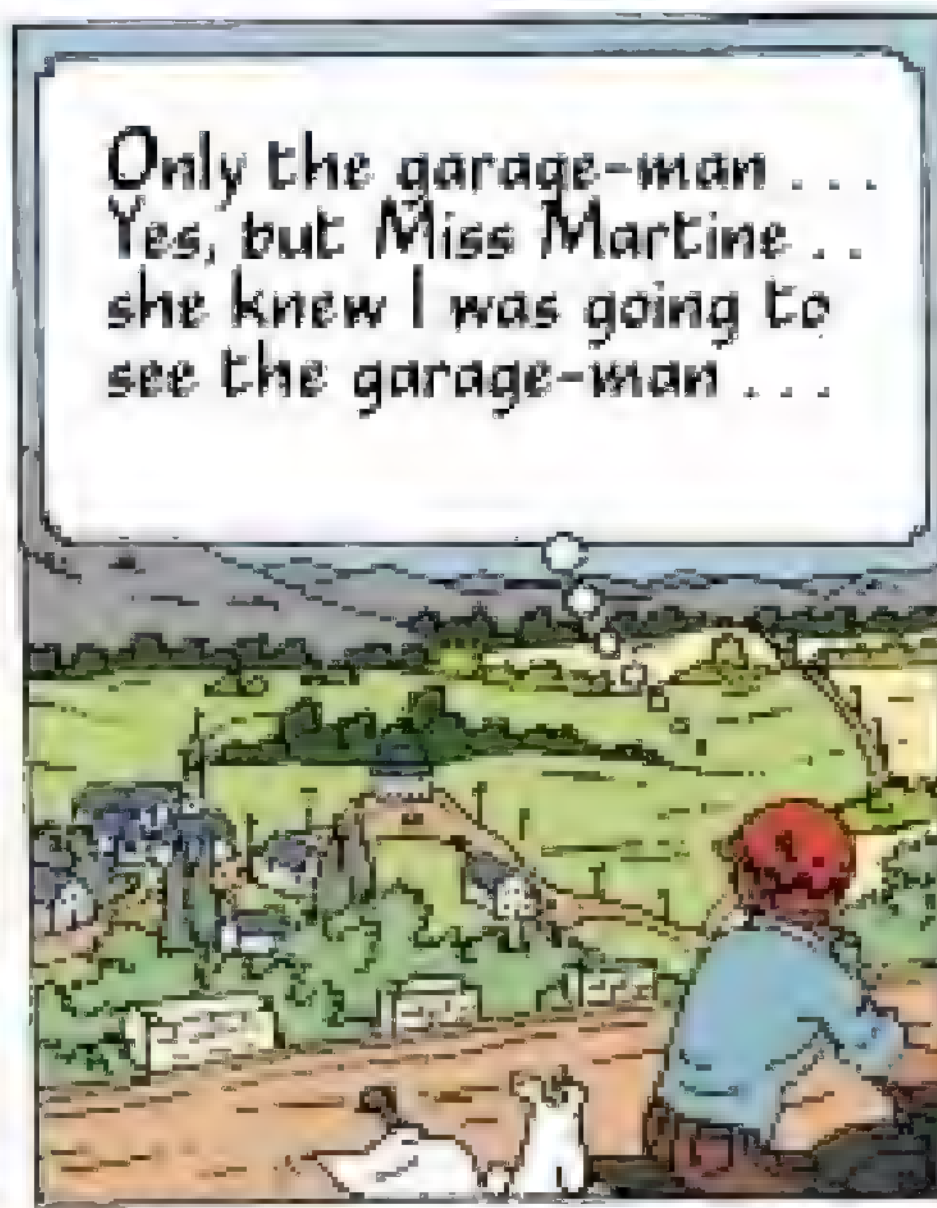
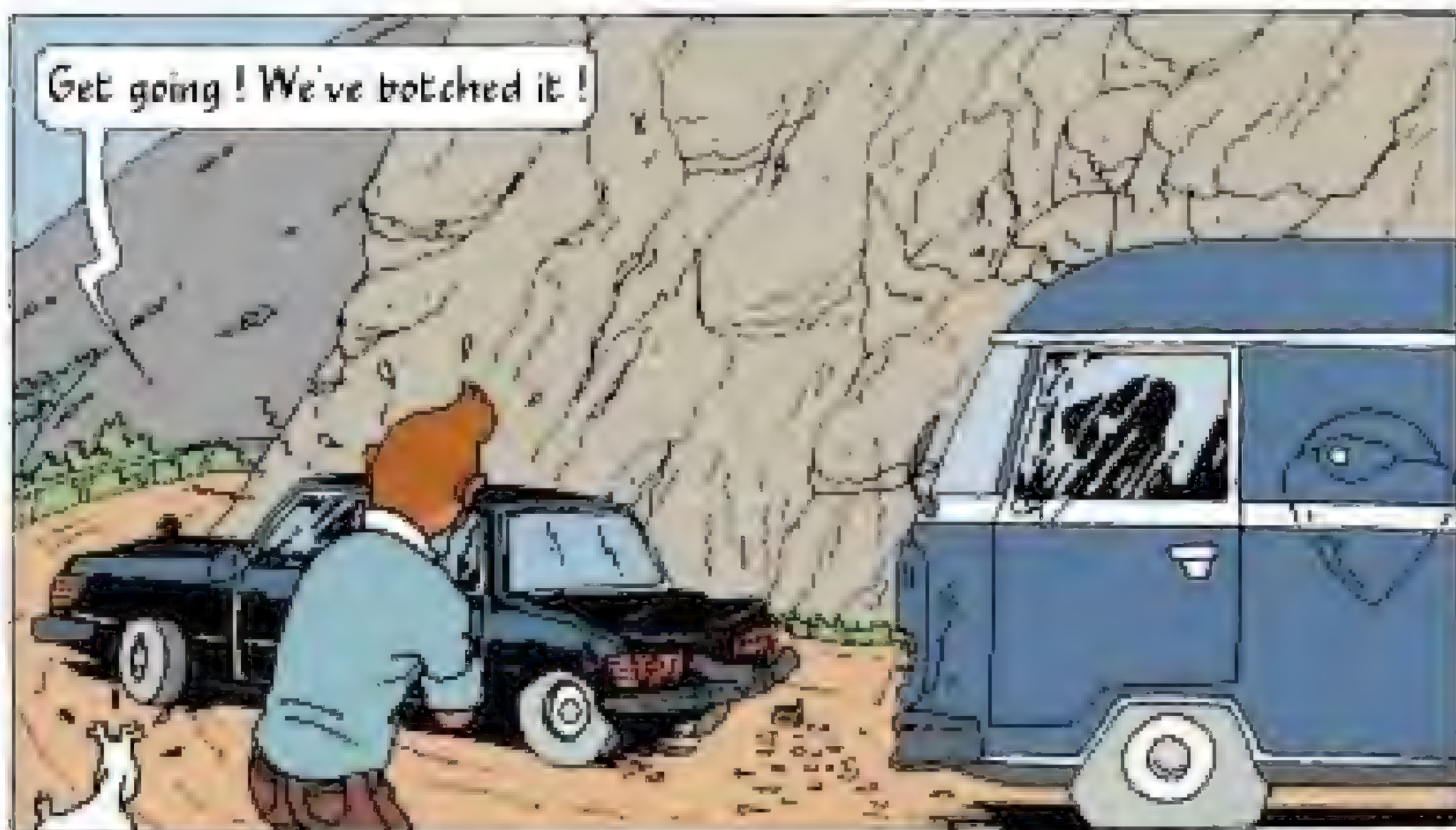


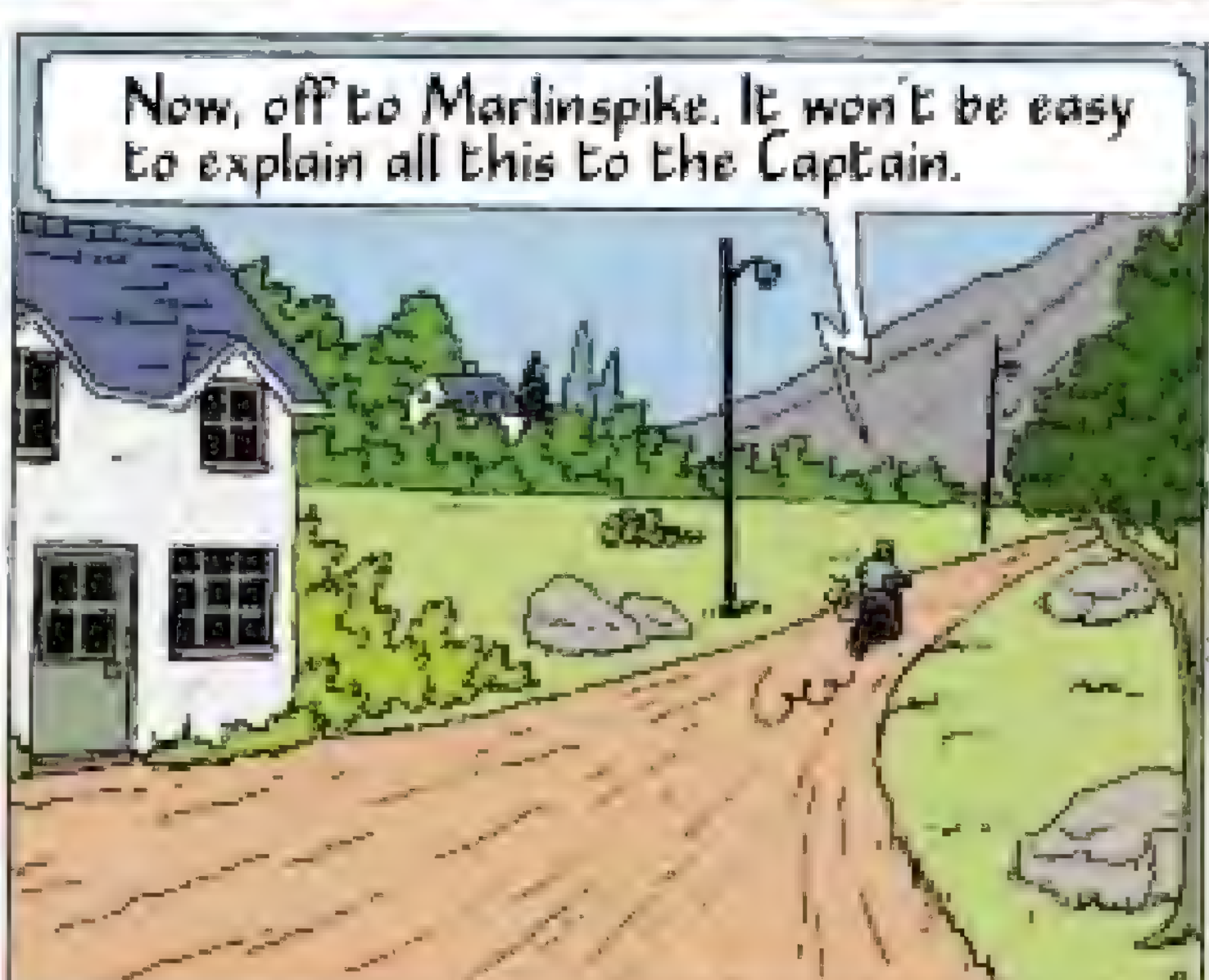












The next morning ...

I'll wait for you in the car ...

See you later.



Ah, good morning, Mr Tintin.
To what do we owe the pleasure?

Not so much a pleasure,
Miss Martine ...

You see, I am more and more
convinced that Mr Fourcart's
death was not an accident.

Mr Tintin, you
really believe ... ?

Yes, I do. And the proof is that
yesterday, someone tried to kill
me too.

What did you say?
It can't be true!

Alas, yes ... only too true. Now,
one single person knew that I
was going to see Fleurette at
the garage.

Oh, yes ... And you know
who that person is?

Absolutely, Miss Vandezande
... And that
person is ...

Yes?

YOU!

Me?

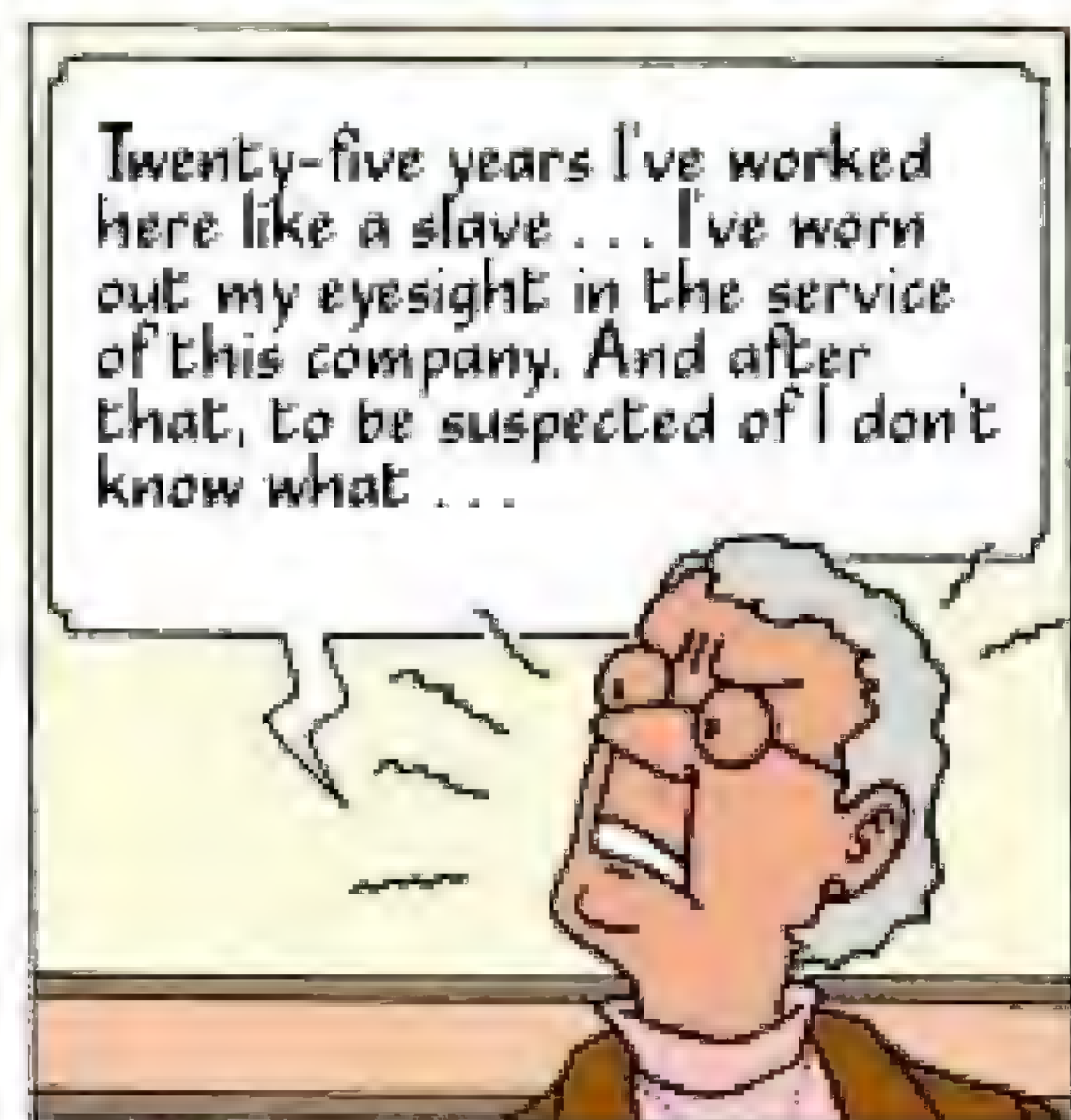
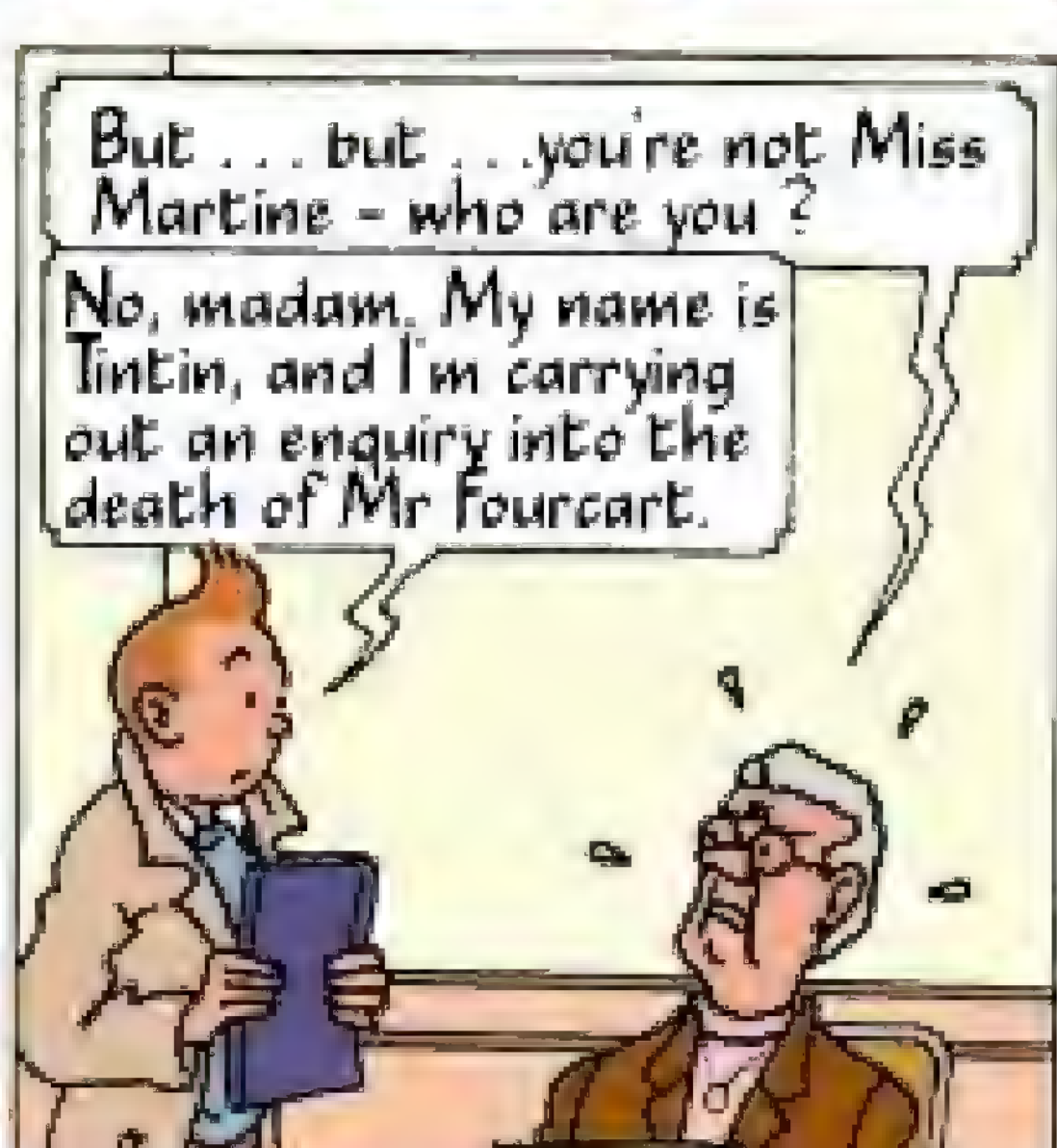
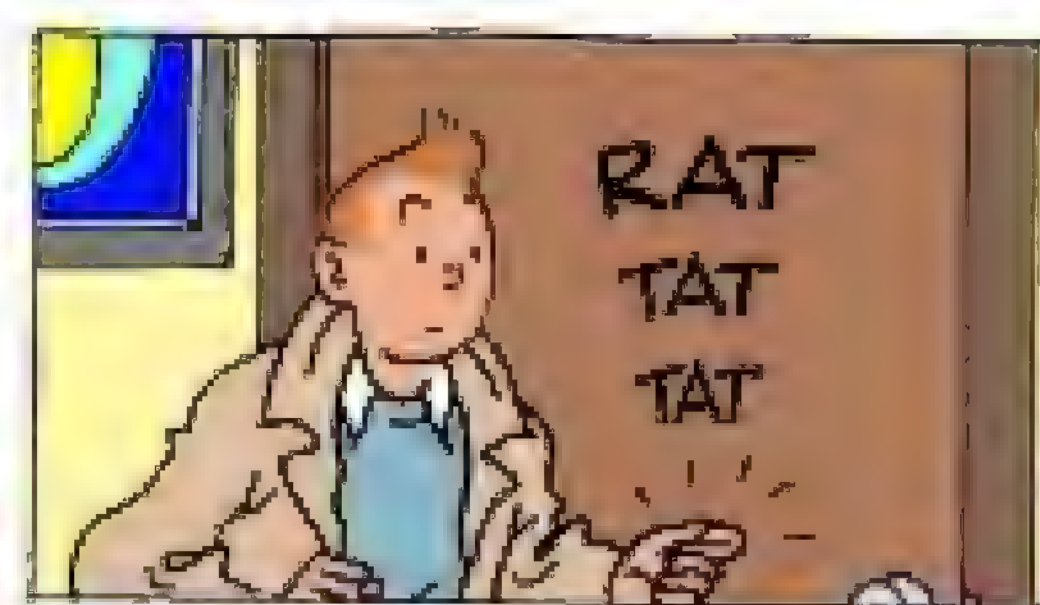
Yes, you! ... Who did you tell
I was going to Leignault?

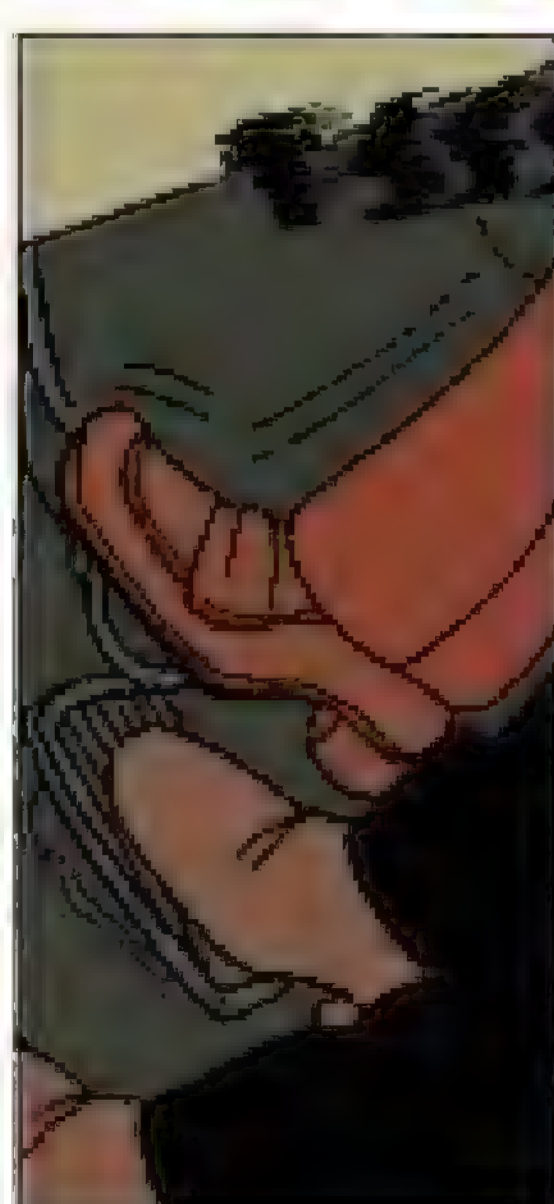
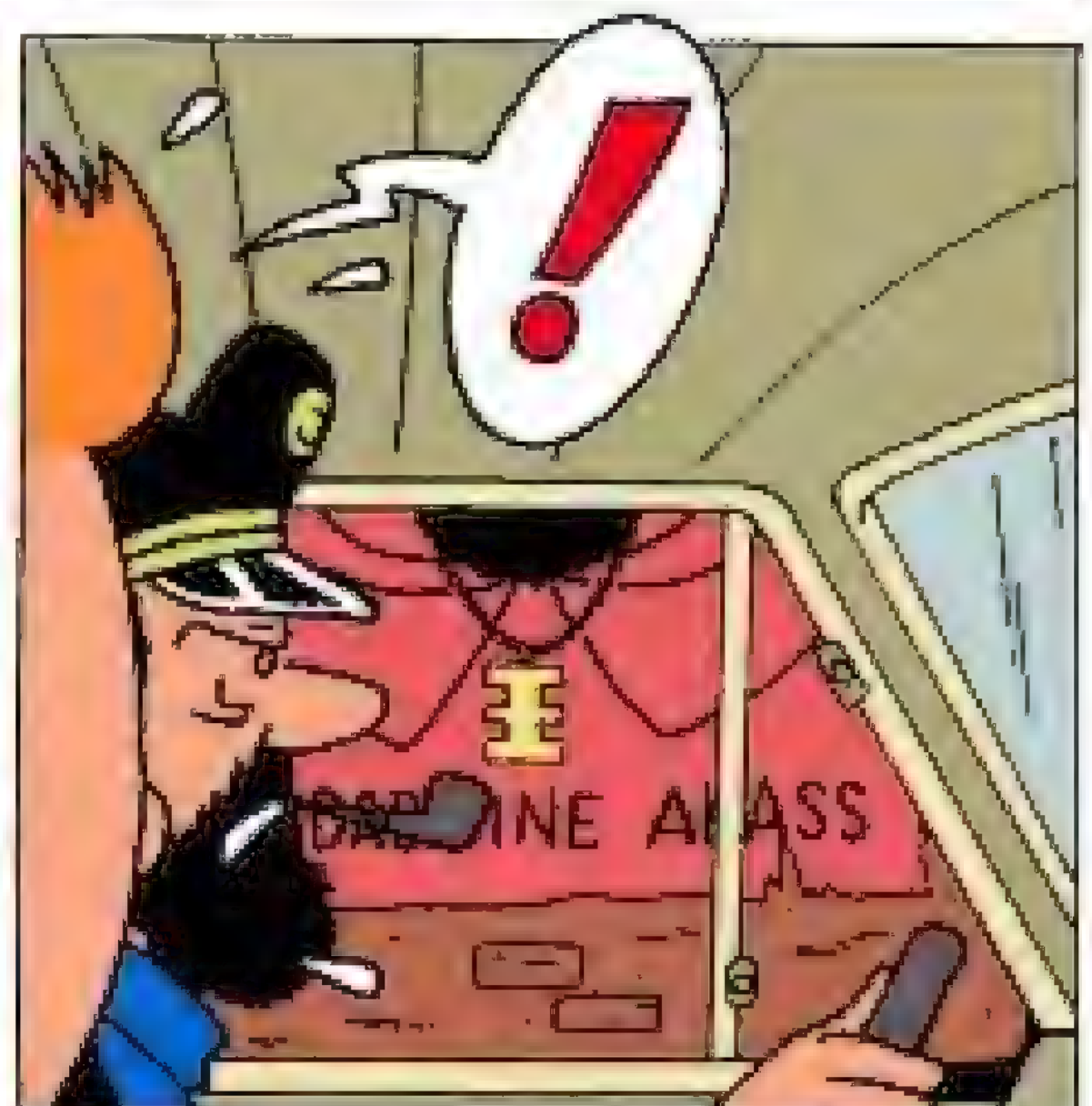
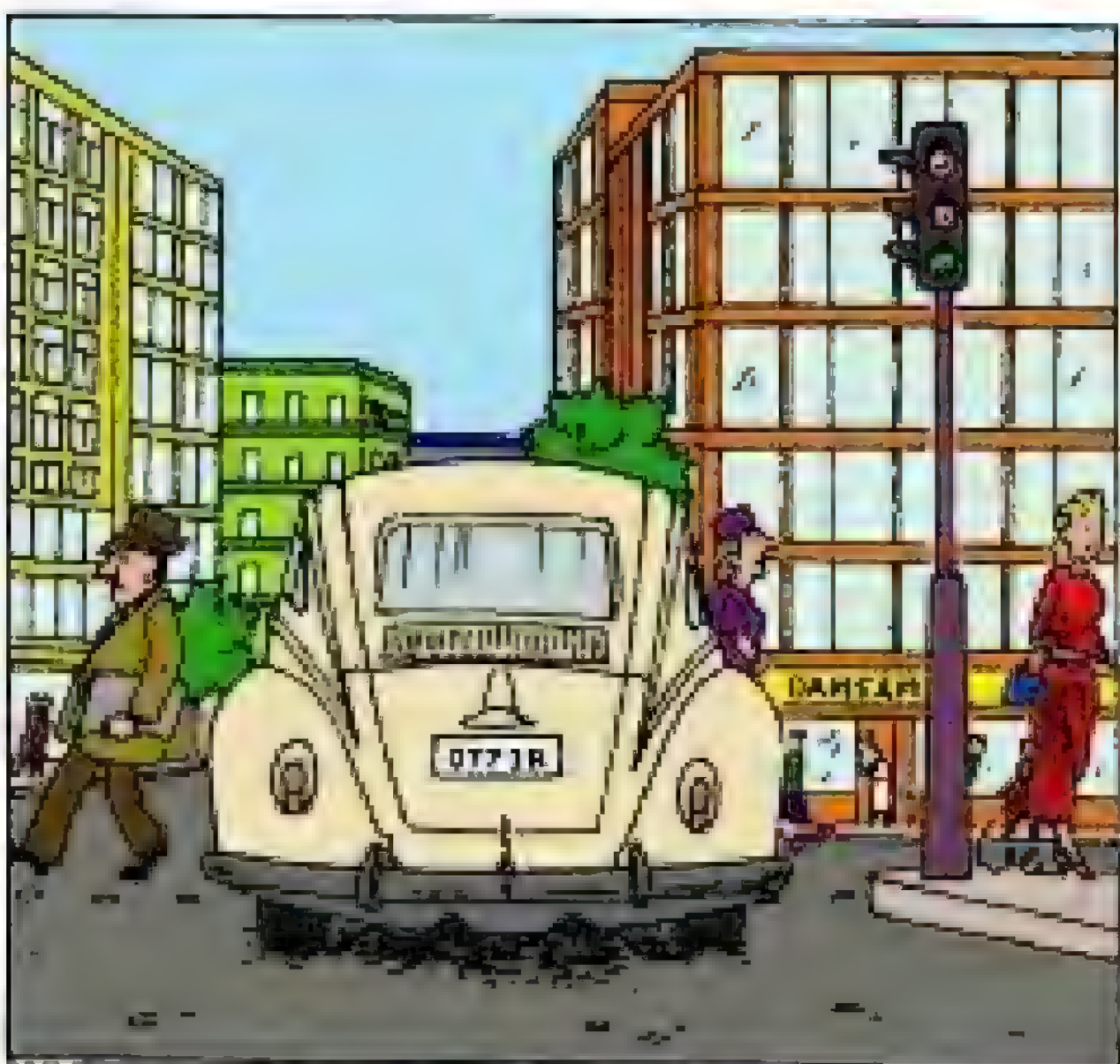
But ... but I told no one,
I swear to you! ...

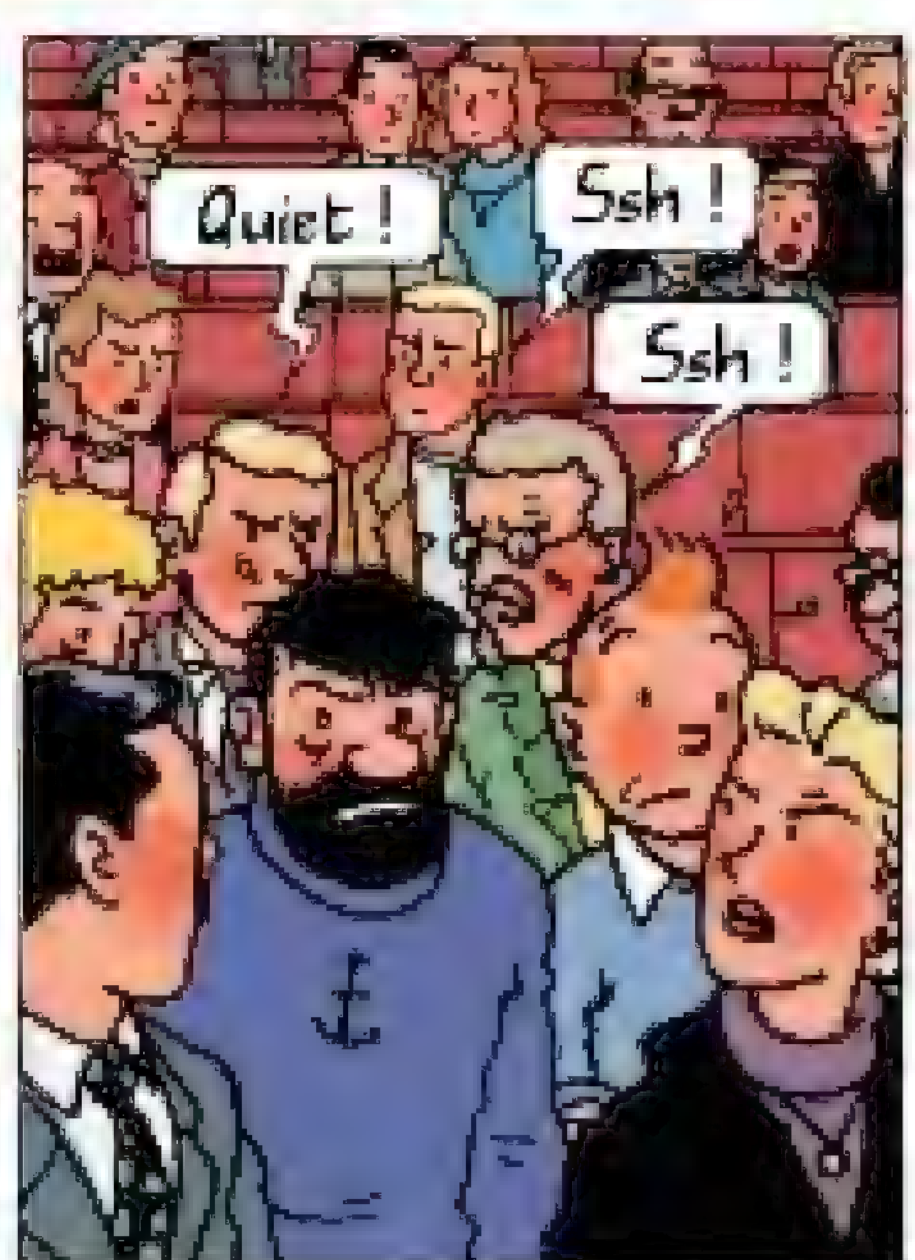
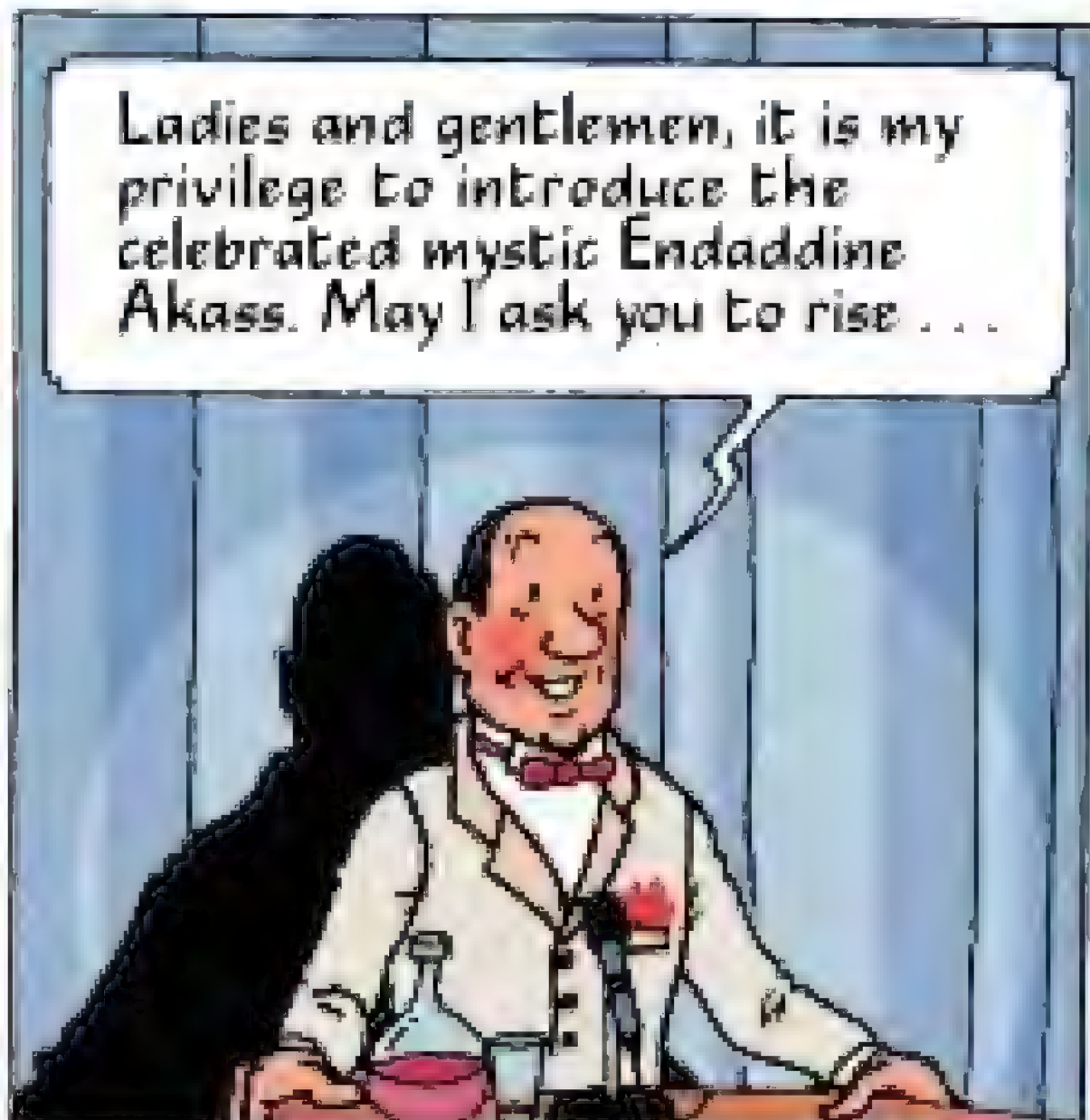
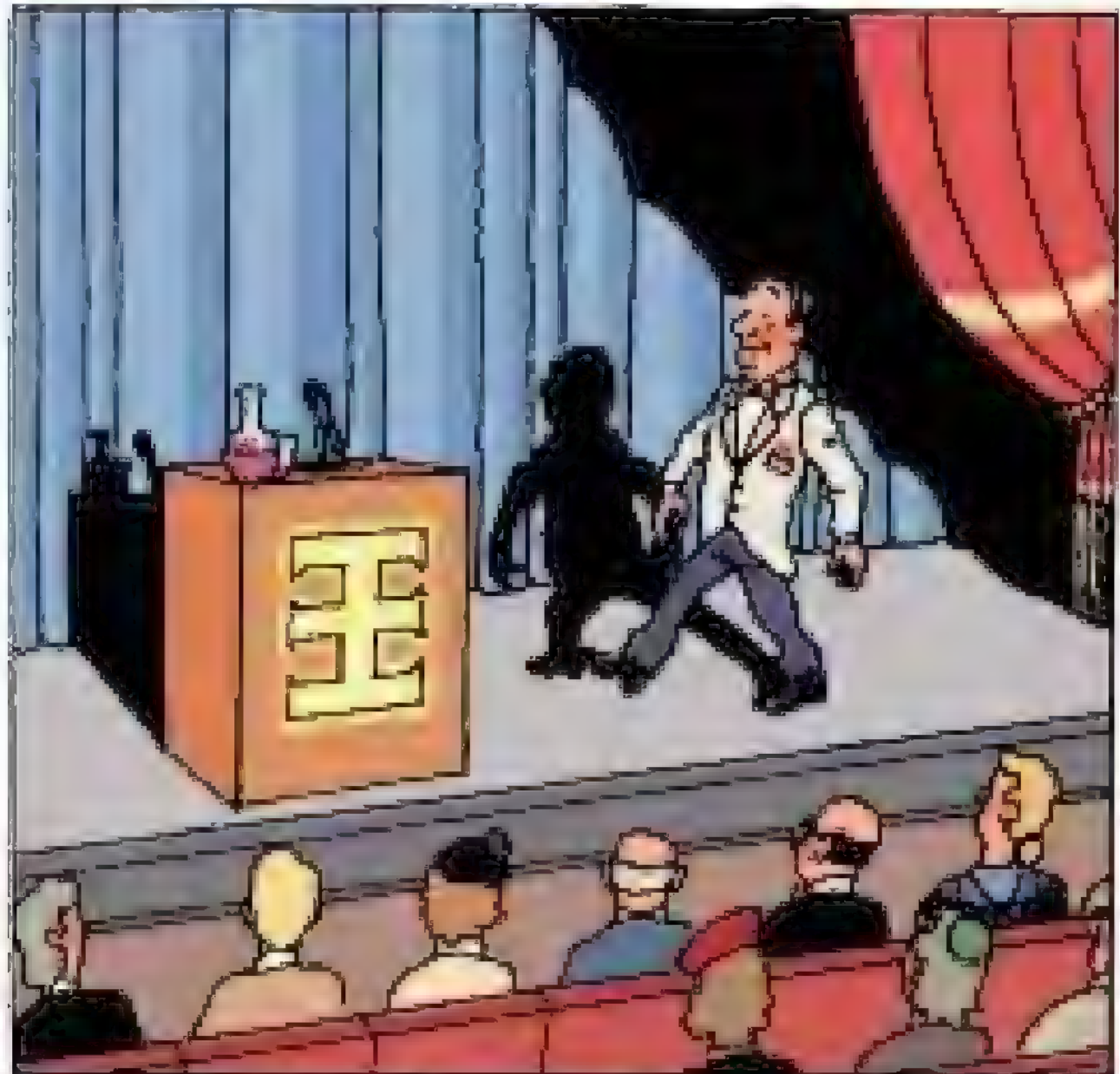
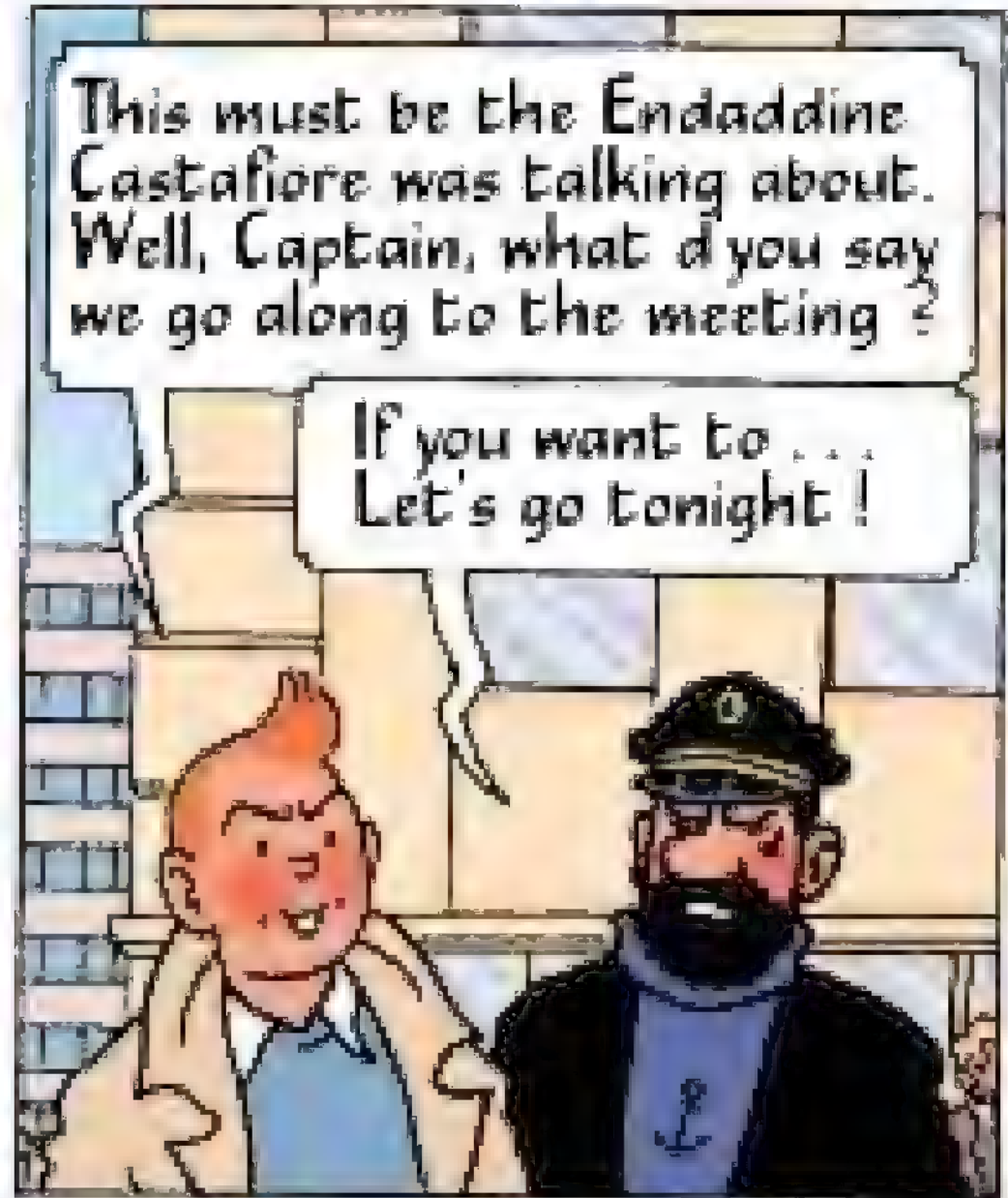
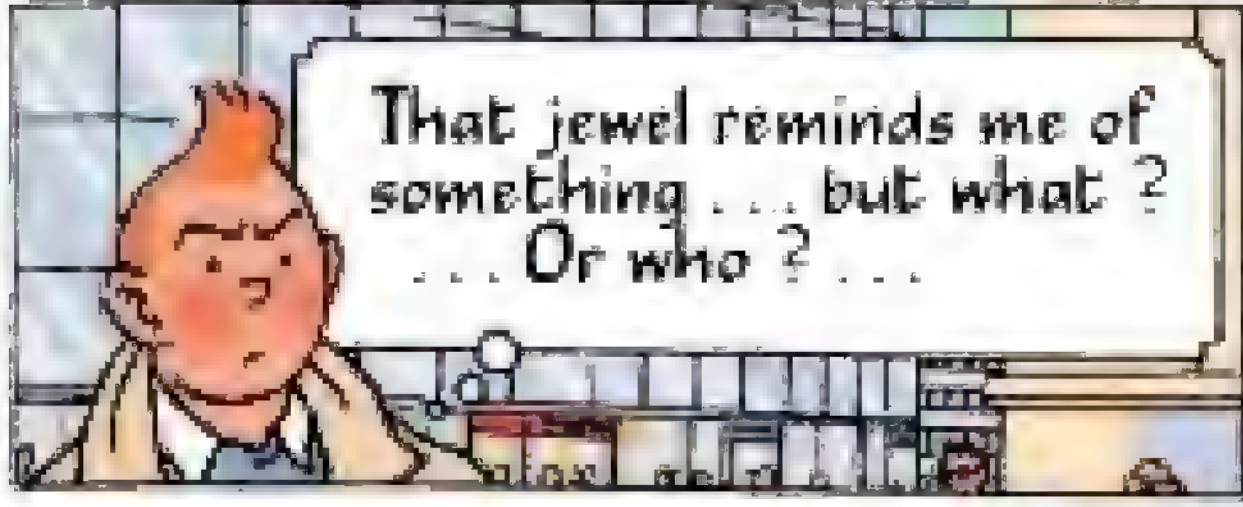
It's dreadful! ... You dare to
suspect me ... Me who ... Me
who ... No! ... Sniff ... sniff ...

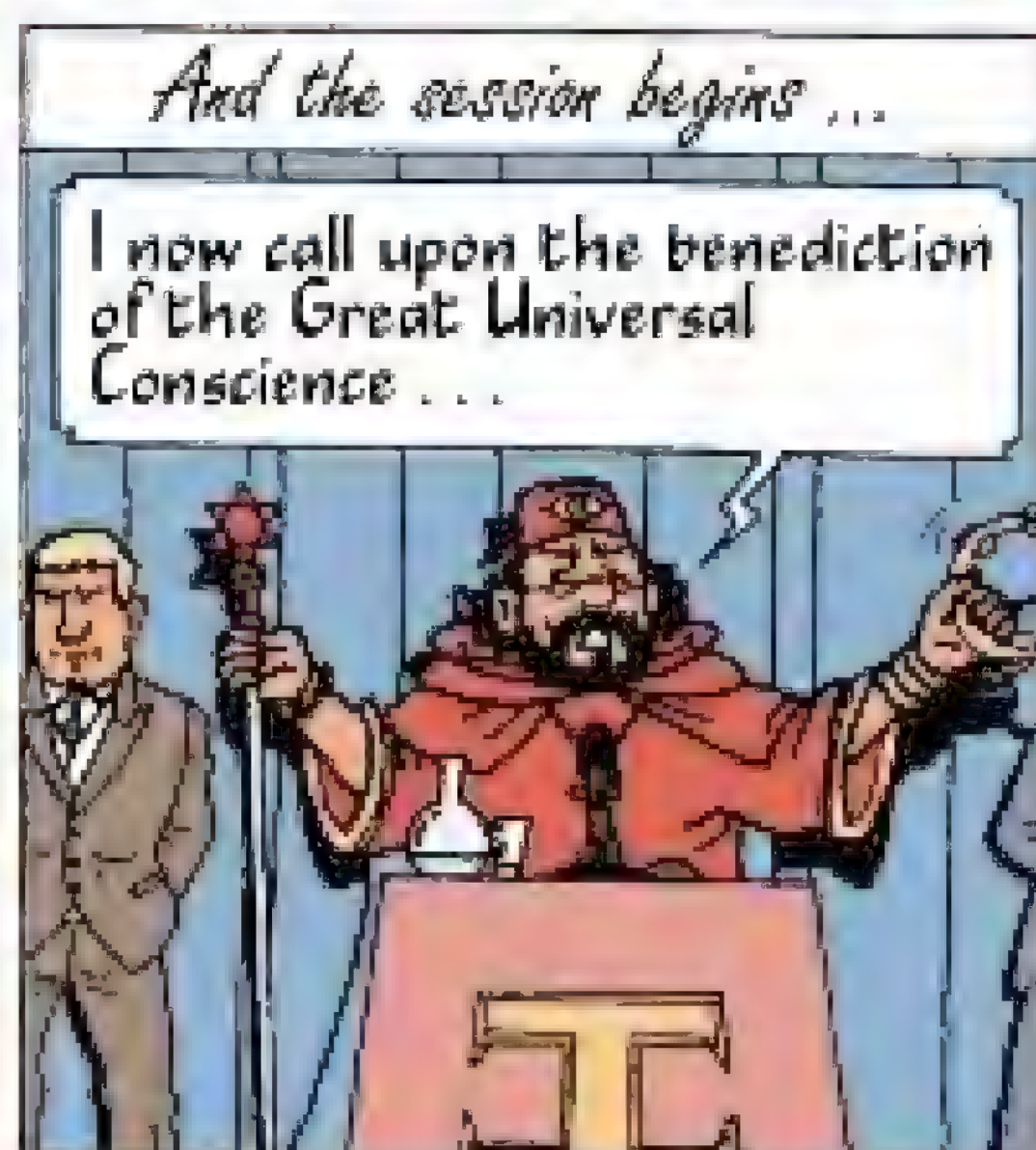
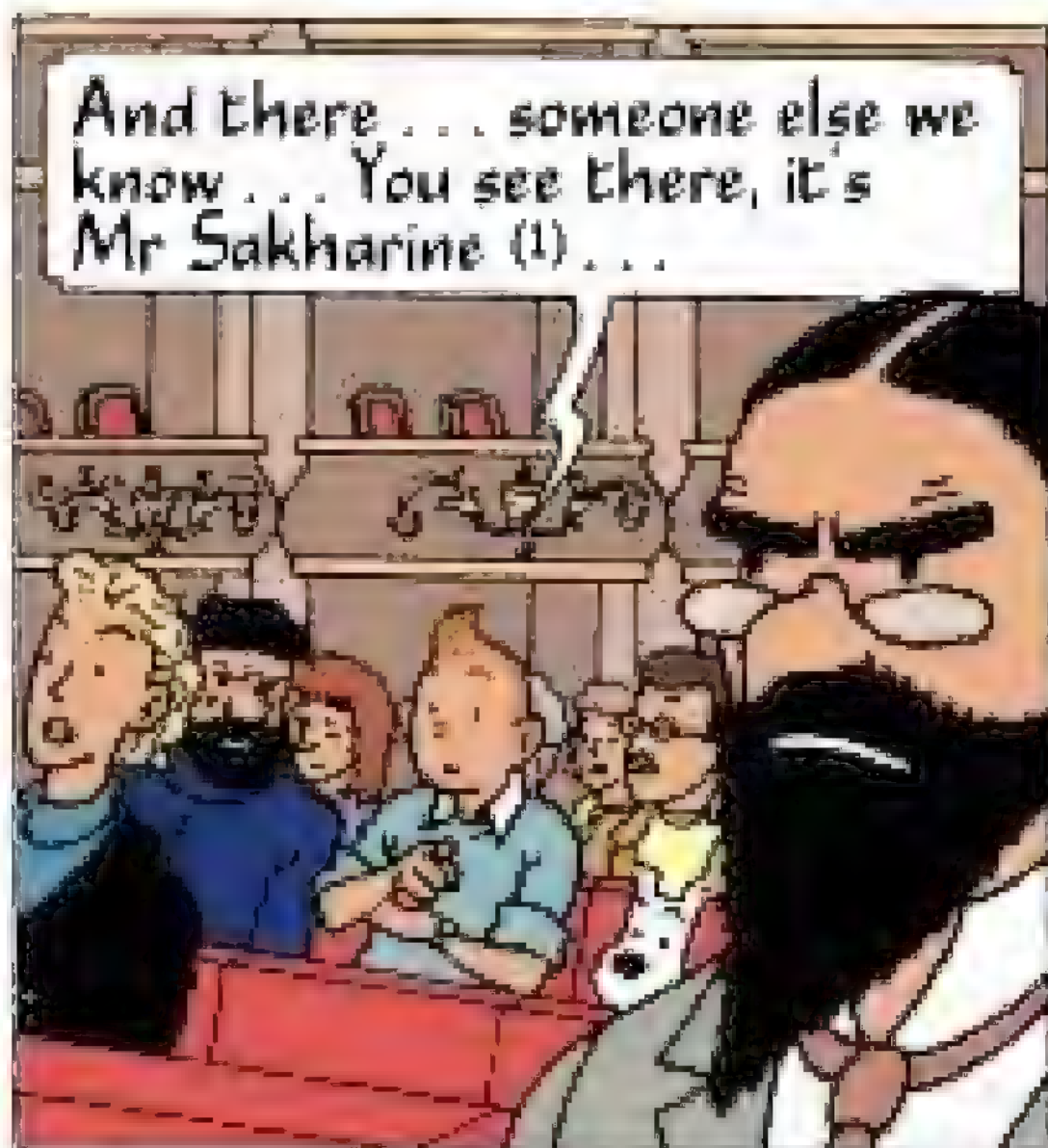
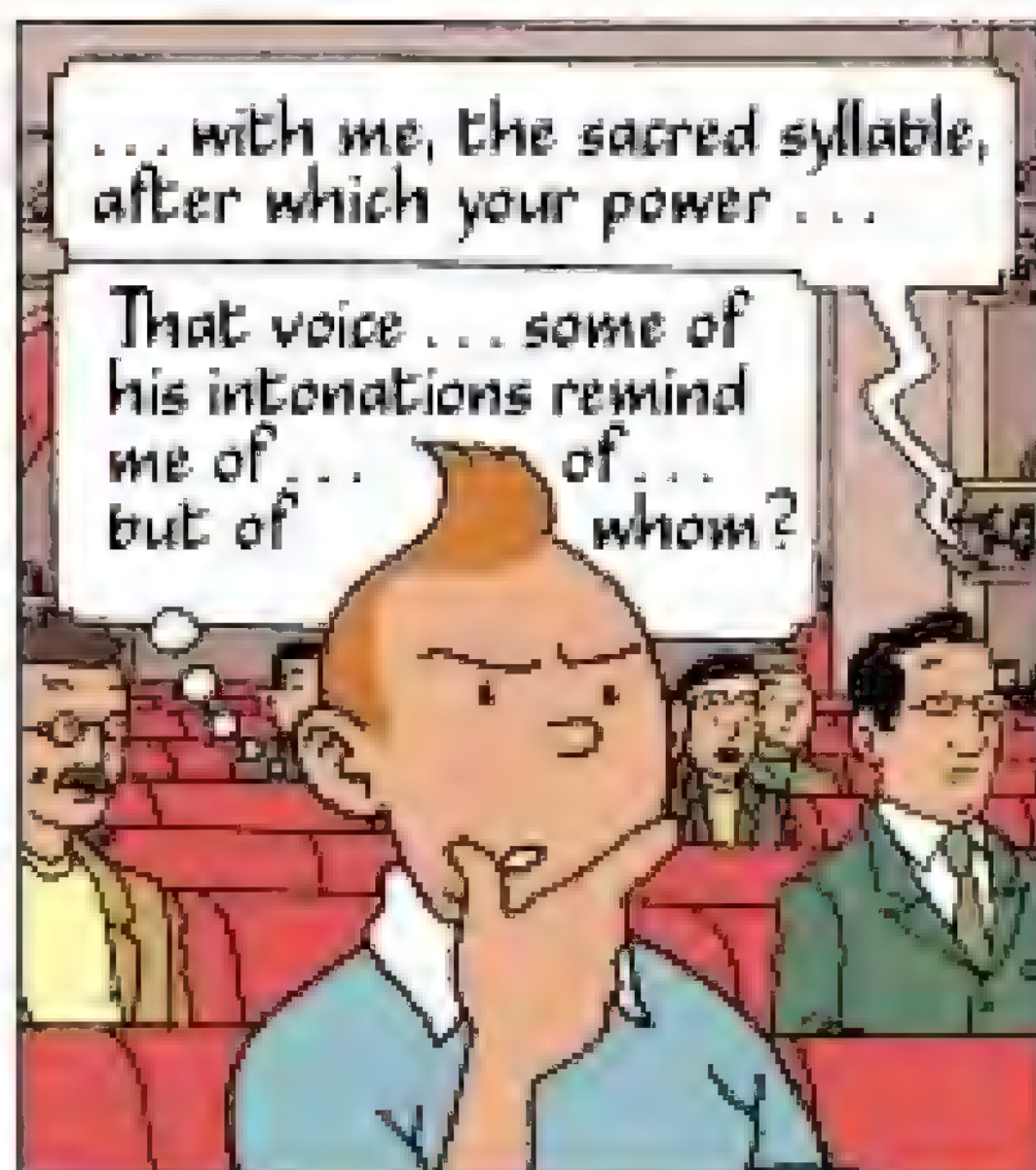
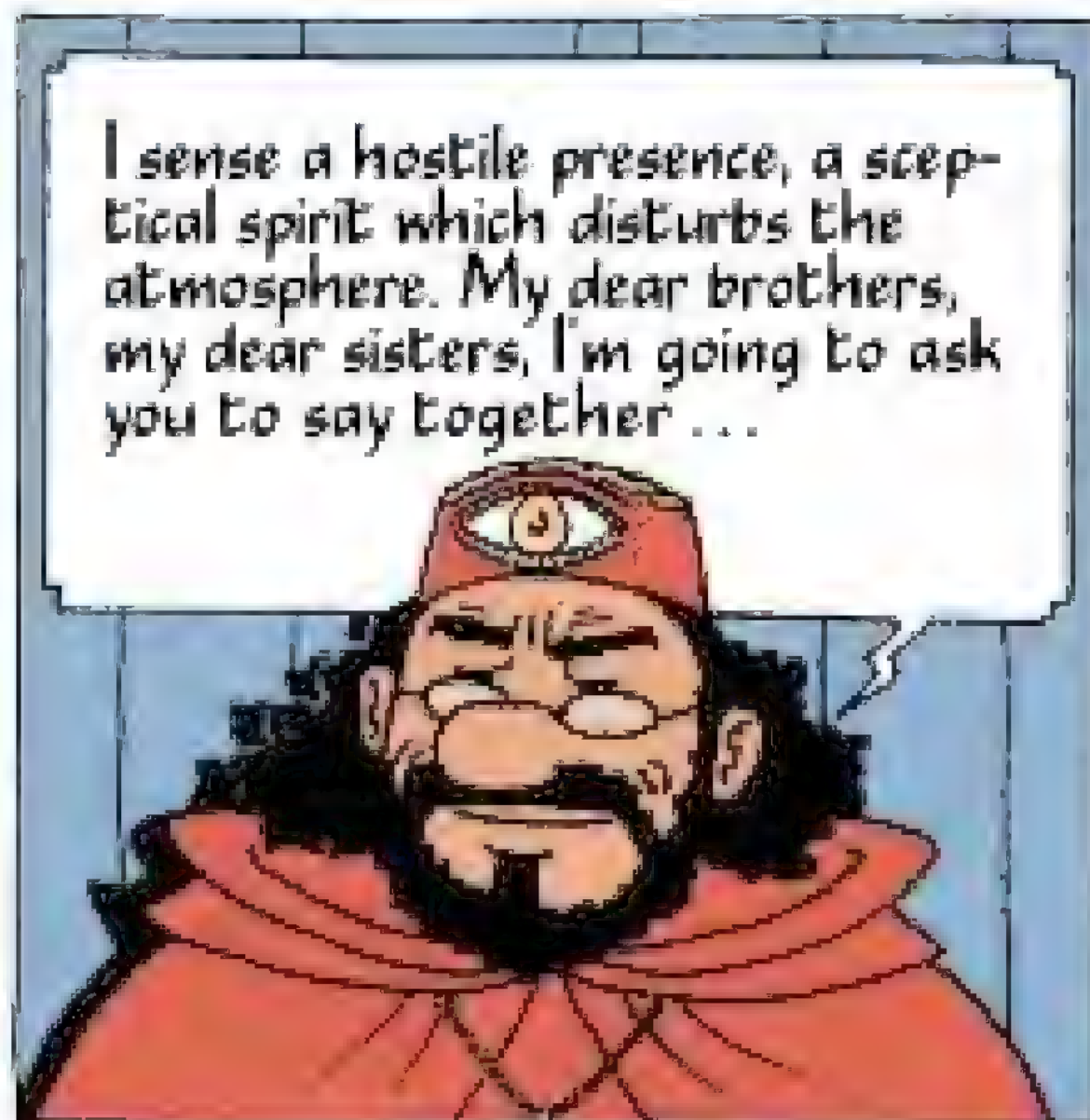
She seems sincere, this girl! ...
But who, then? ... Who? ...
I wonder ... Who? ...
Wait ... Unless ...

Oh, it's obvious, why didn't
we think of it before?

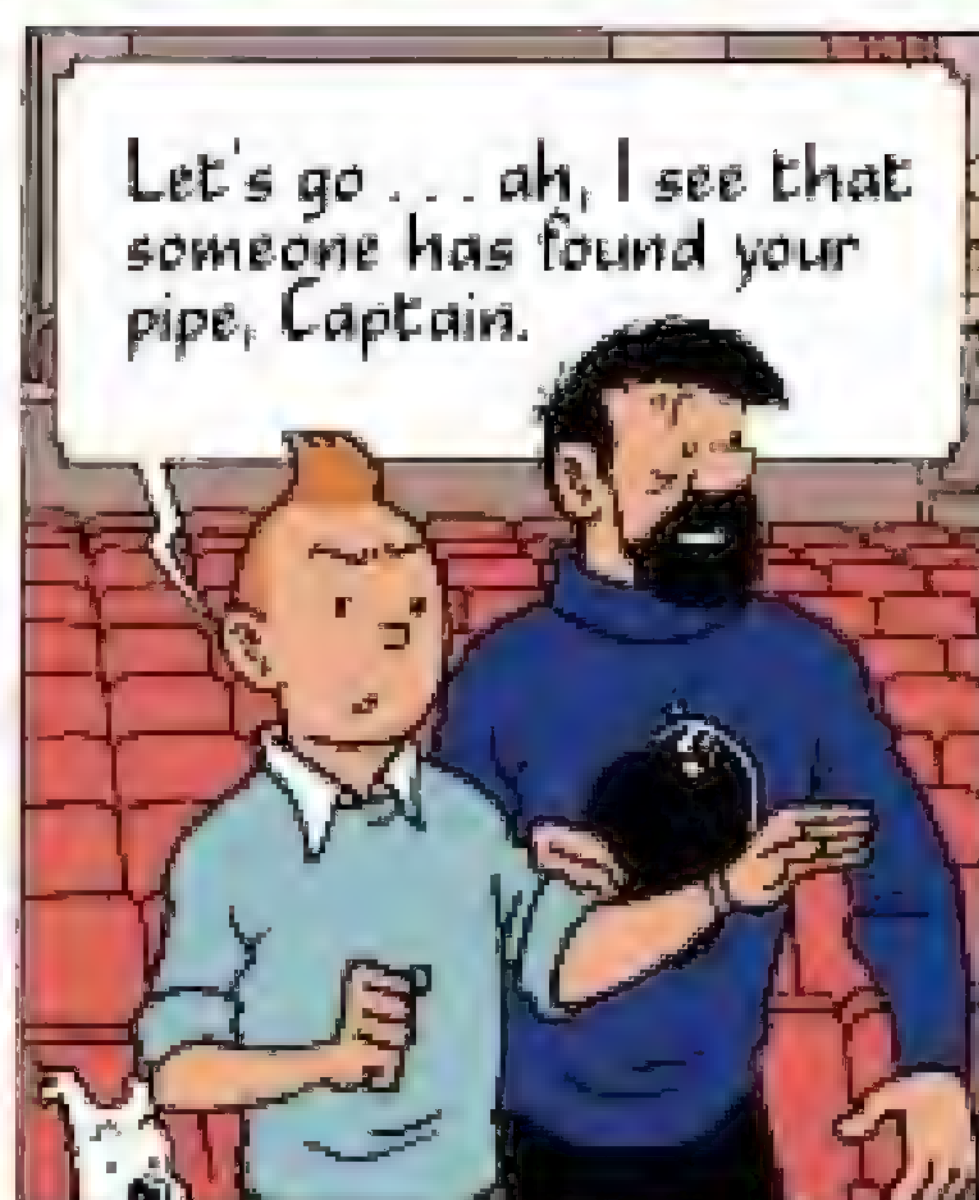
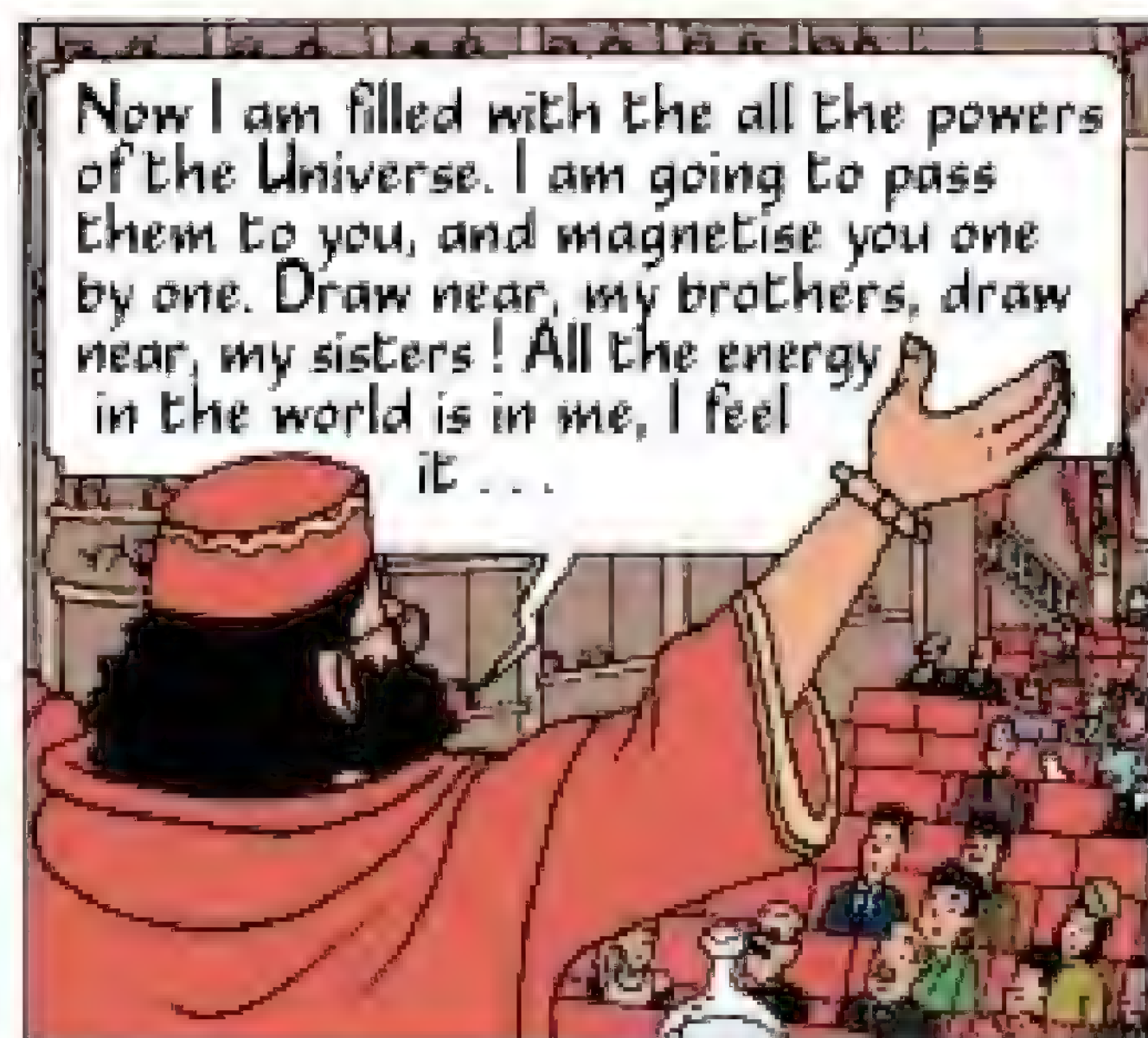
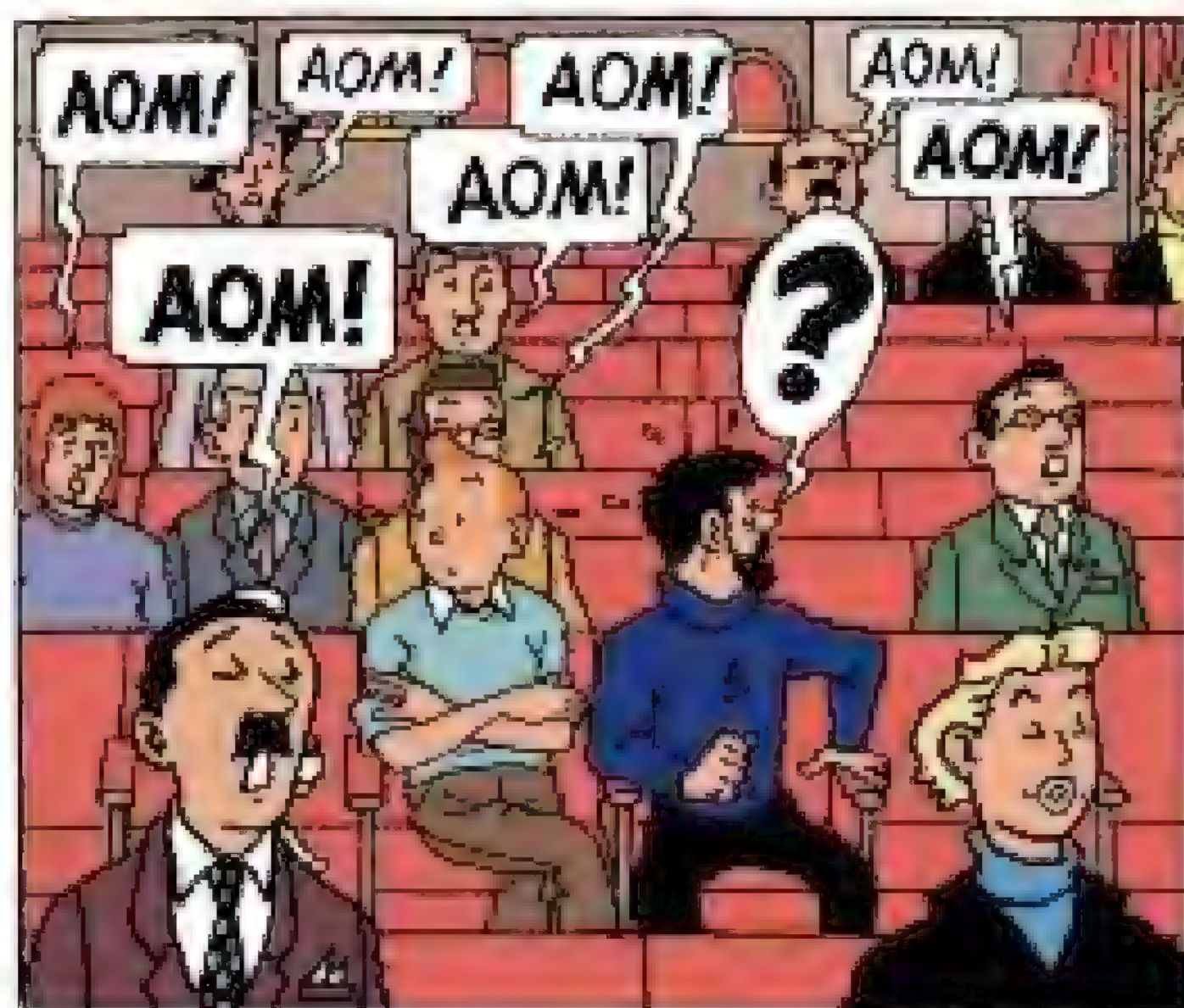




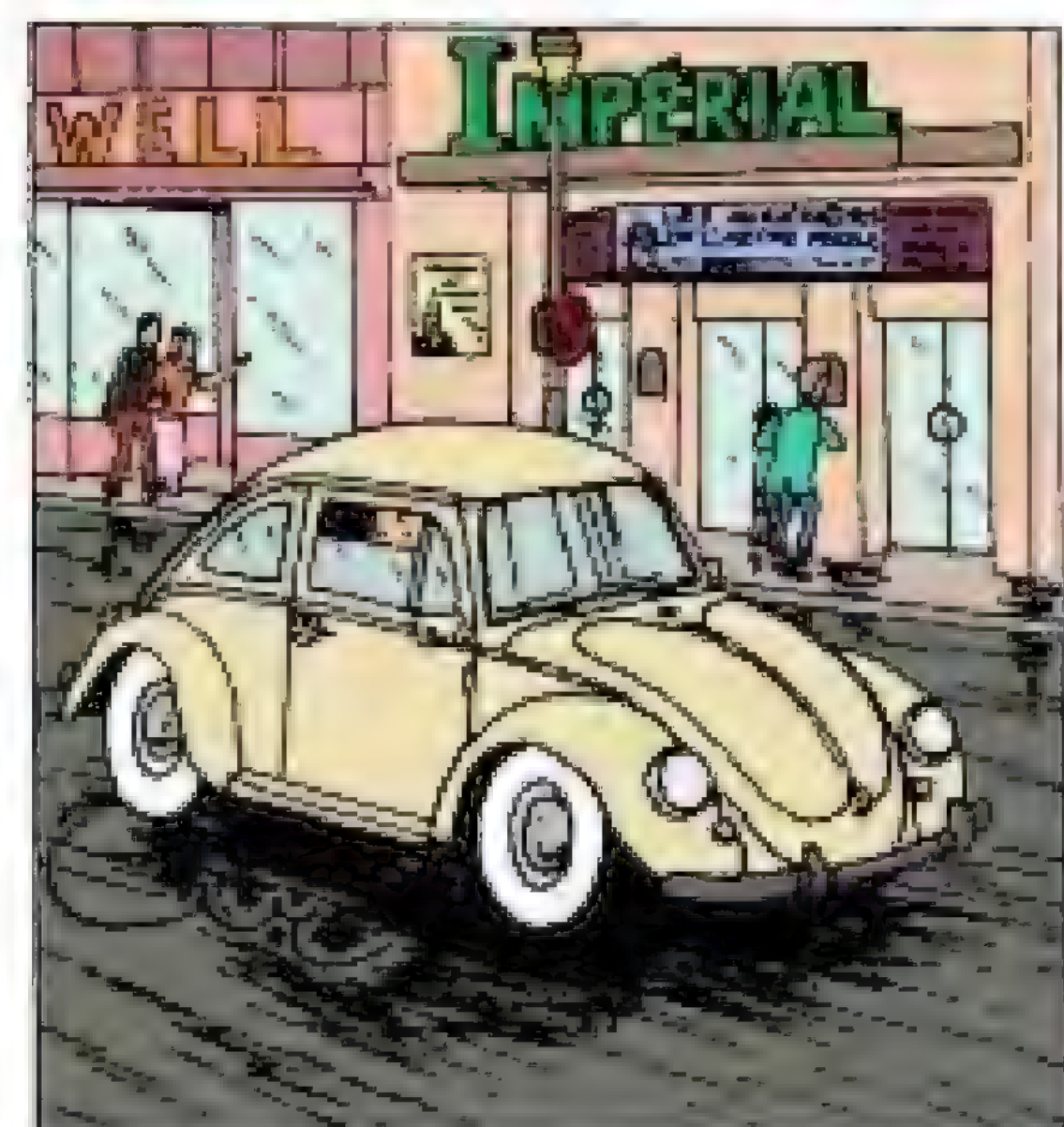
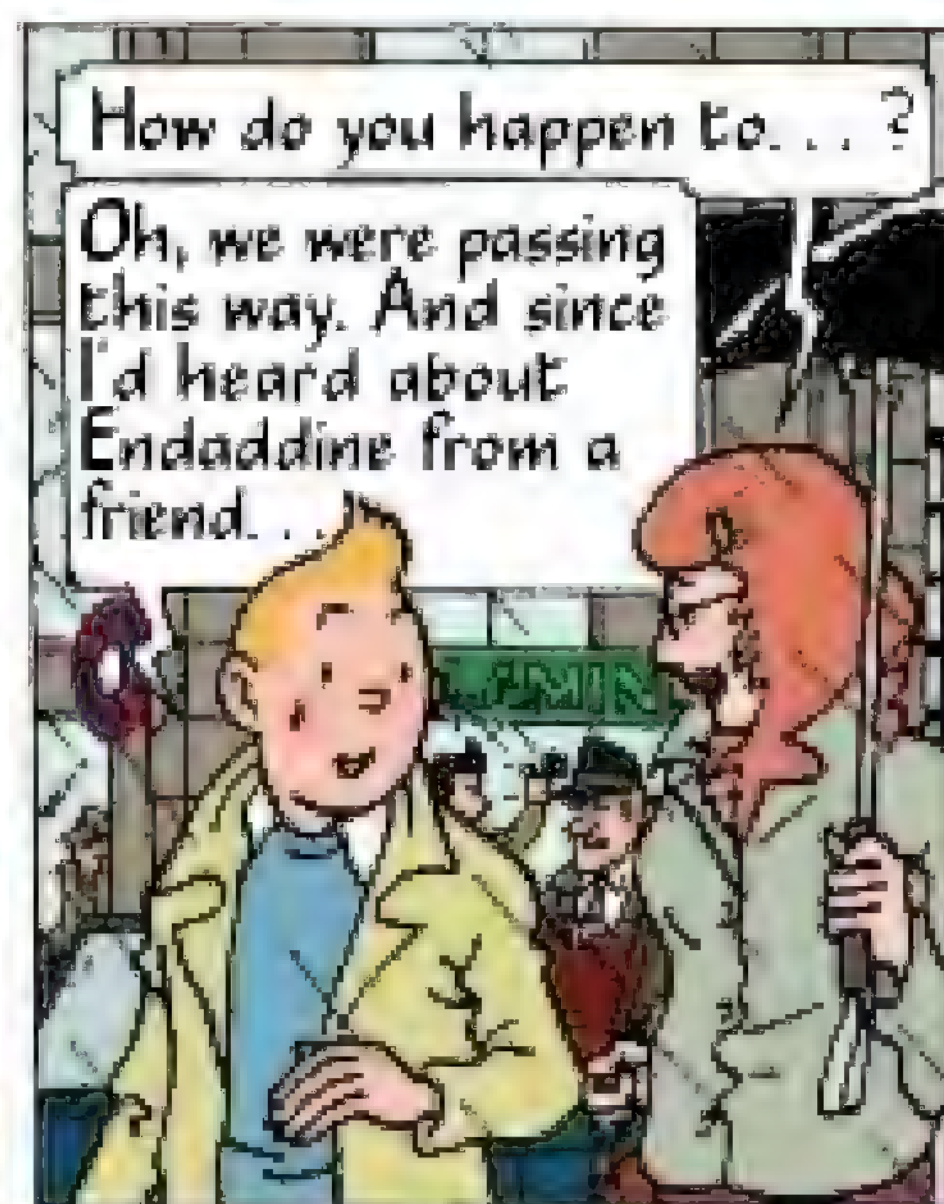


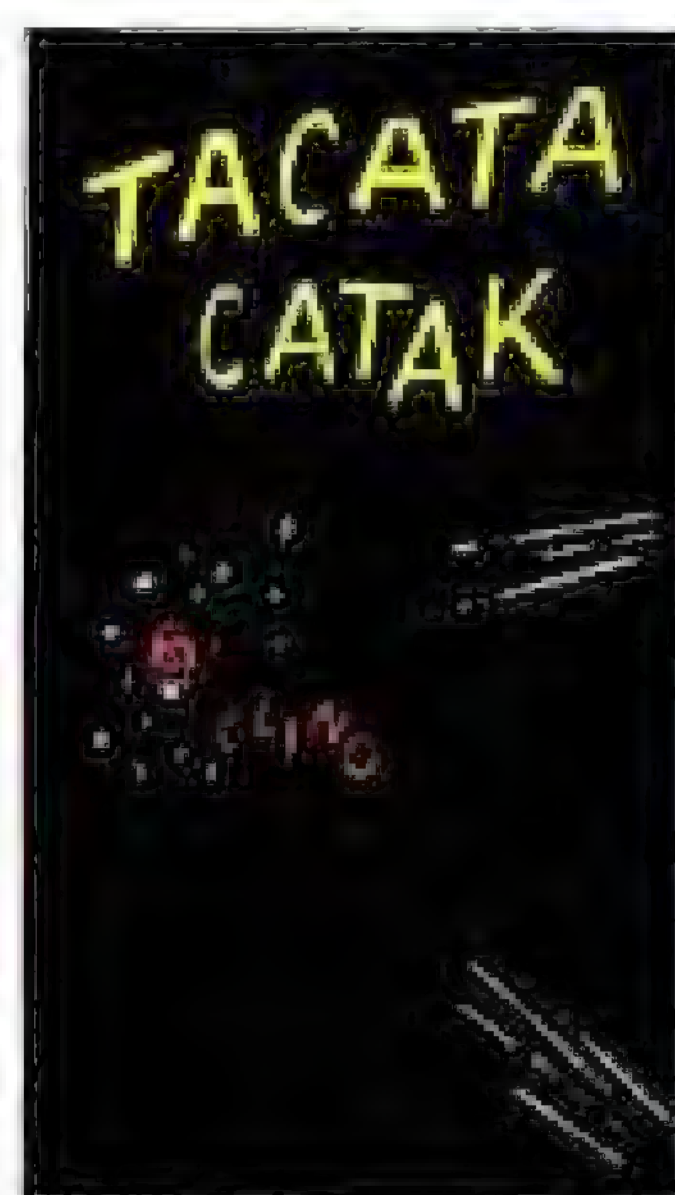
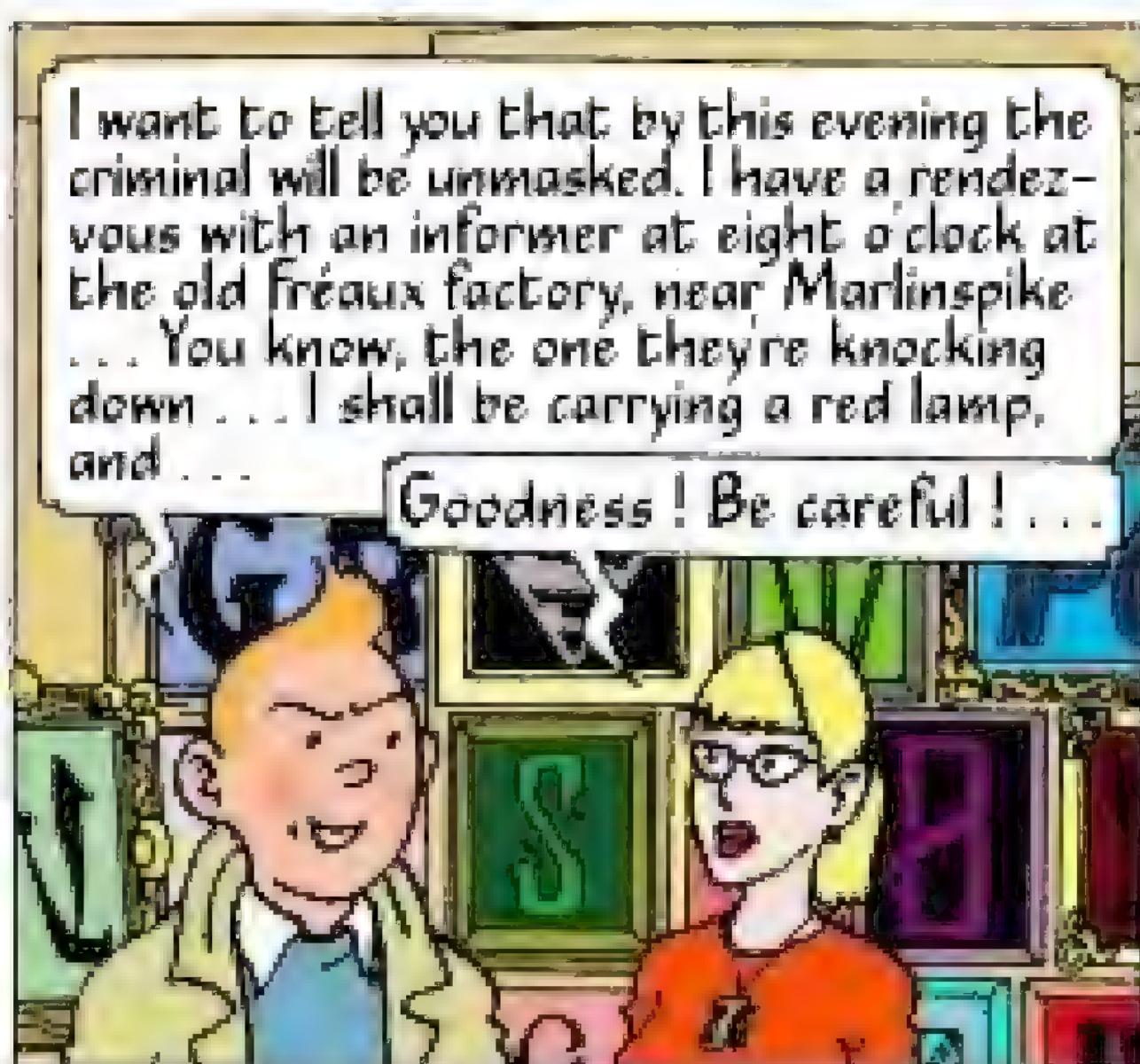
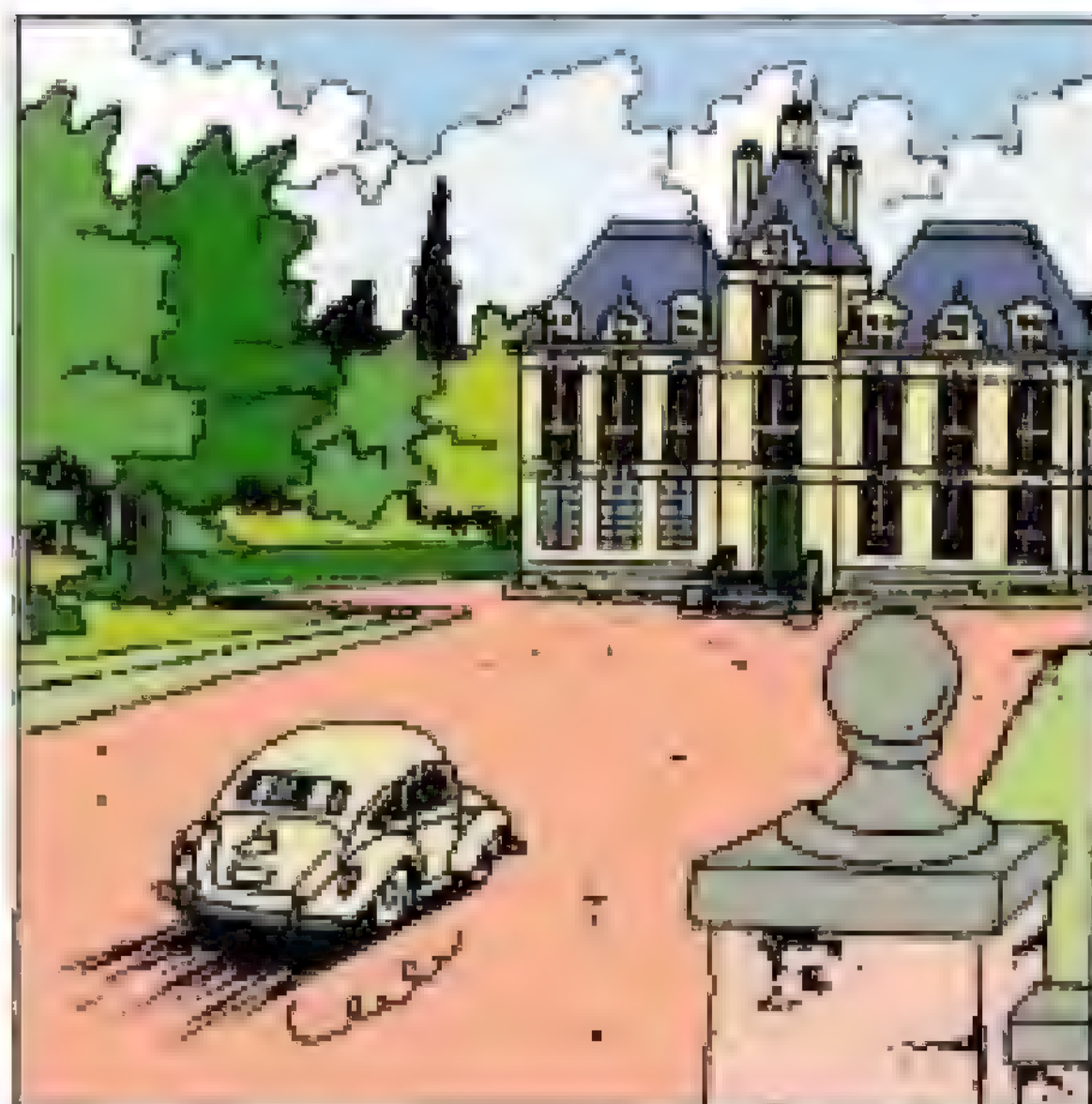


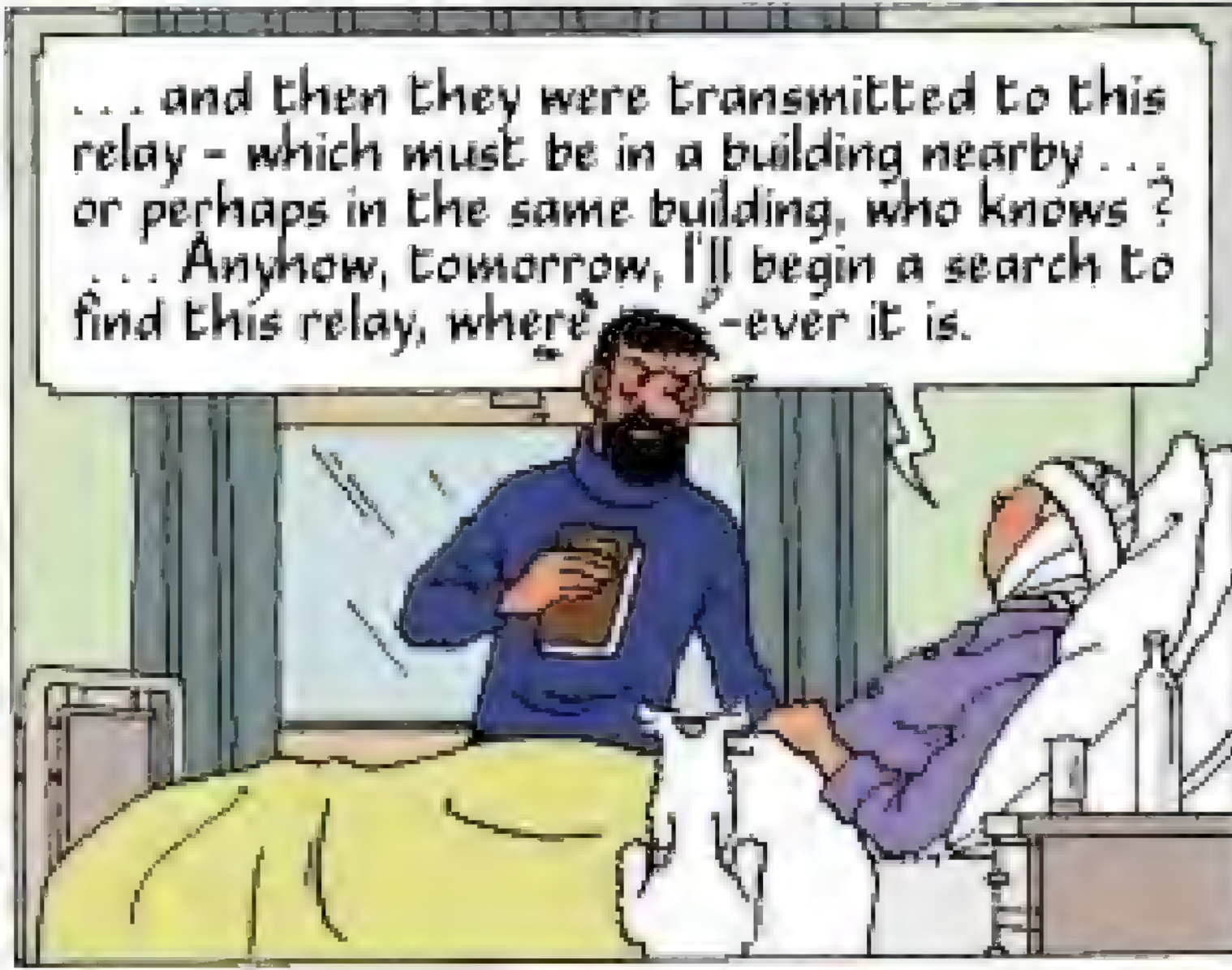
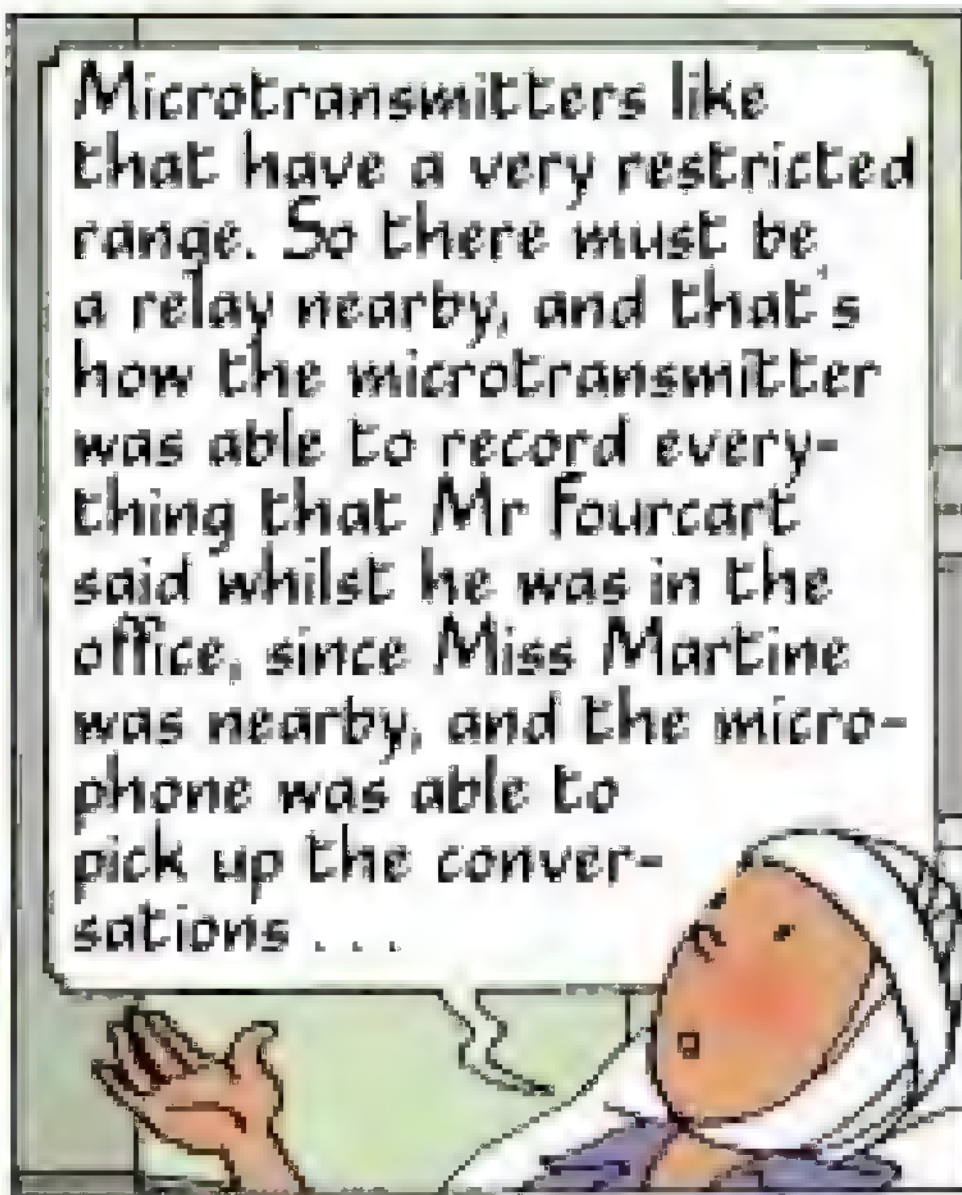
(1) See The Secret of the Unicorn



(1) See The Seven Crystal Balls







We'll start with the other tenants ...

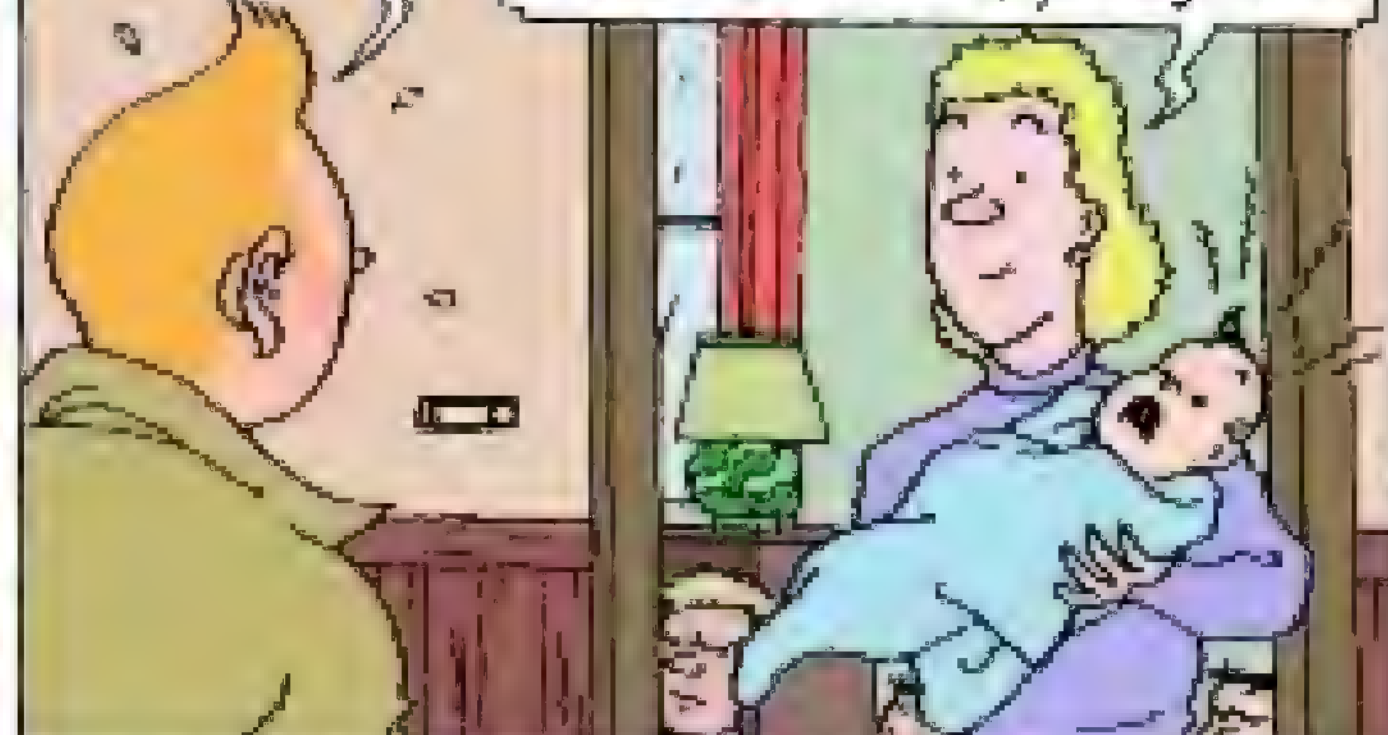


RIIING



Good morning, Madam. I am conducting a survey about solar-powered heating. Would you be willing to answer a few questions?

Come in, come in, young man!



Nothing there, I think ...



A little later ...

Now for the next flat ... patience, Snowy!



RRRING



Er ... What d'you want?

It's an opinion survey, sir ... About ...



I don't have an opinion.
Not on anything!
Now leave me alone!



BLAM



Where have I seen him before? ...



Oh yes! At that Endaddine Akass meeting ... One of the master's assistants ...



I wonder if he recognised me ... In any case, there must be a connection between Endaddine, the microphone ...



He certainly suspects something ... He came knocking on my door on the pretext of some opinion survey ... I understand ... We'll take care of him ... Yes, properly this time.

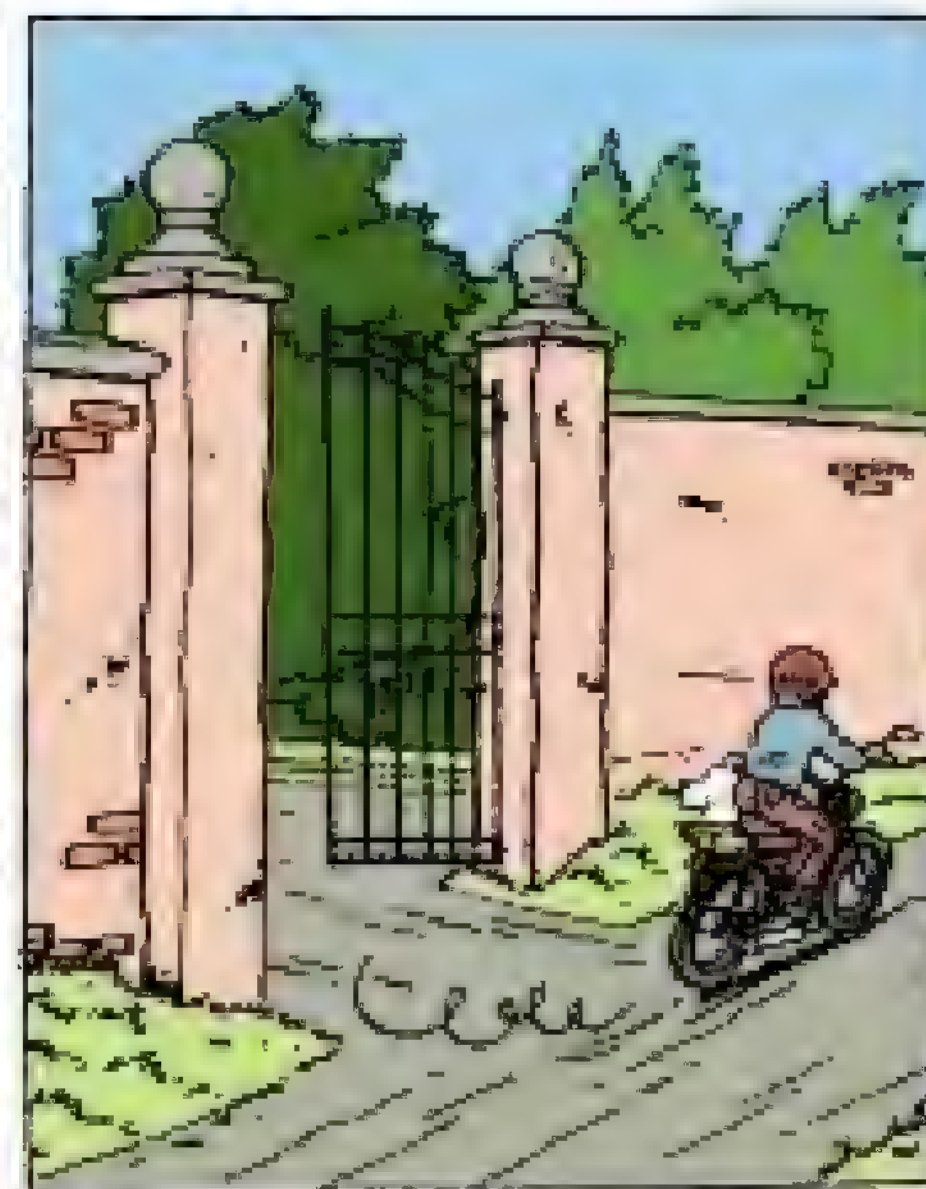
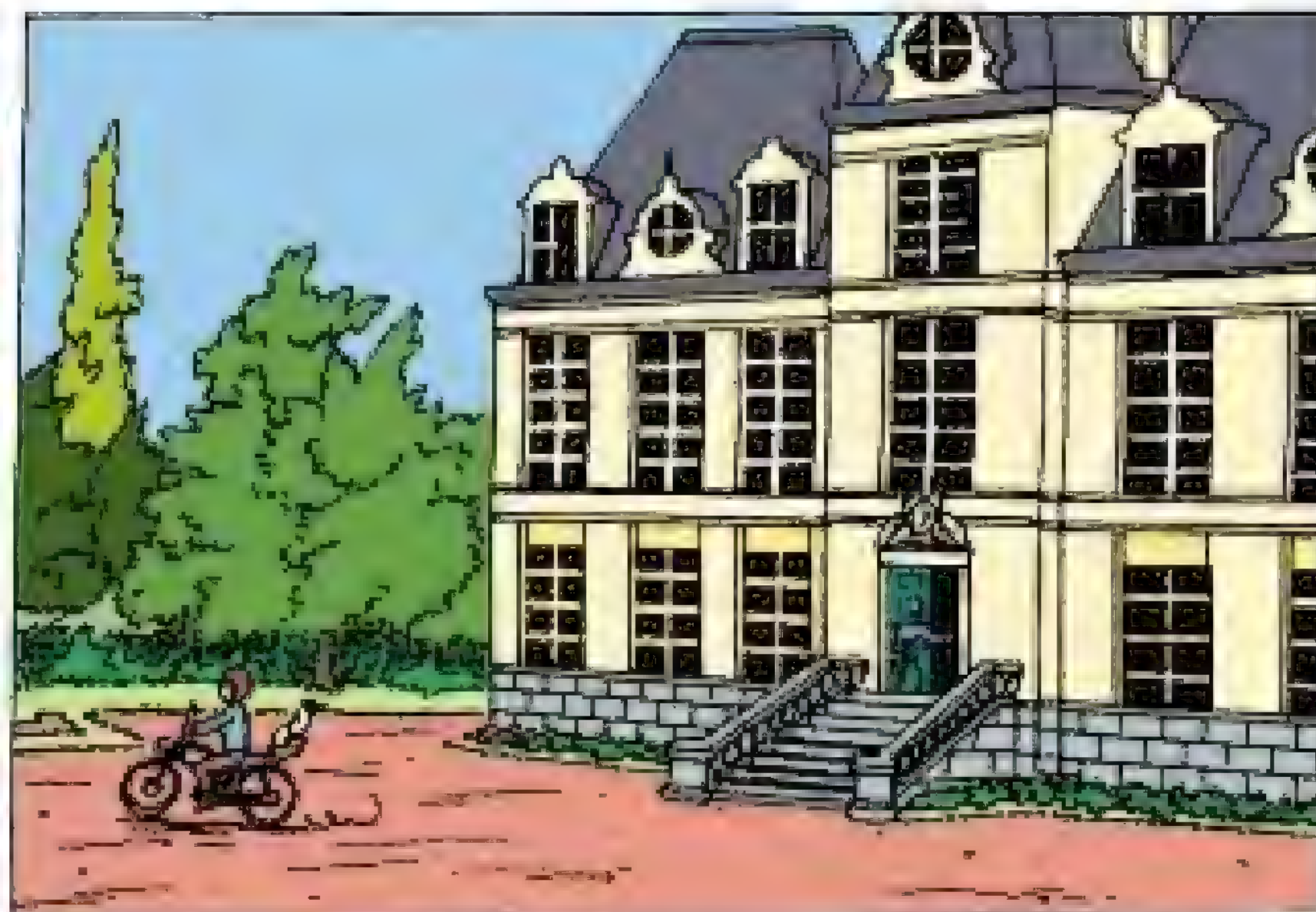


TO BE CONTINUED ...

The next morning ...

Take care ! ... You never know,
with these sort of people ...

Don't worry, I'm
only going into
the village.

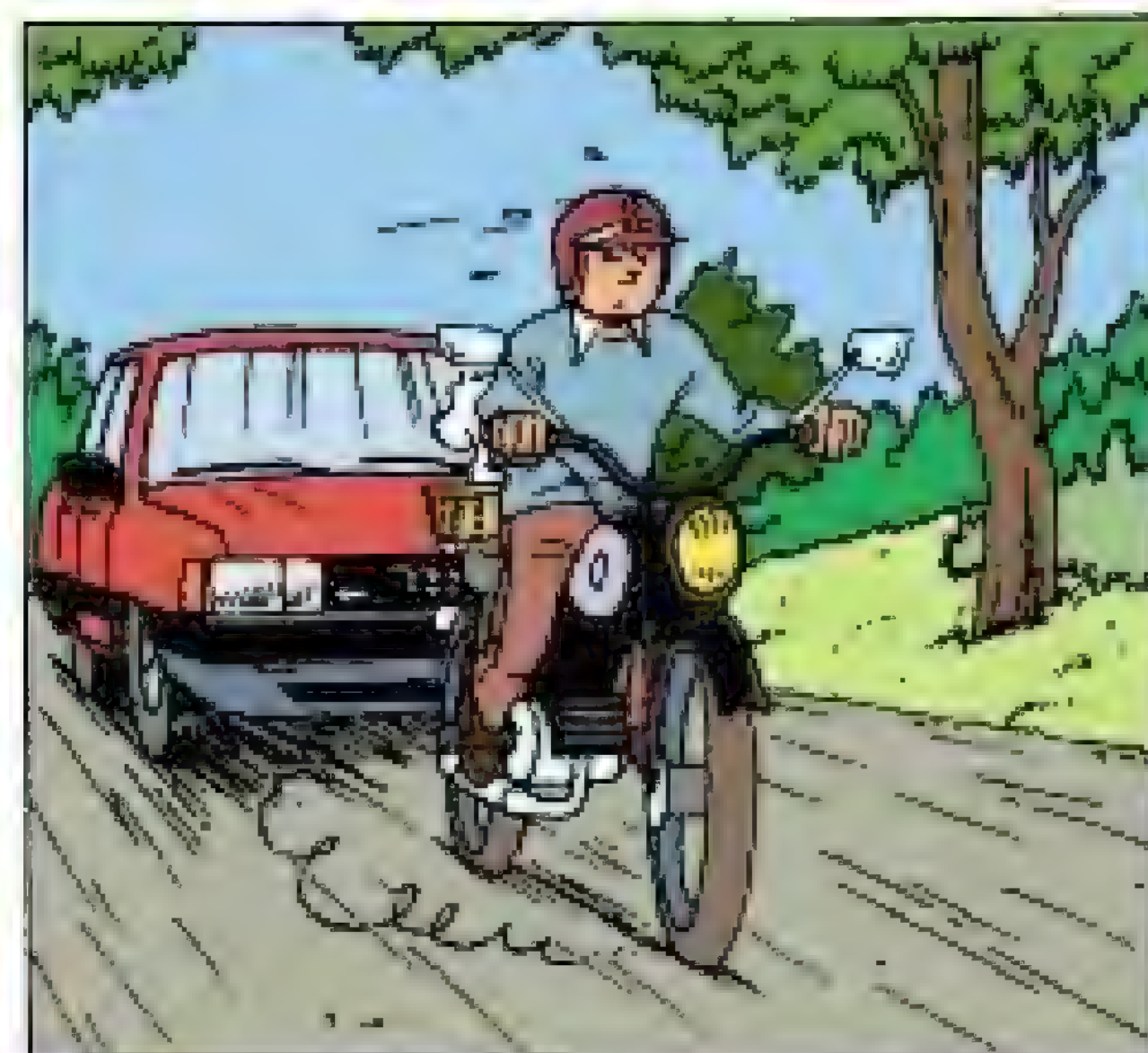


There he is!
Let's go!

GRRRRR
WOOAH!



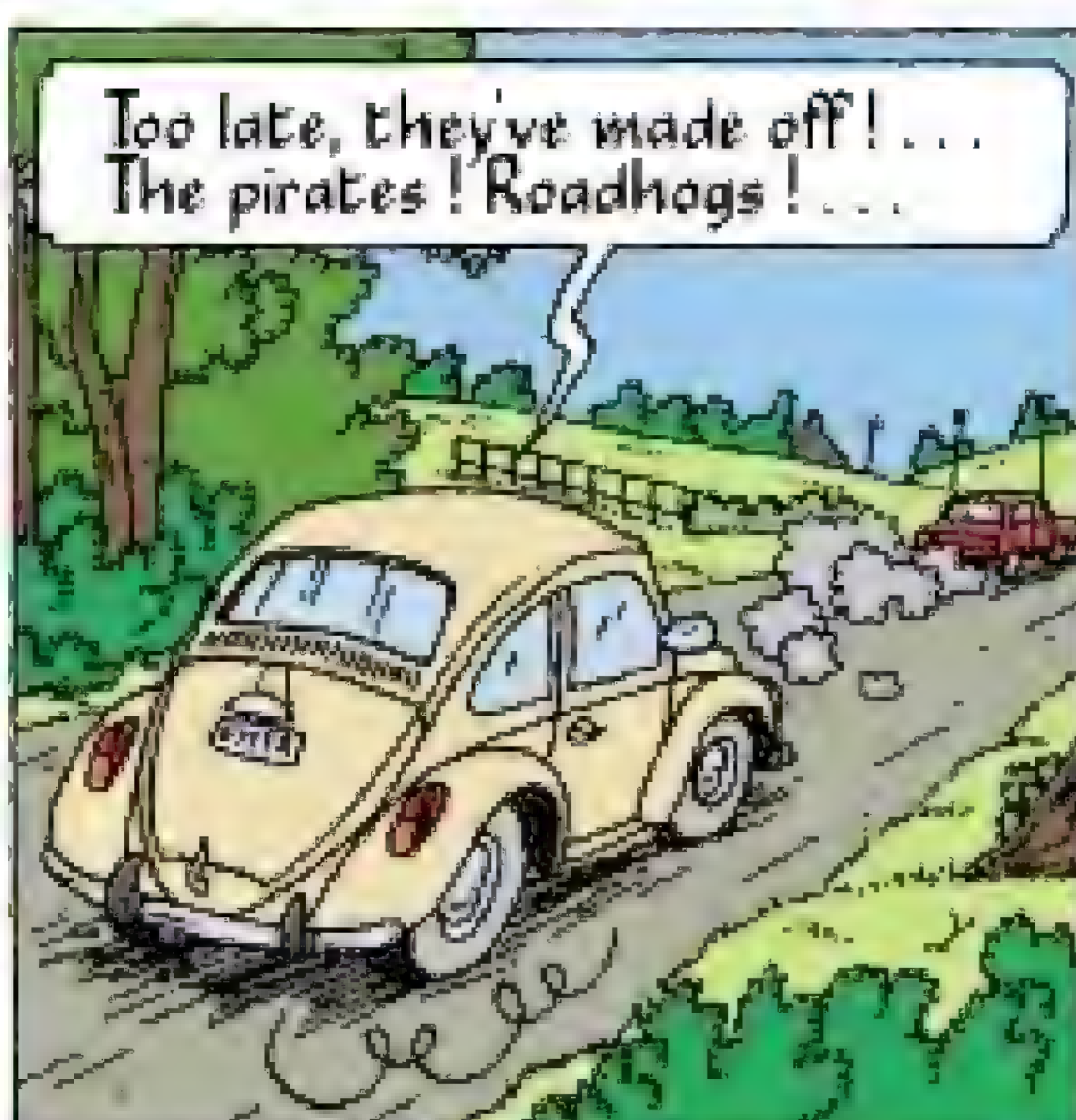
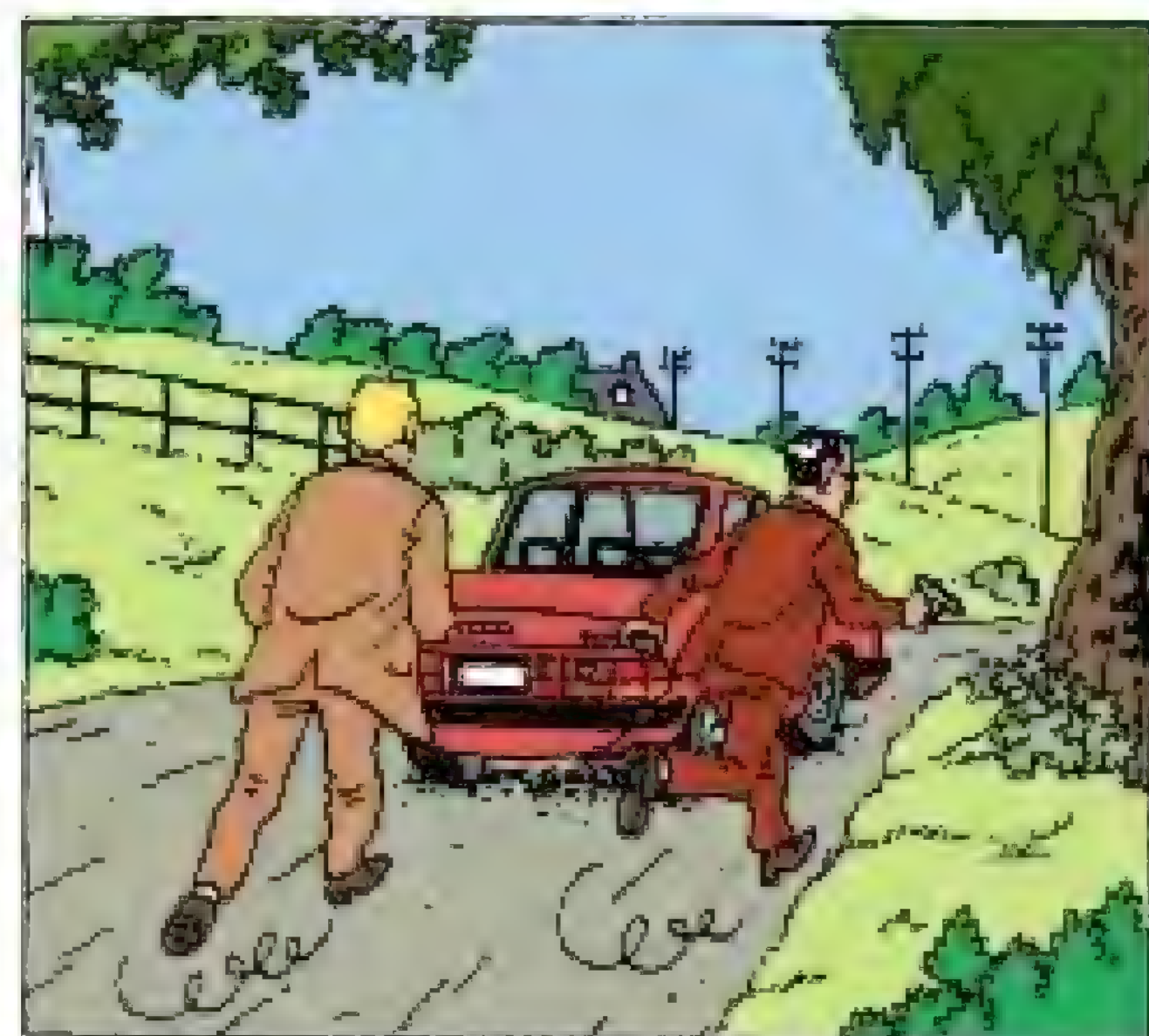
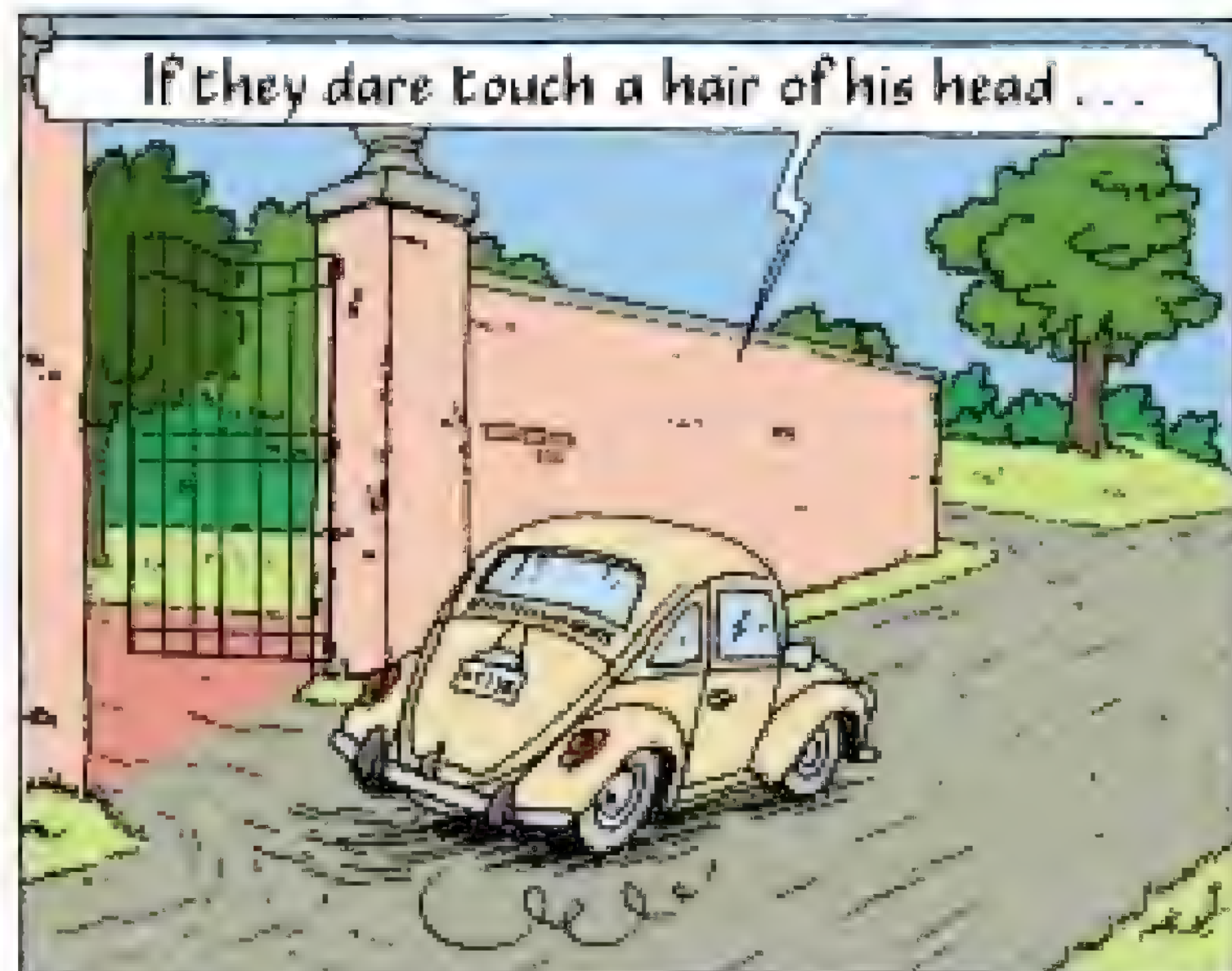
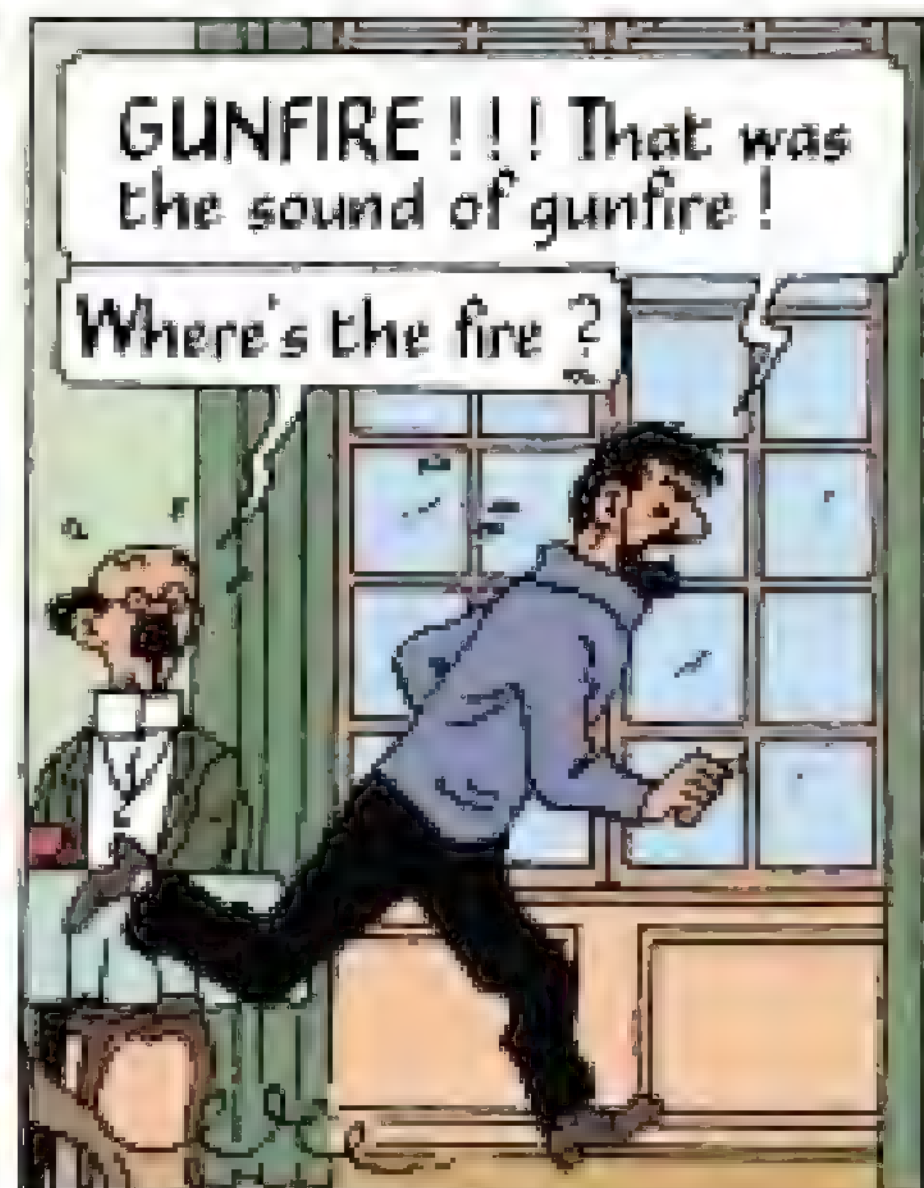
They're going to catch me!



This time, I'll finish
the job ! ...

My poor Tintin, this could well
be the end ! ...

BANG BANG
SKRRRR!!!
CRASH!

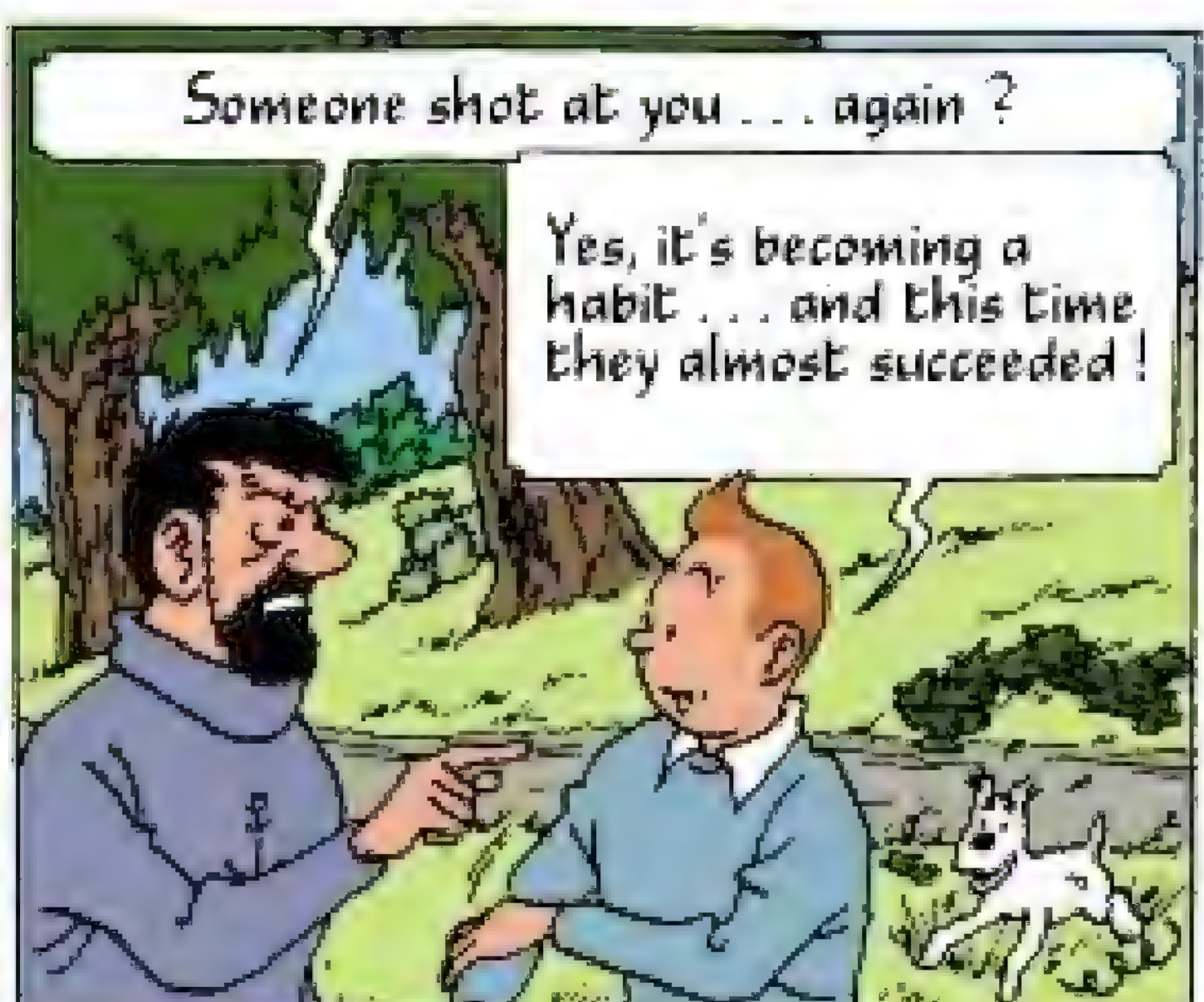




Is that you, Captain?



These pollarded willows can come in handy, especially when they're hollow...



Someone shot at you... again?

Yes, it's becoming a habit... and this time they almost succeeded!

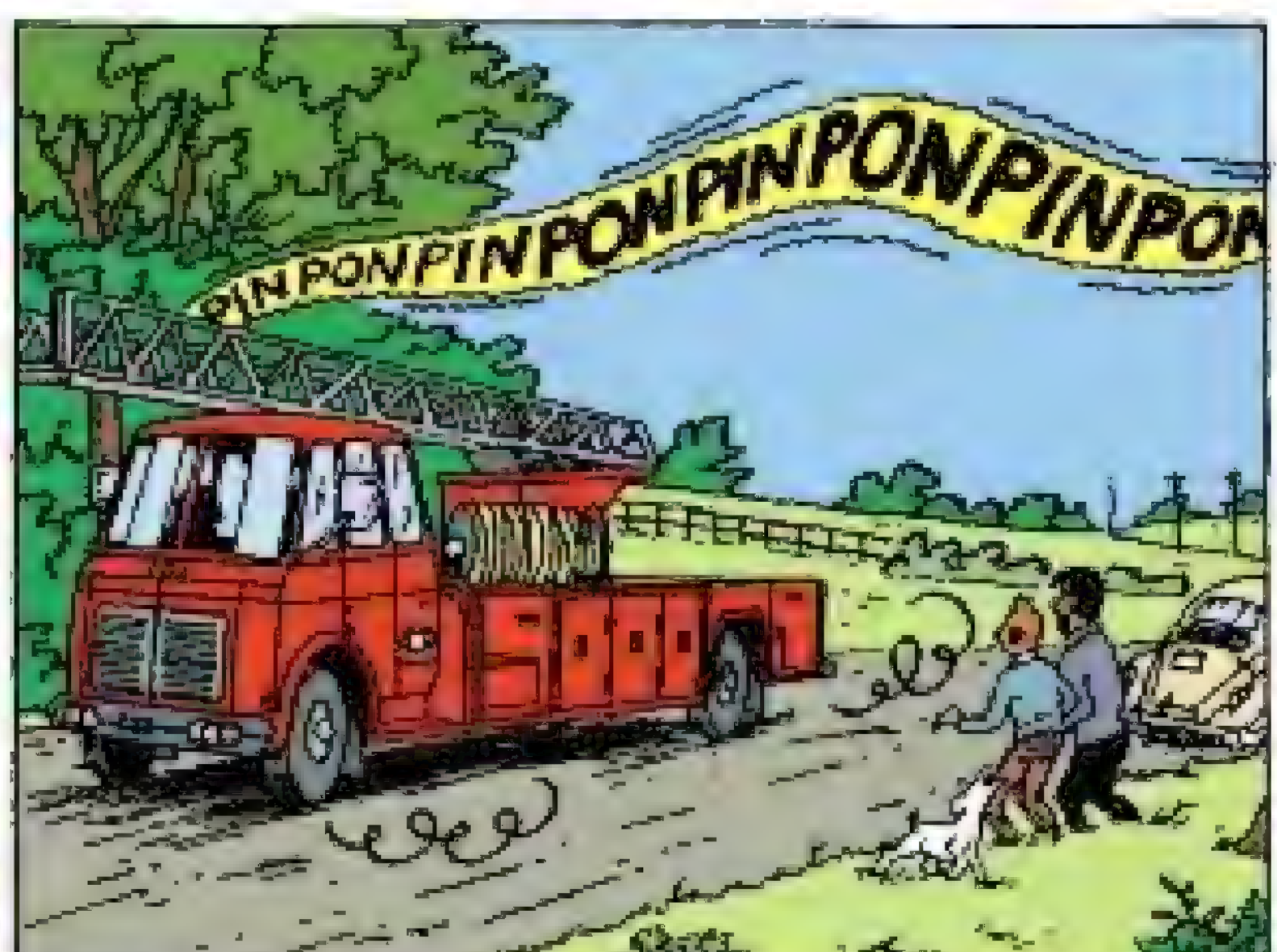


And one day they will!...

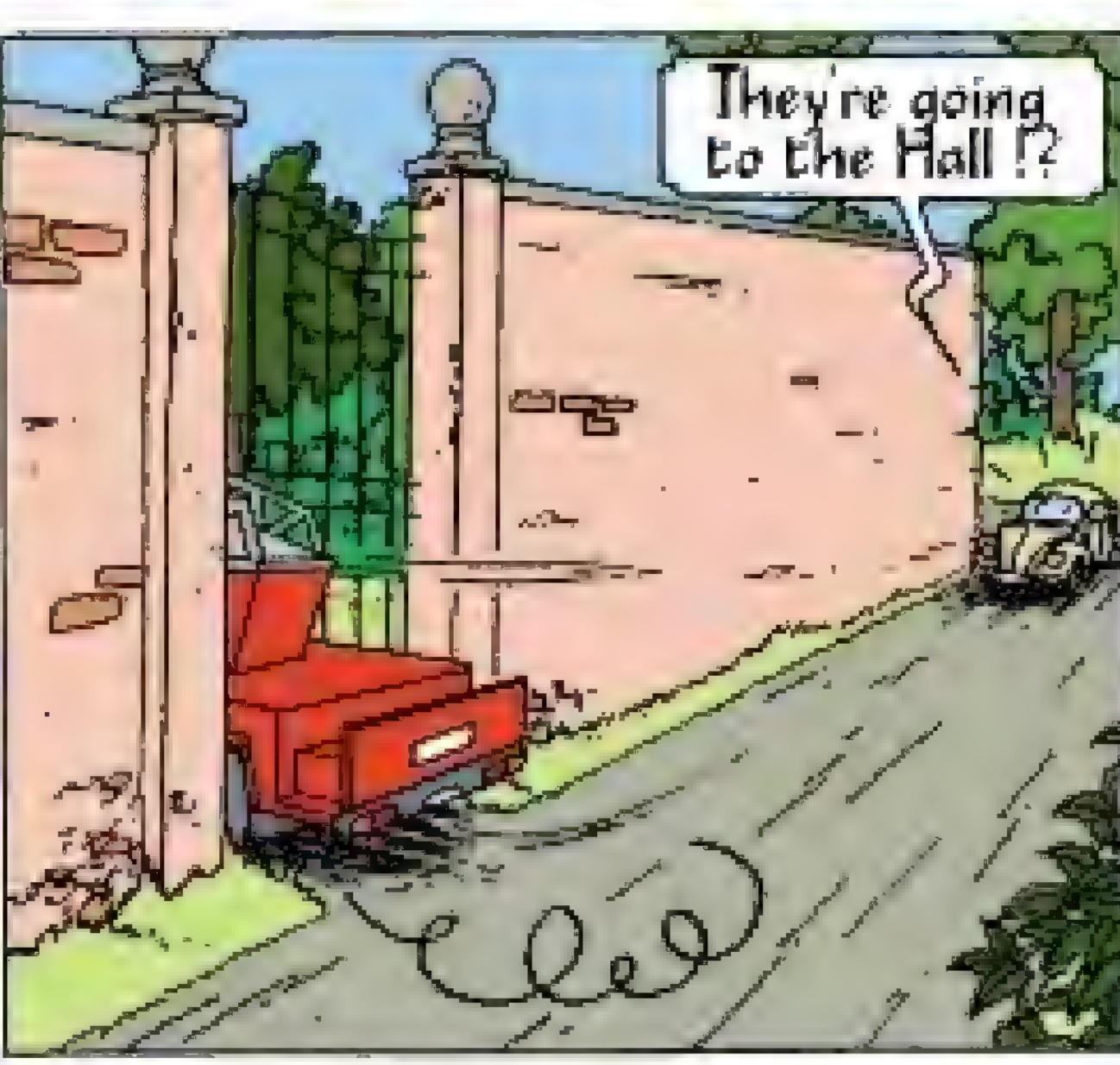
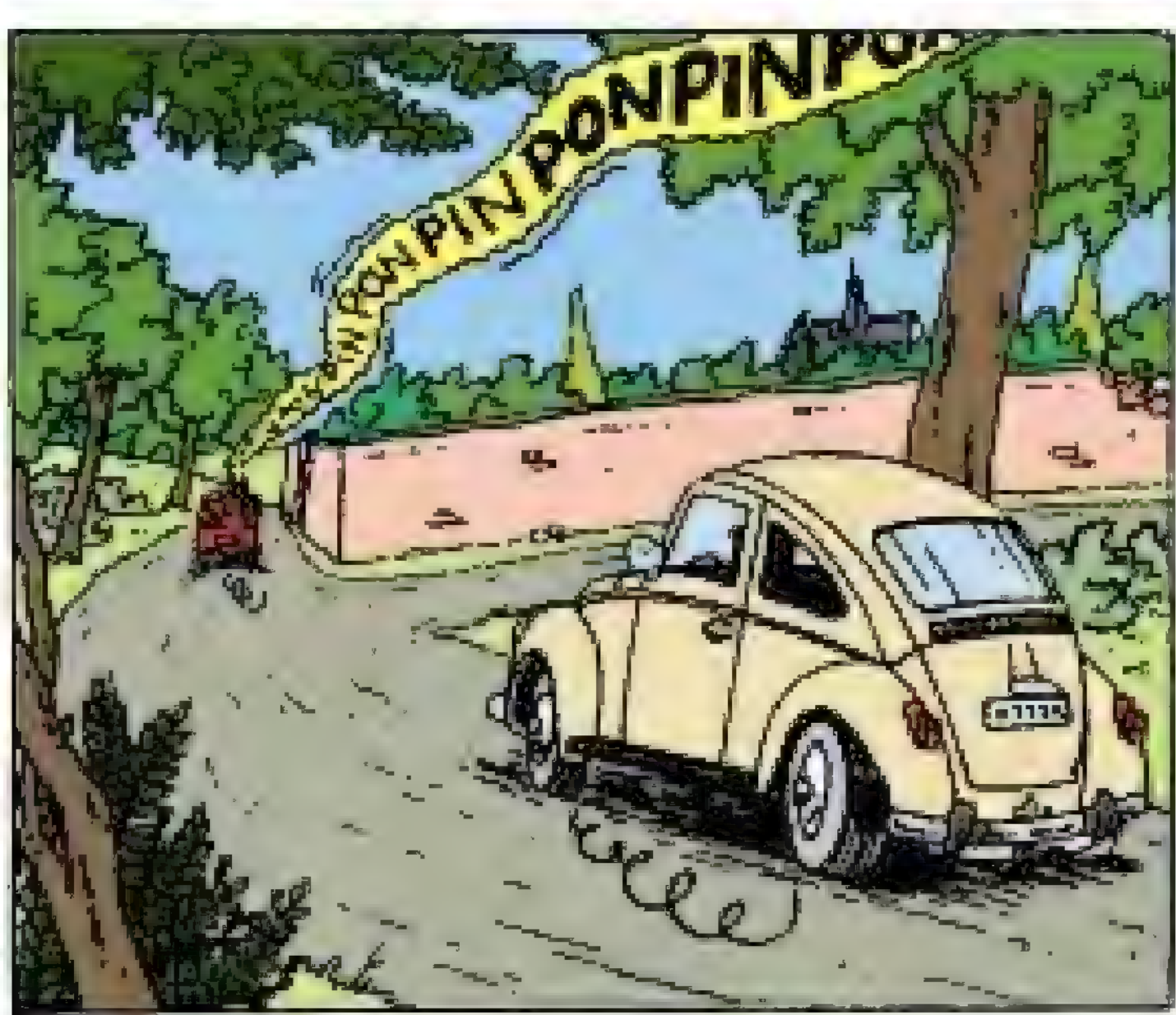


Oh! The fire brigade!

Snowy! Here!



And... Ssh! Listen!



They're going to the Hall!?



Quick, where is the fire?

There's a fire?



What do you mean?! Someone called us to report a fire here...



Ah, there's the professor, maybe he can explain...



Ah, there you are, Captain!... Where is the fire?

But... I... I don't know!

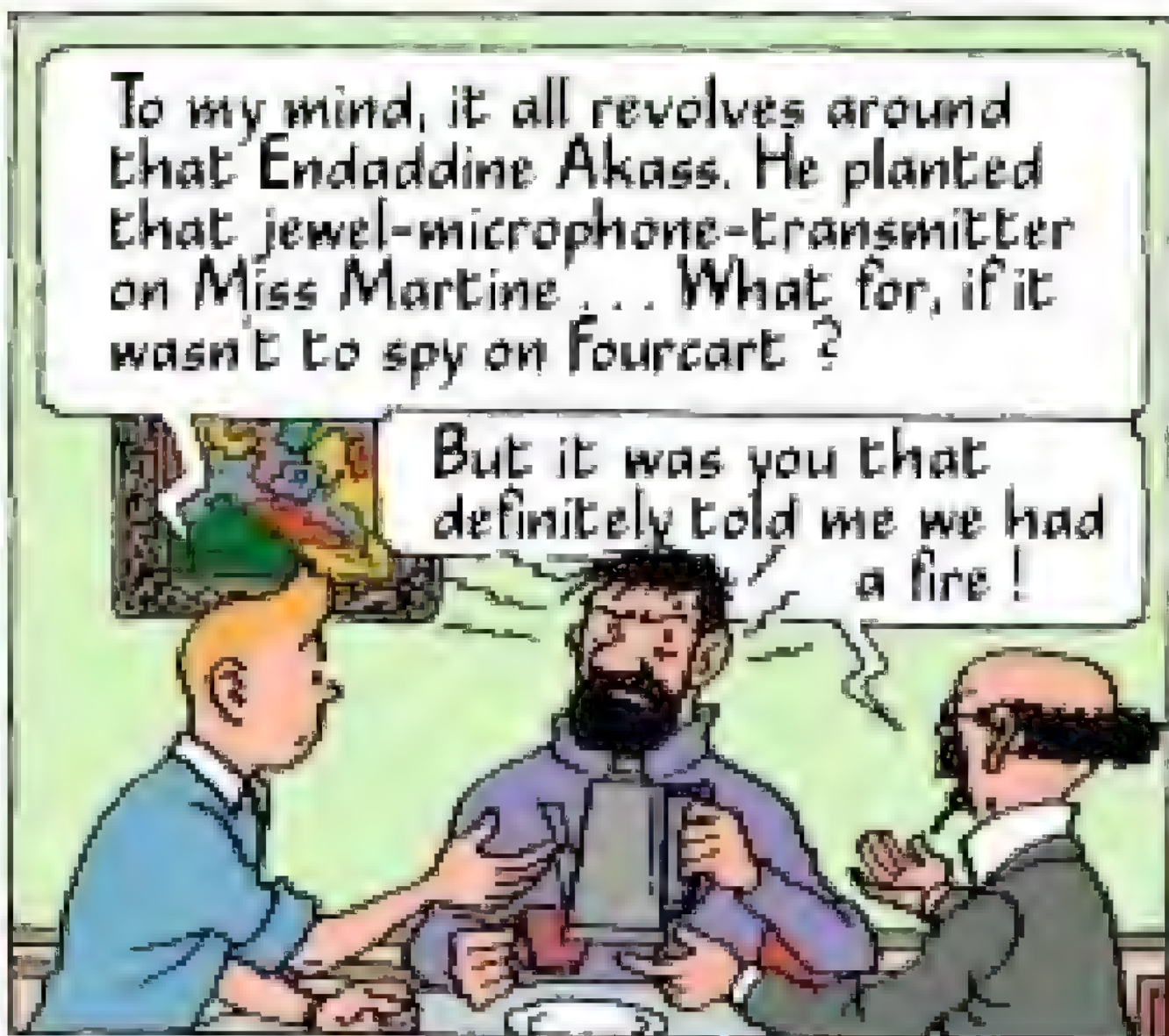


I sent for you. I called you as soon as I heard we had a fire. You see, the Captain told me so...



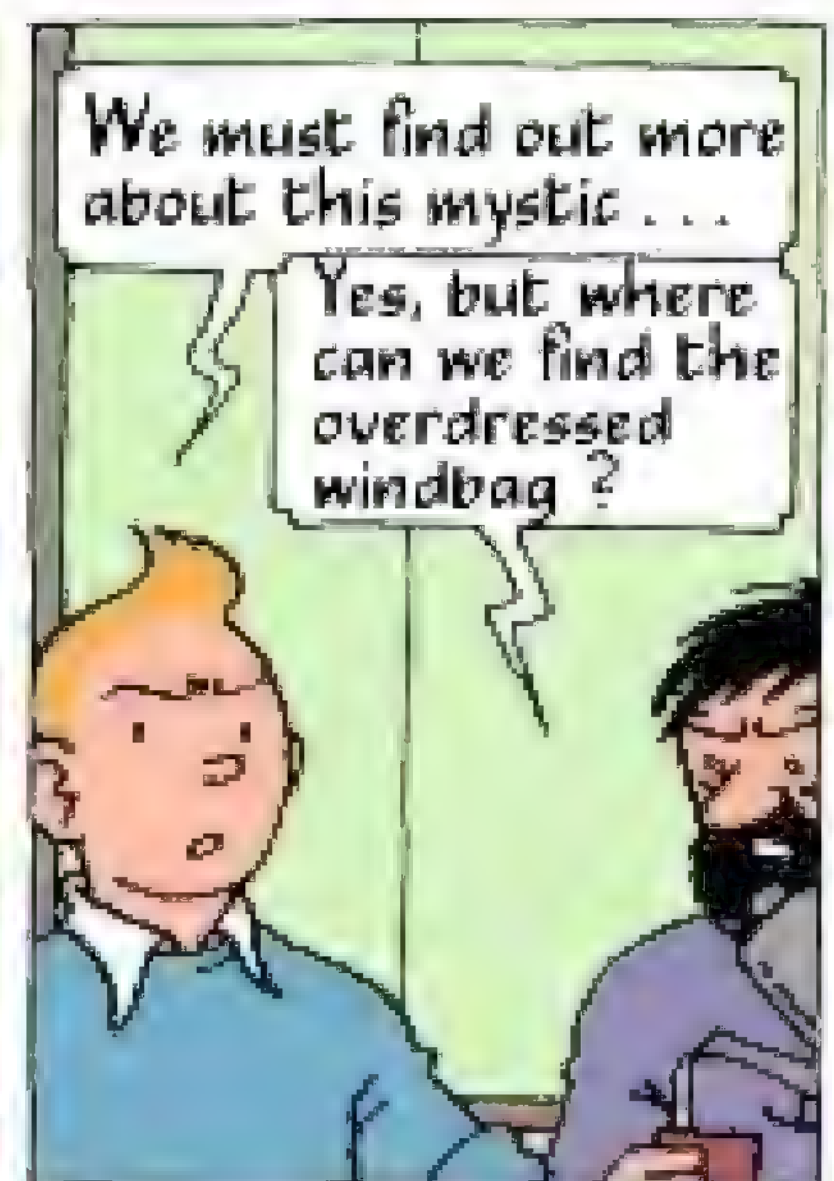
But who is trying to get rid of you ? And why ? ...

That's what I'm wondering, too ...



To my mind, it all revolves around that Endadine Akass. He planted that jewel-microphone-transmitter on Miss Martine ... What for, if it wasn't to spy on Fourcart ?

But it was you that definitely told me we had a fire !



We must find out more about this mystic ...

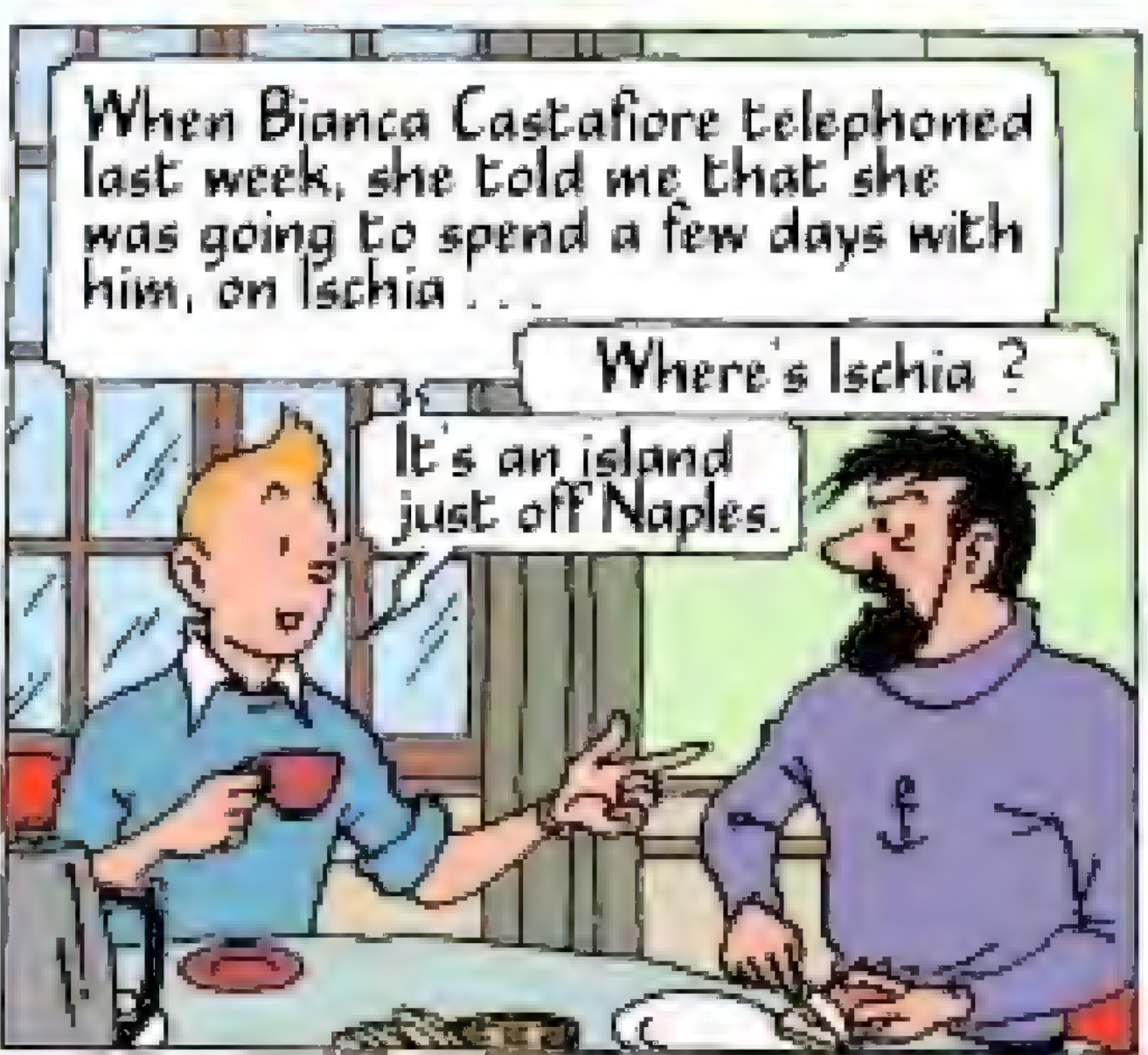
Yes, but where can we find the overdressed windbag ?



Yes, where ?



I've got it!



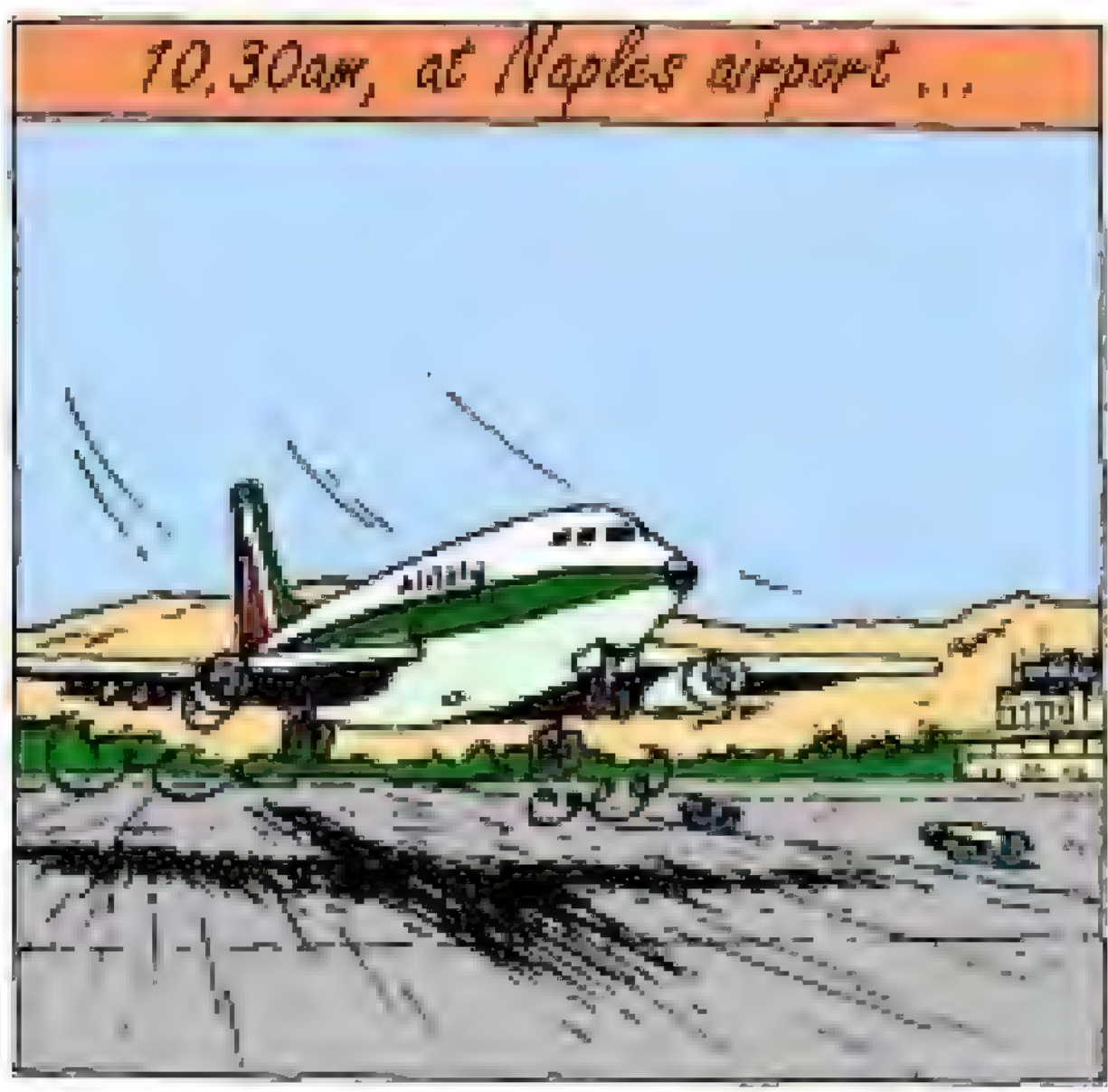
When Bianca Castafiore telephoned last week, she told me that she was going to spend a few days with him, on Ischia ...

Where's Ischia ?

It's an island just off Naples.



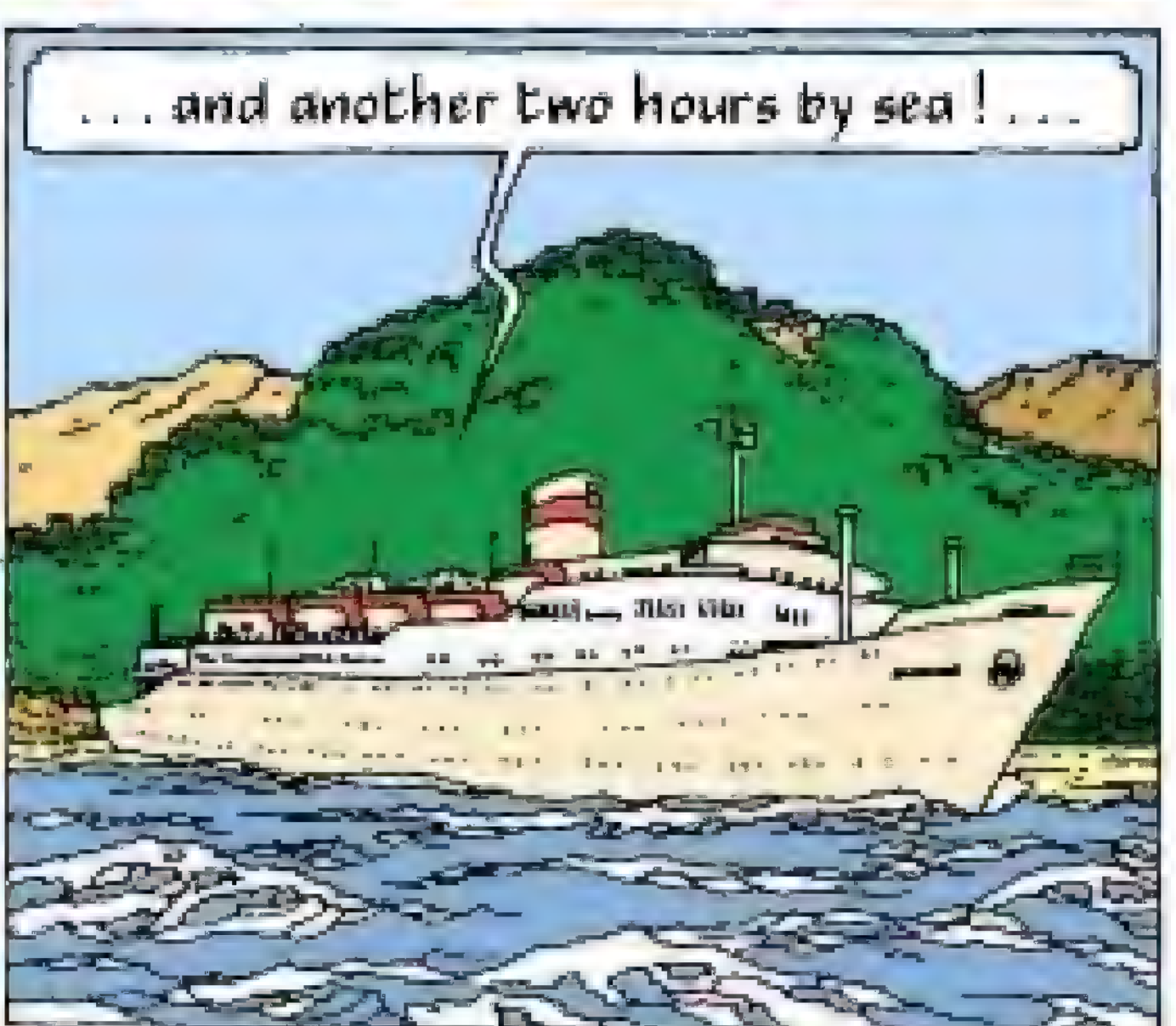
The next day, at dawn ...



10.30am, at Naples airport ...



This is sheer, deliberate, unqualified masochism. To come 2000 kilometres by air ...



... and another two hours by sea ! ...



All to find Castafiore ! ... We must be stark raving mad !

Taxi !



Here we are.



?

Tintin and Haddock. We made a reservation.

Indeed . . . Welcome to Ischia, Signore!

Please . . . we need a little information . . . Can you tell us where to find the villa belonging to Mr Endaddine Akass?

Easy, Signore.

You go out of the hotel, down to the beach. On your right, you'll see a huge cliff going down to the sea. On the top of that is the villa.

Thank you. So, Captain, what'd you say to putting our luggage in our rooms and going for a walk?

If you want . . .

A little later . . .

There - that must be it!

Hmm, I can't see anything . . .

Handy to take a dip from . . .

We'll have to climb higher . . .

Ah, we've got a good view here. Snowy, don't move.

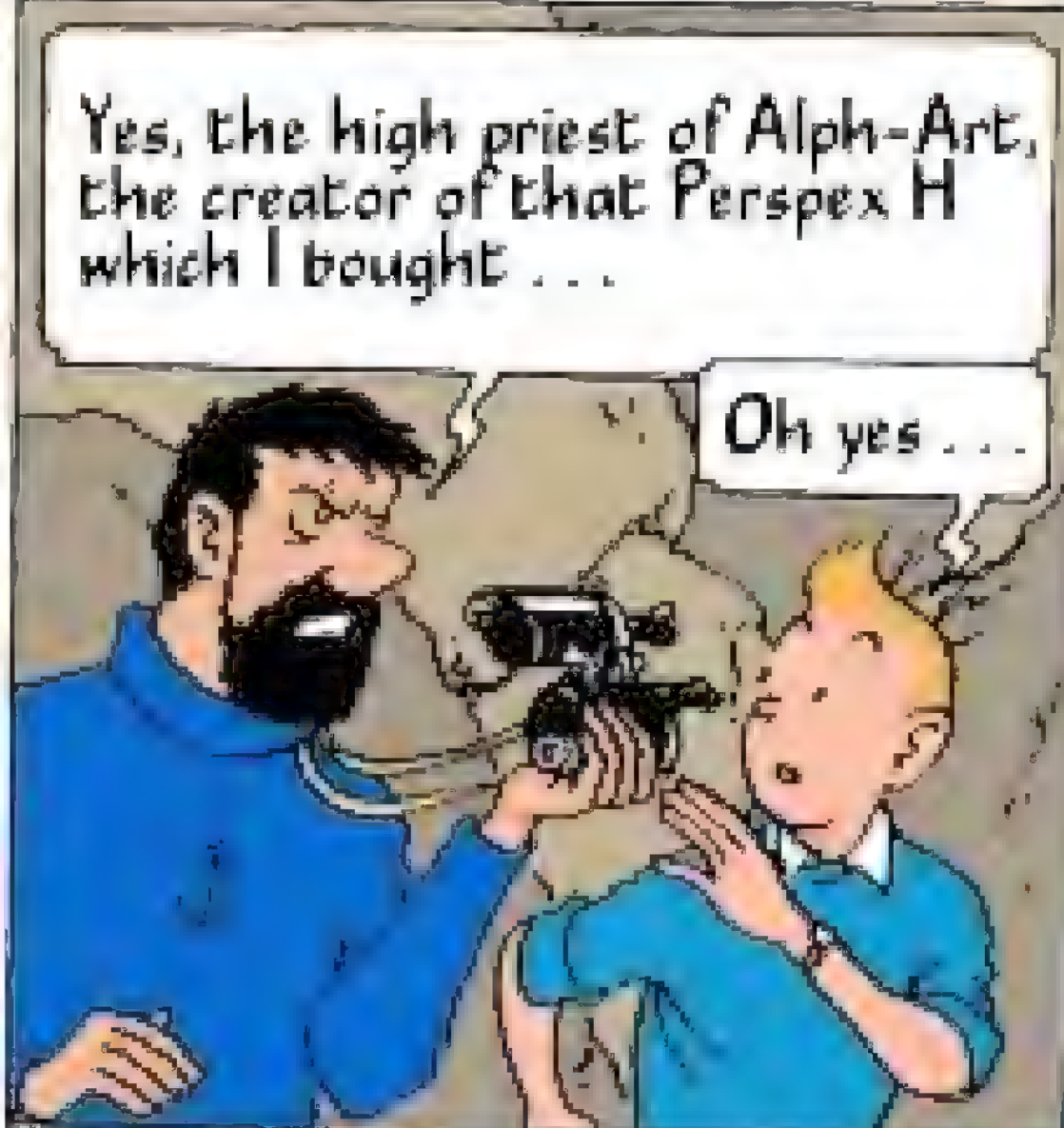
Thundering . . .

?



Ramo Nash!

Ramo Nash?

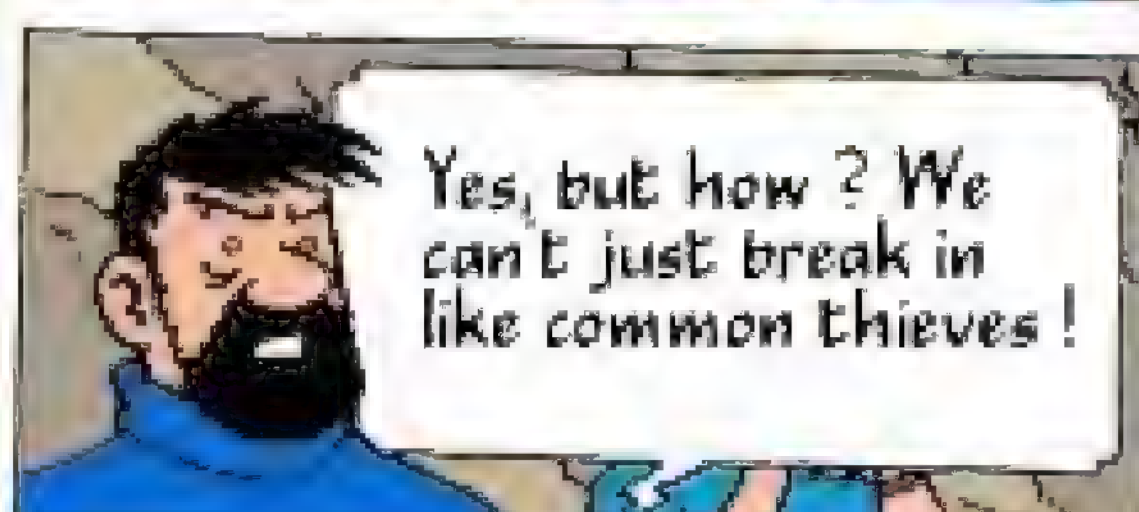


Yes, the high priest of Alph-Art, the creator of that Perspex H which I bought ...

Oh yes ...



We must try to get into the house. I have a feeling ... in there lies the key to this whole mysterious business.



Yes, but how? We can't just break in like common thieves!



Back at the hotel ...

Right, here's what we'll do. We'll go back to our rooms and rest for a while, and try to think up a plan. We'll meet back here at midnight, to compare ideas ... and then we'll decide upon a course of action! Agreed?

I hear you.



Goodnight, lad.

'Night, Captain, until later ...



What a marvellous view!



RRRIING



The Captain, I expect. Has he thought up a plan already? ...



Hello ... Yes ... Yes, it is ...



Listen carefully ... There's a boat leaving in two hours. I strongly advise you take it ... The climate on Ischia doesn't suit you at all. It could even become very unhealthy for you.

But ...



CLICK!

Crumbs! ...

That voice! It was Endaddine Akass, I'm sure.



I'd better discuss this with the Captain ...

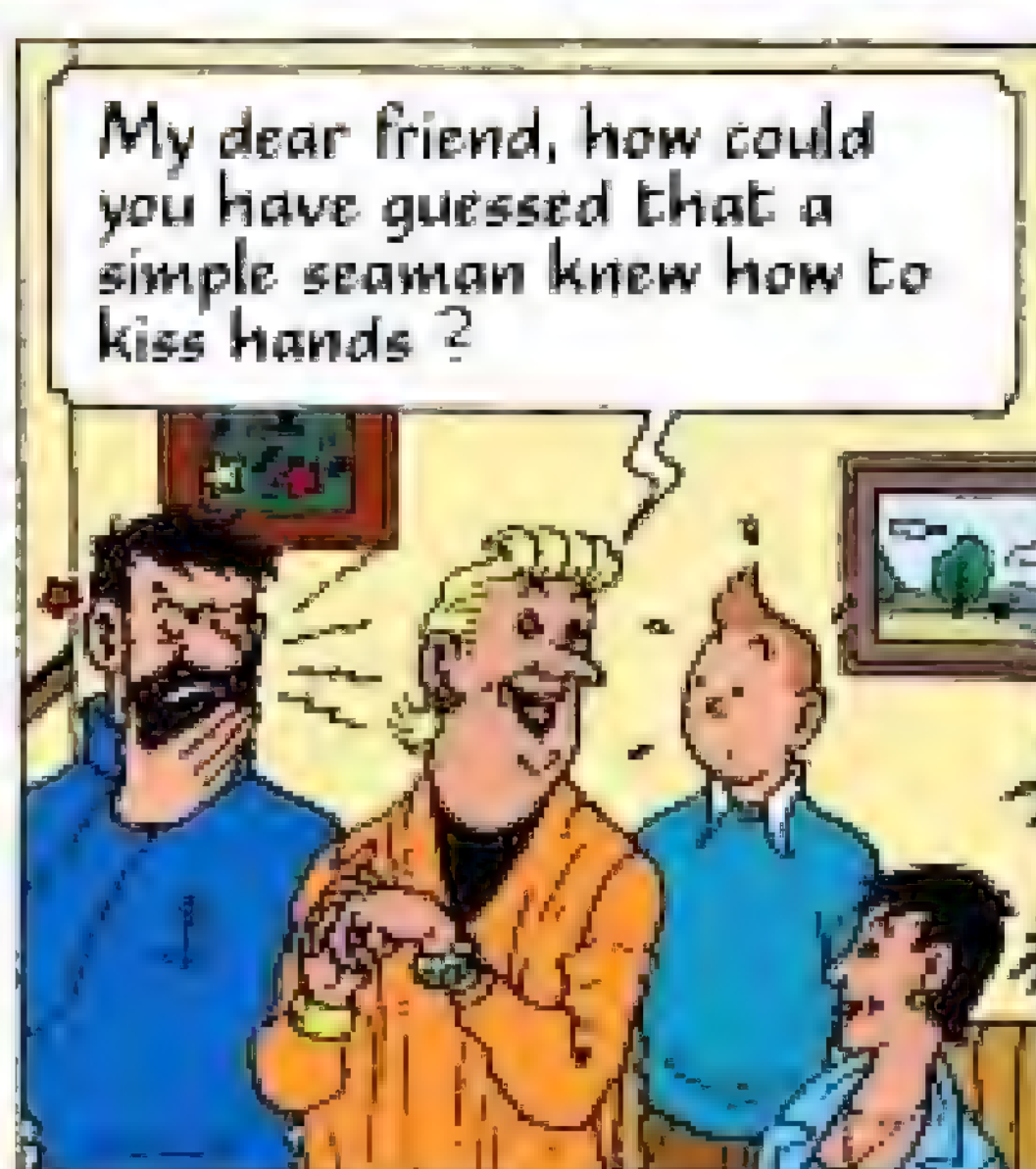


KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK



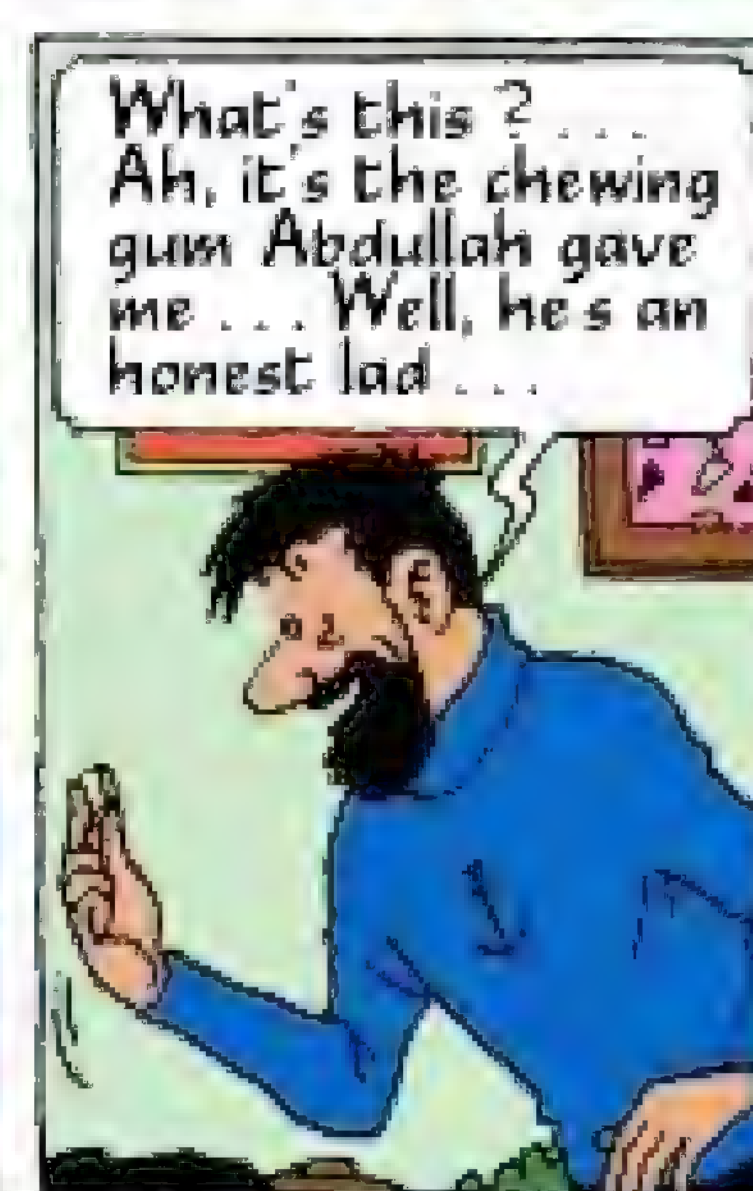
No answer ... and no noise from inside either! Has something happened?

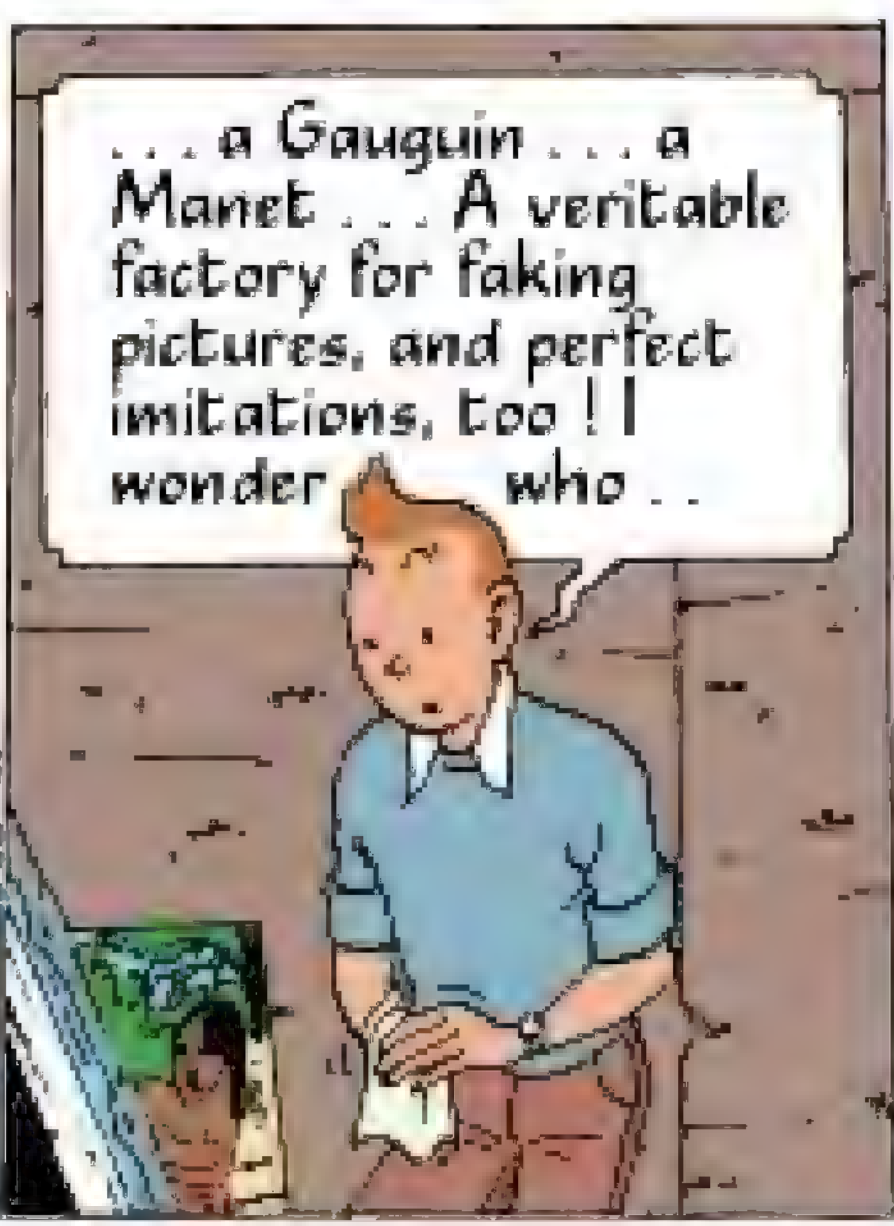
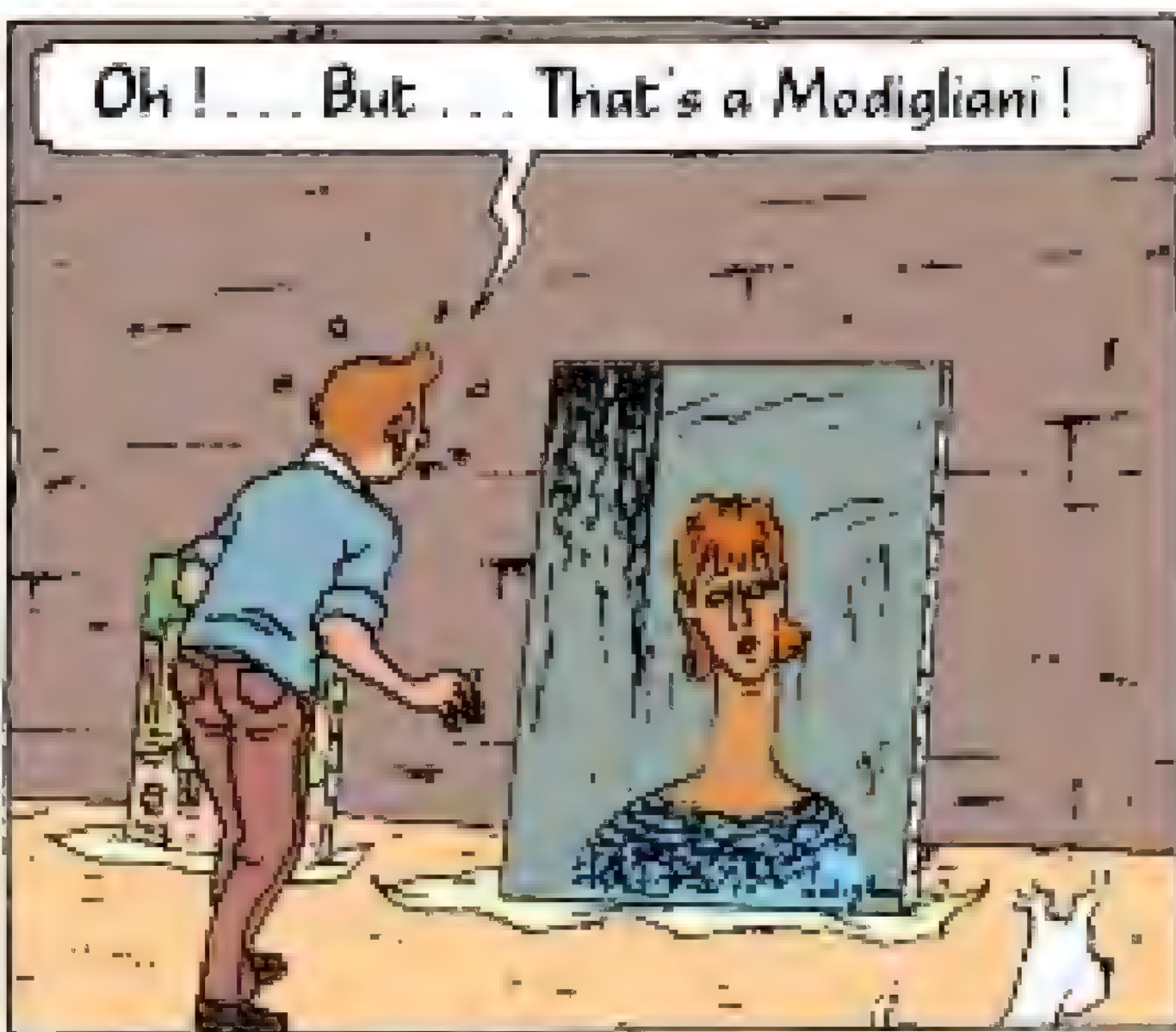






(1) See The Blue Lotus
(2) See The Broken Ear







Er... Certainly, whoever painted these has plenty of talent.

But you know him!



It's our dear Ramó Nash. His latest brainwave is Alph-Art. Behind that front, he can happily fabricate paintings by the masters, which are then authenticated by a known expert. Poor Mr Fourcart didn't want to...



Besides, he wanted to expose the whole business to you. As for the unfortunate Mongstir, he wanted to blackmail me. Poor fool!

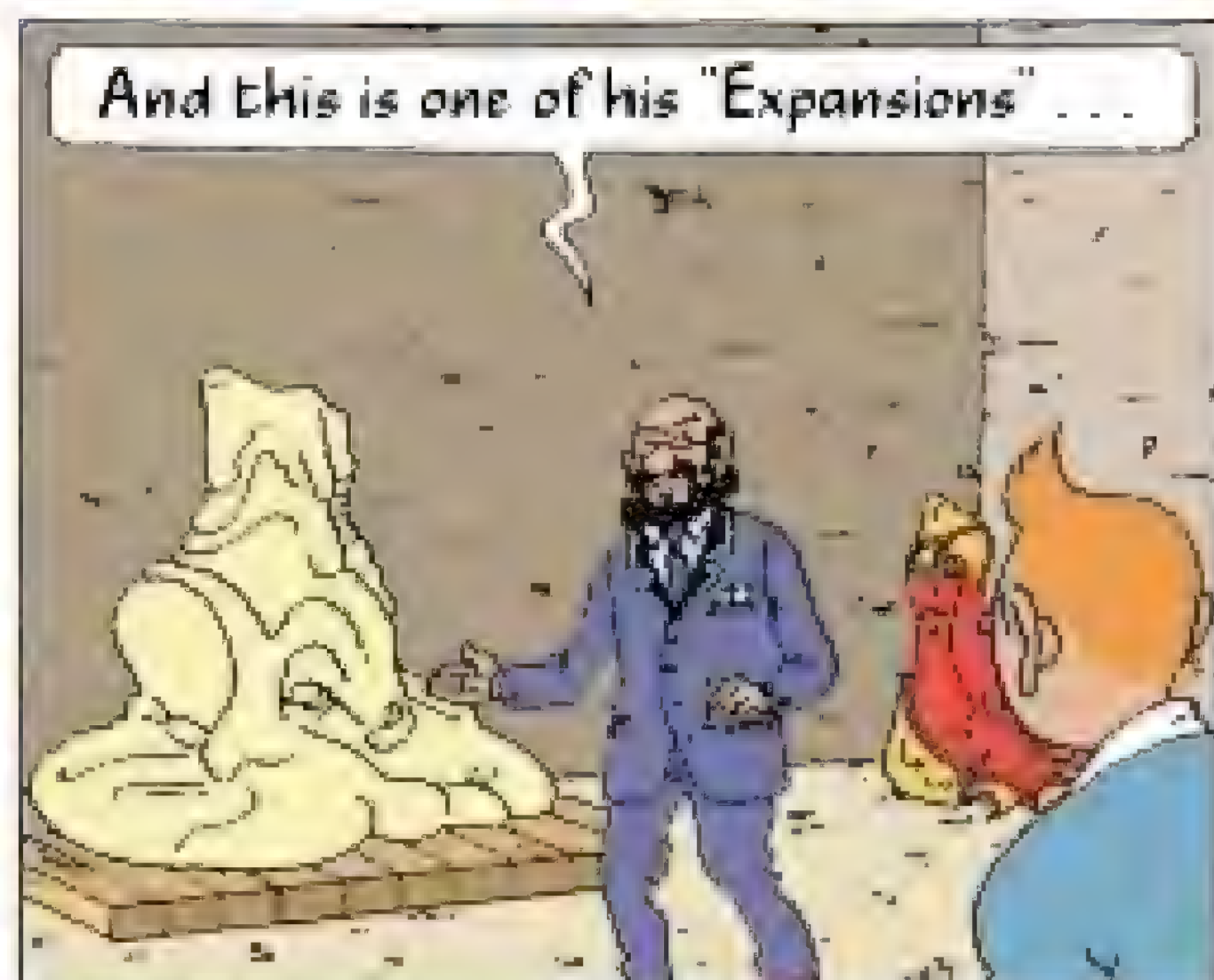
You got rid of him!...



I was forced to! As for you, young man, I'm afraid you know too much. You will have to disappear. You know César?



Ah, César, the sculptor - the master of compressionism. This is one of his works here, you see...



And this is one of his "Expansions"...



Well, my friend, we're going to pour liquid polyester over you... you'll become an expansion signed by César, and then authenticated by a well-known expert...



Then it will be sold, perhaps to a museum, or a rich collector... You should be glad, your corpse will be displayed in a museum.



And no one will ever suspect that the work, which could be entitled 'Reporter'...

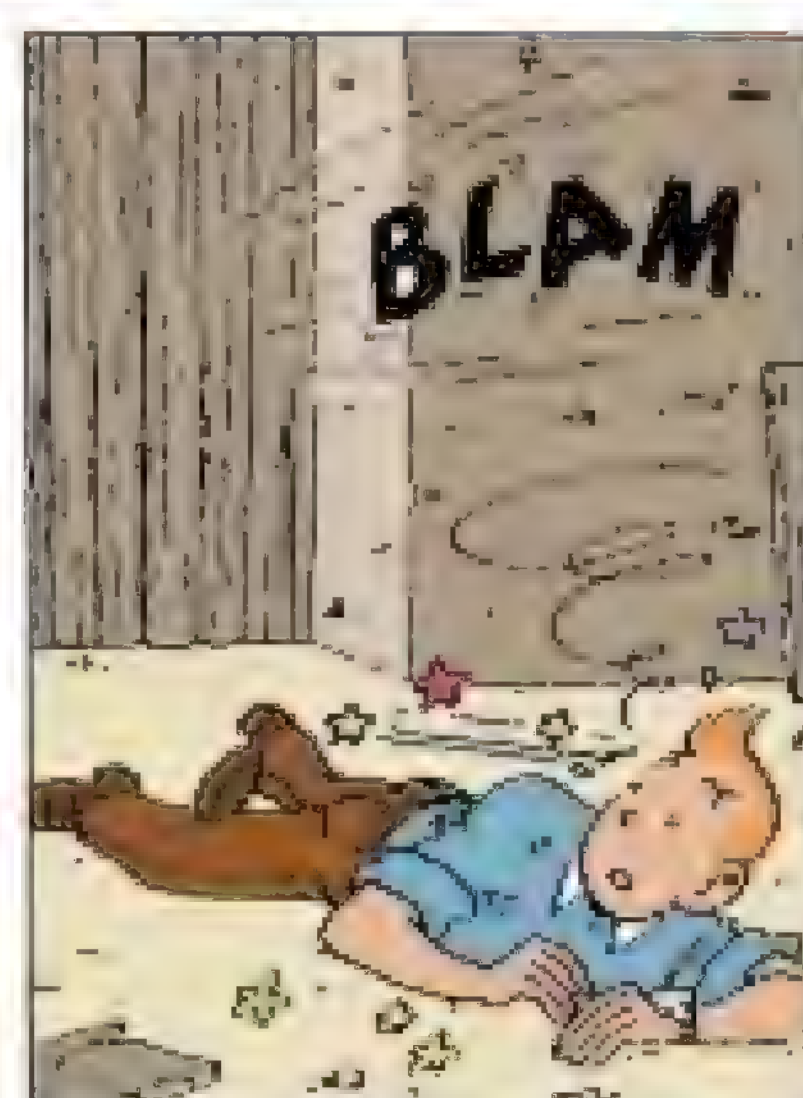


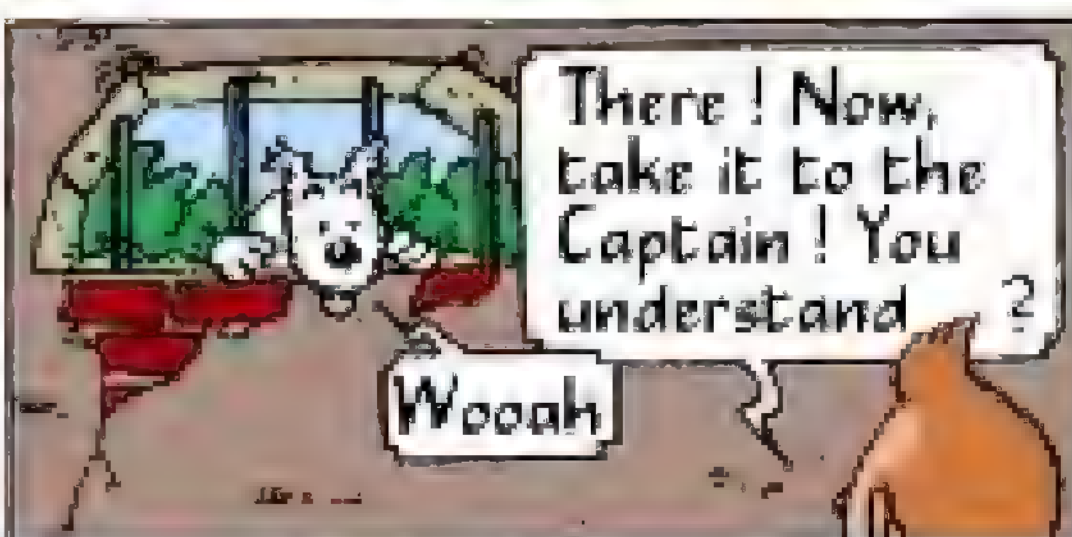
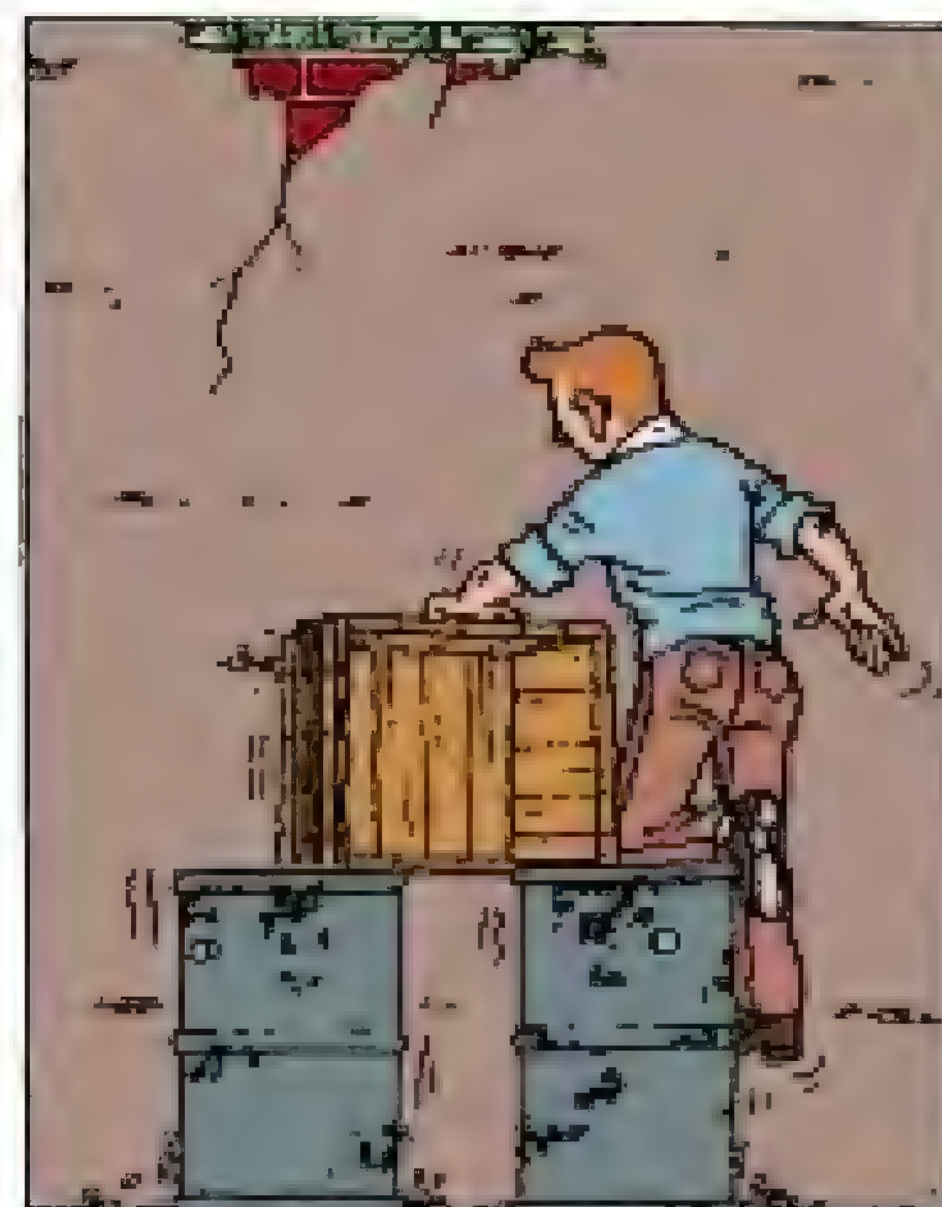
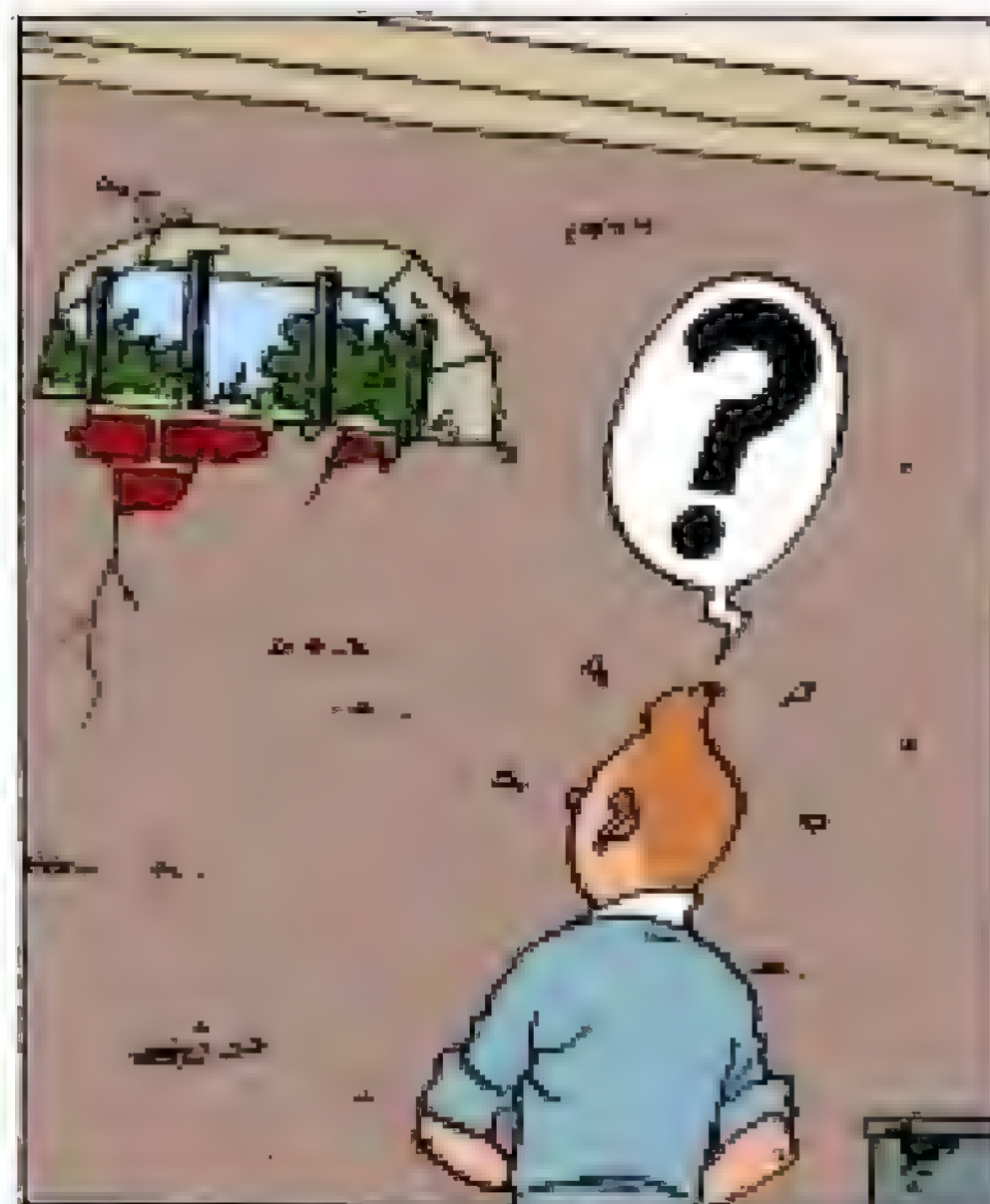
... constitutes the last resting place of young Tintin. Ha! You, take him away, and lock him up.



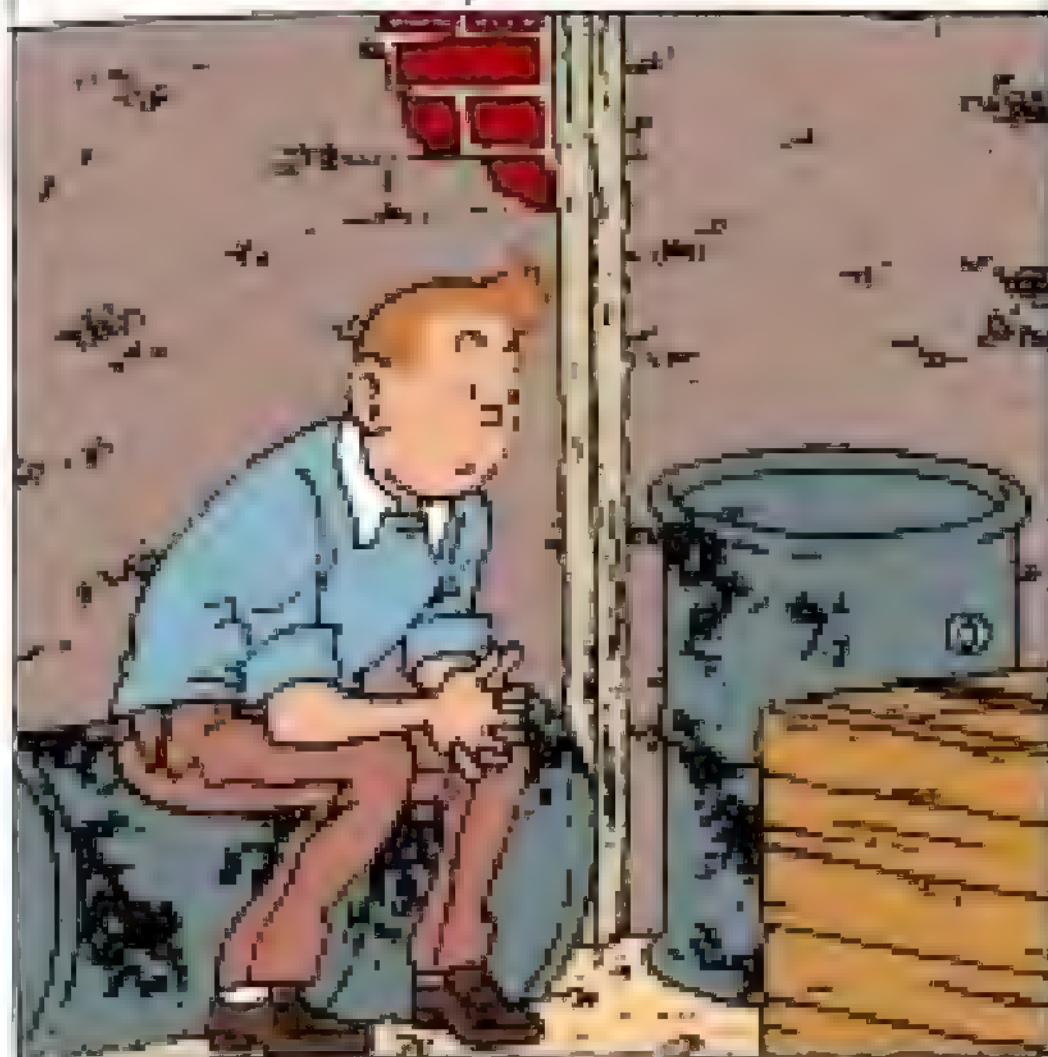
Come on, move!

Where's Snowy?

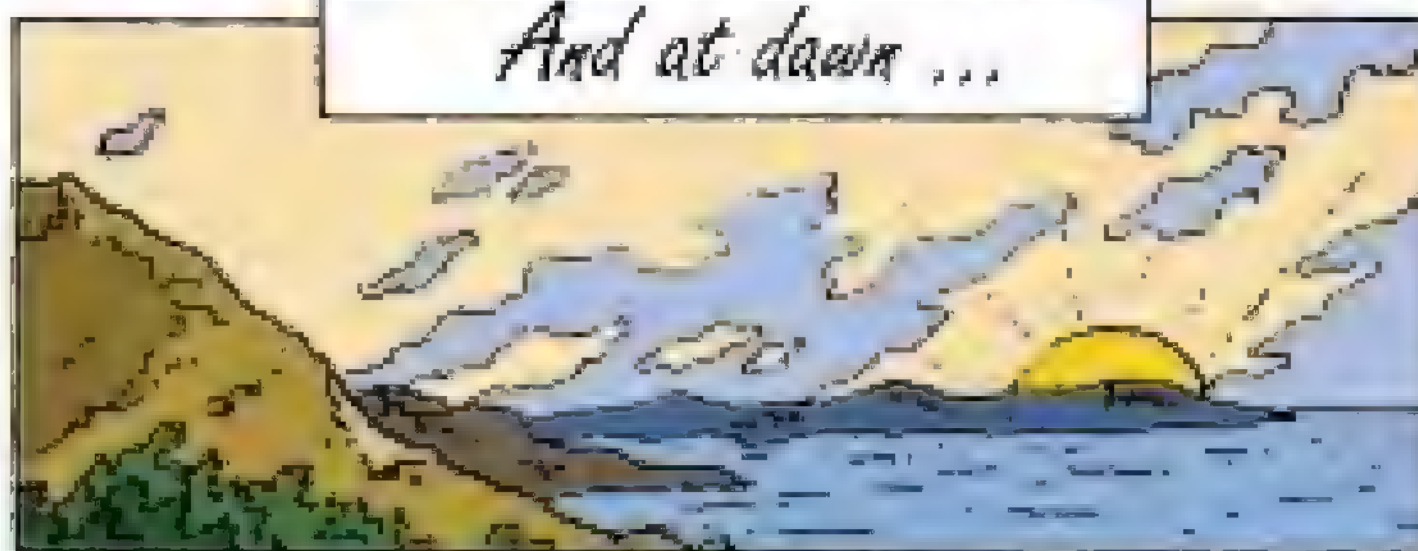




Time passes ...



And at dawn ...



Get up! On your feet!



Now get moving. It's time for you to be turned into a 'César' ...



It's in there ... after you, my friend.



Good morning, my dear Tintin! Allow me to show you your last resting place ...



Up there, the loading hopper is full of polyester pellets. These flow into a large screw-thread, which grinds up the pellets, and heats them at the same time; this leaves a soft paste, which will run into the mould and imprison you in a nice rectangular block. Mr Nash will later pour coloured polyurethane over this and sign it 'César' ...



Now, if you would kindly step into the mould, time is pressing ...

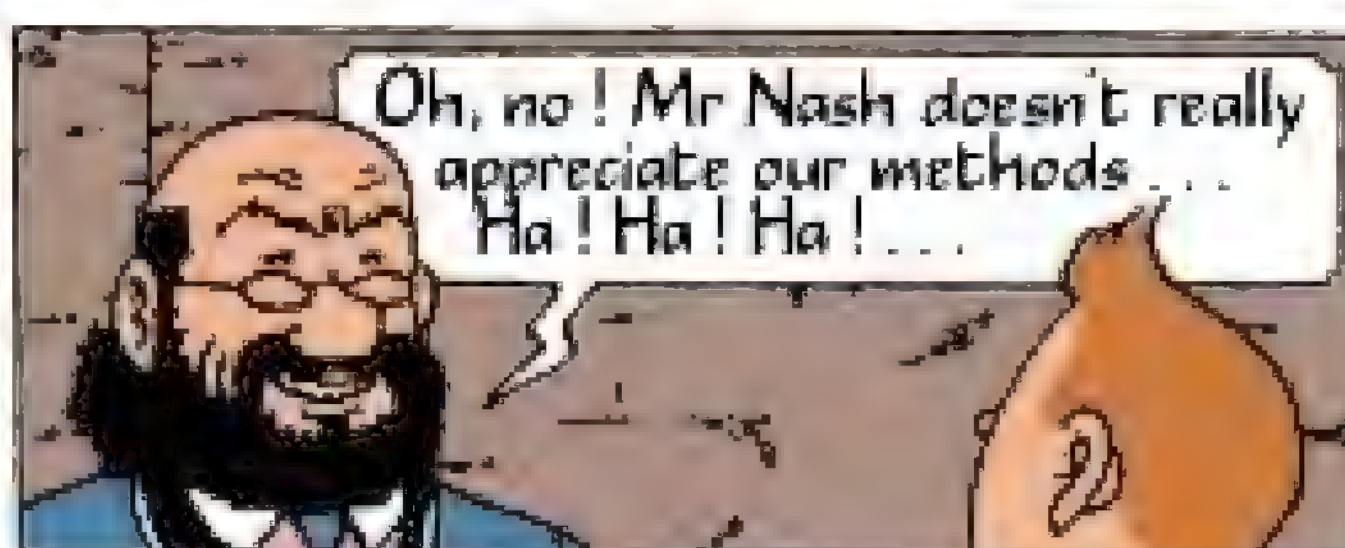
Must play for time!



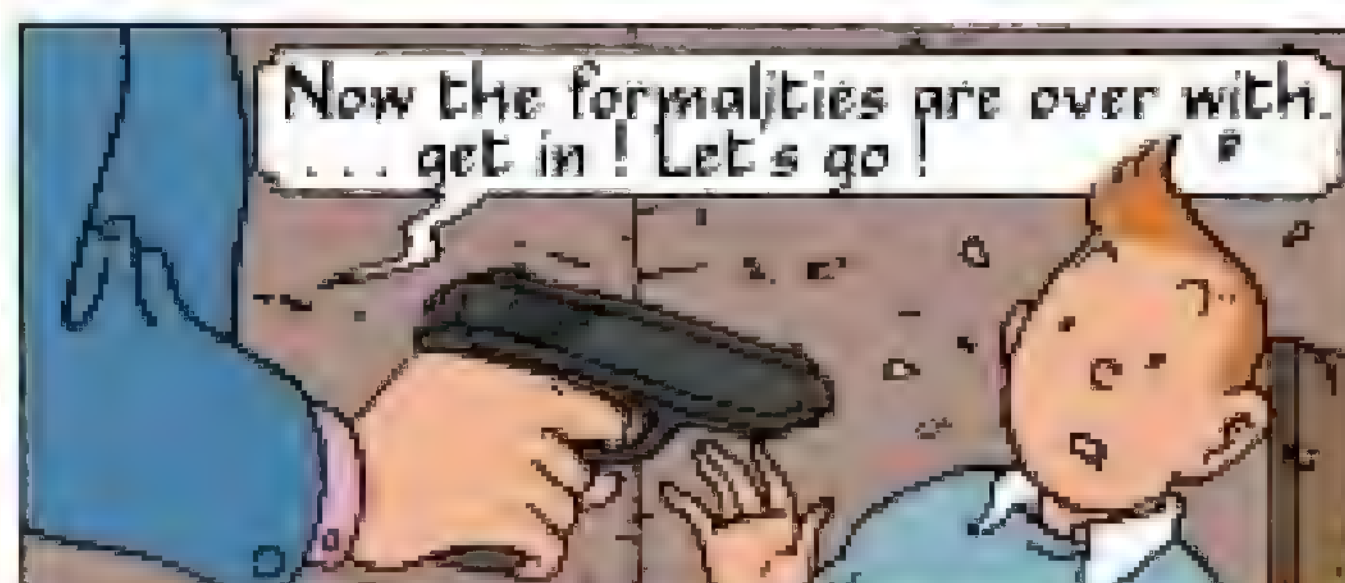
But ... ? Aren't you going to wait for Ramo Nash? ... After all, it'll be his piece of art I'll be imprisoned in ...

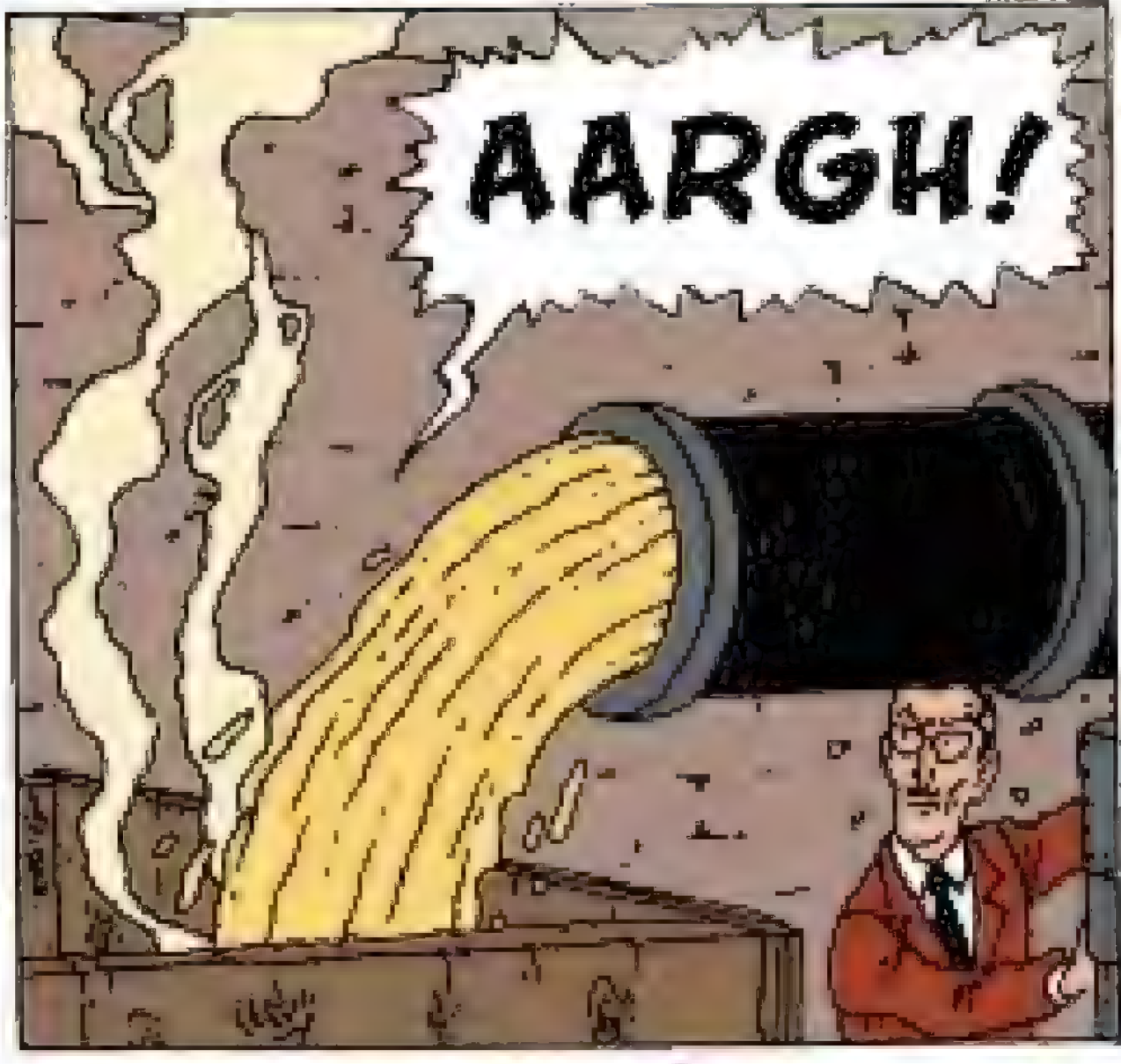
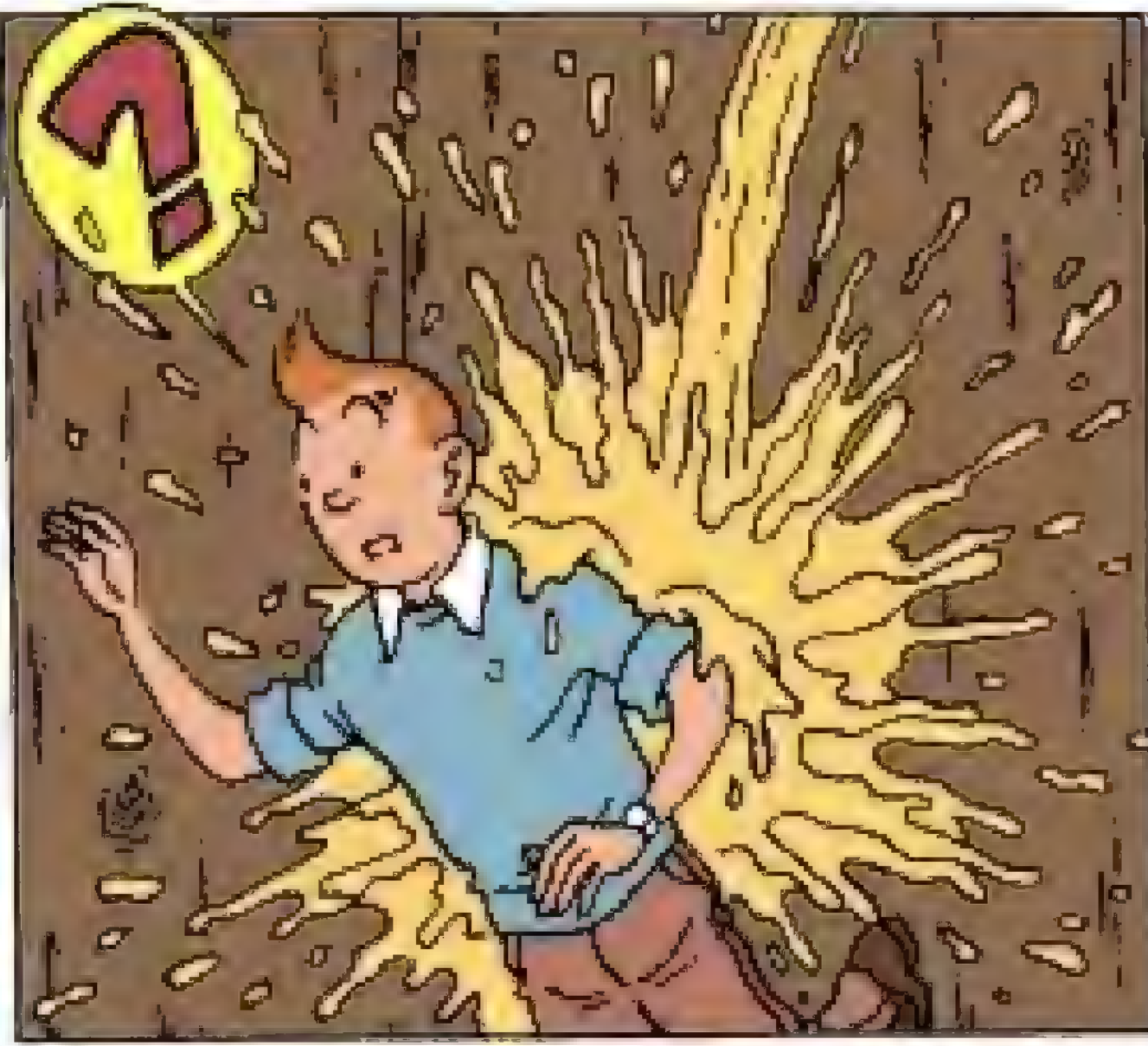
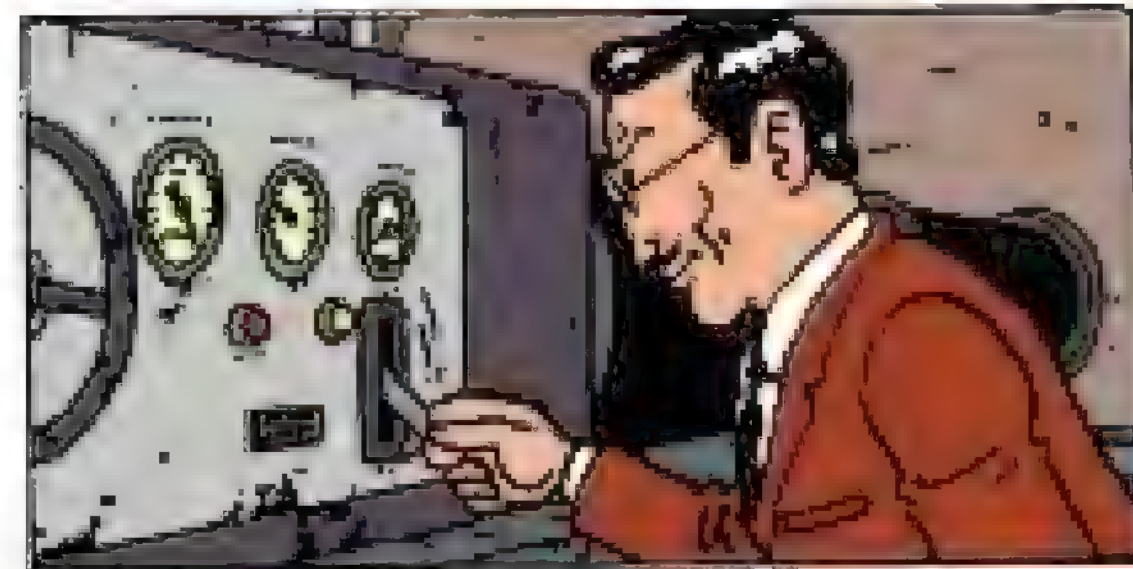
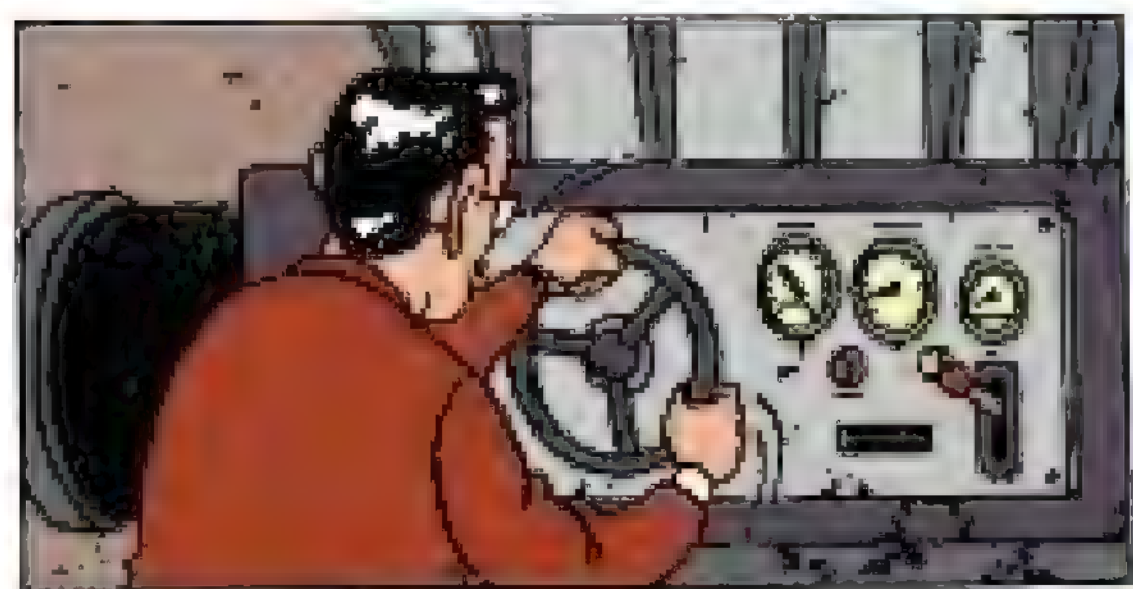


Oh, no! Mr Nash doesn't really appreciate our methods ... Ha! Ha! Ha! ...

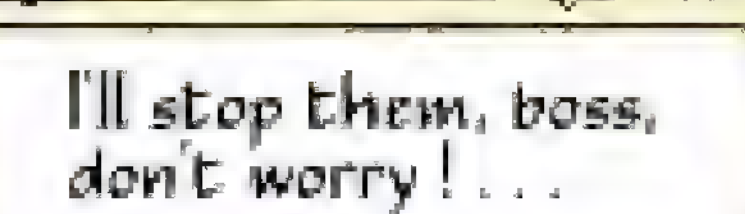
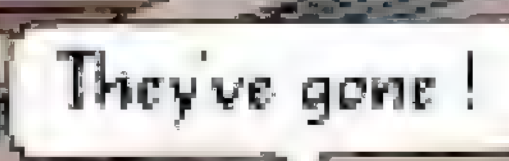
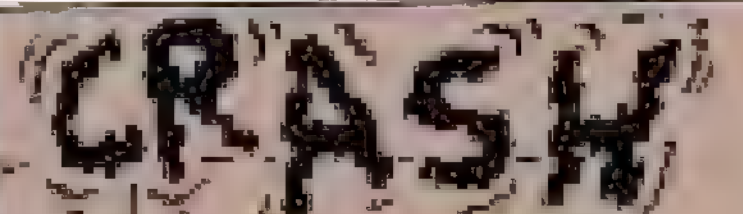
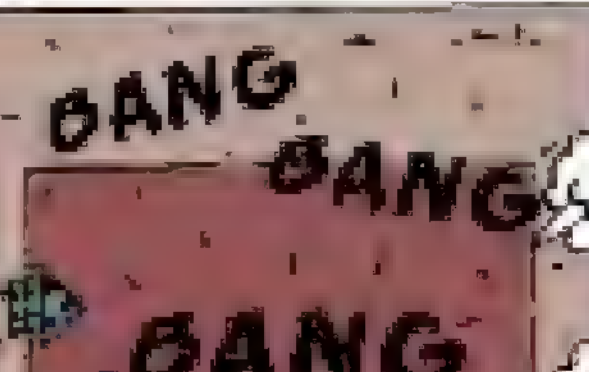
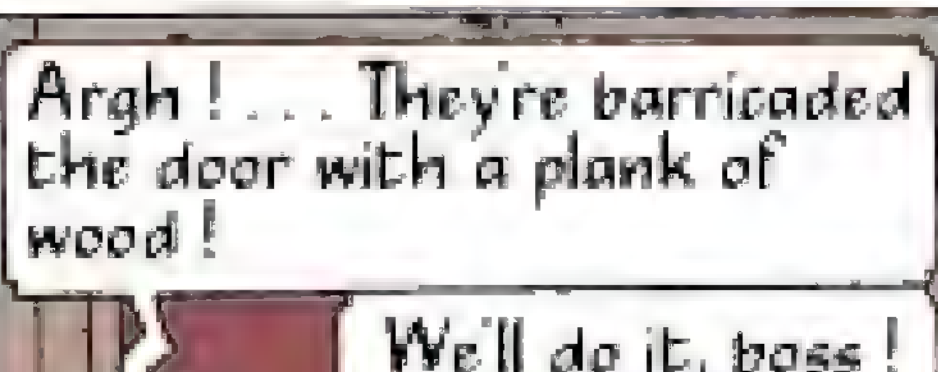
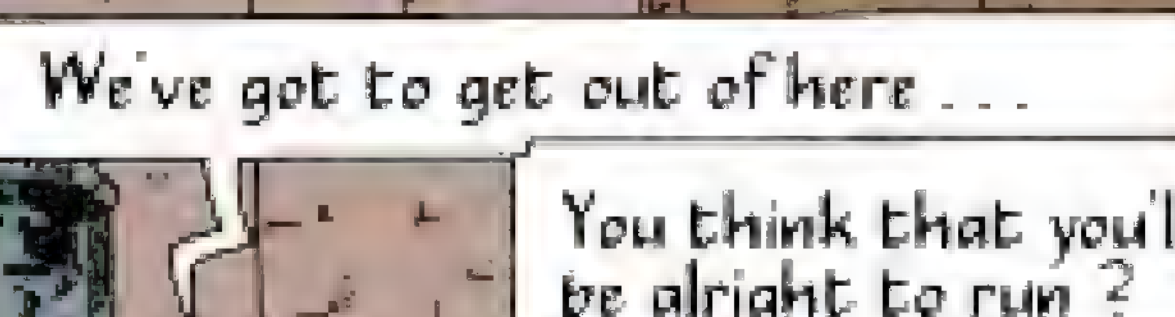
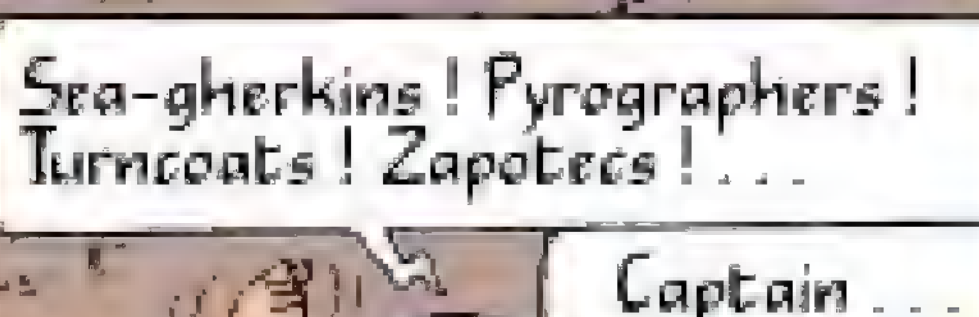
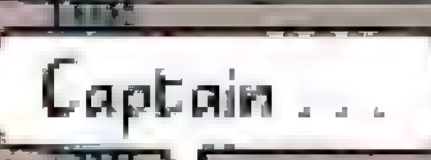
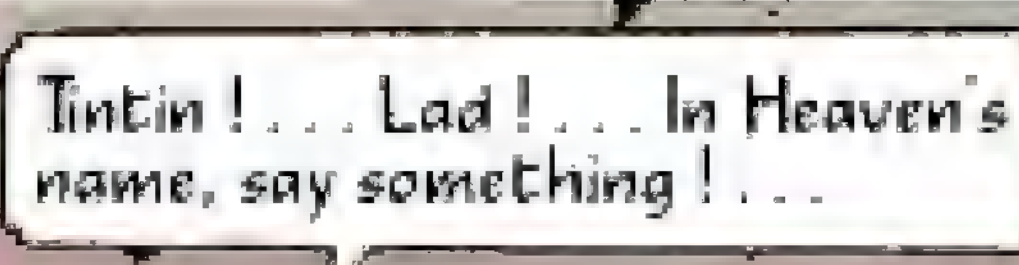
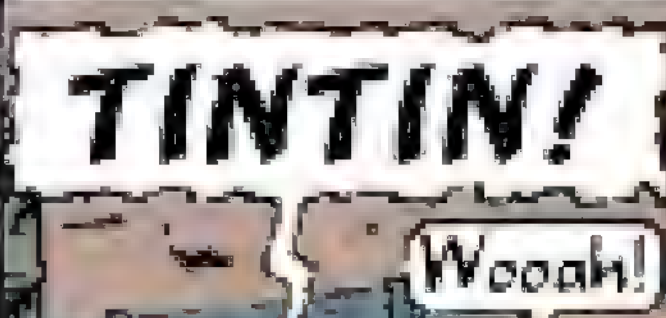


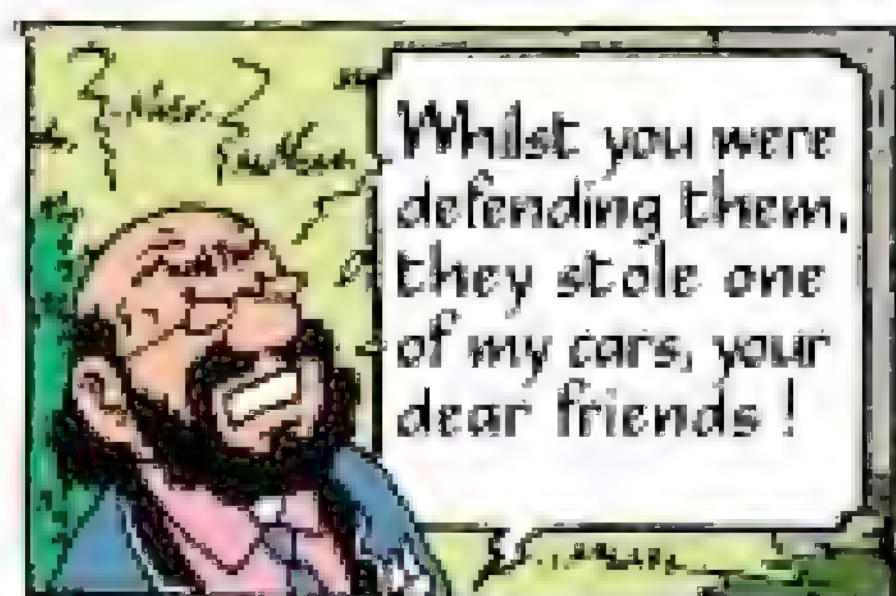
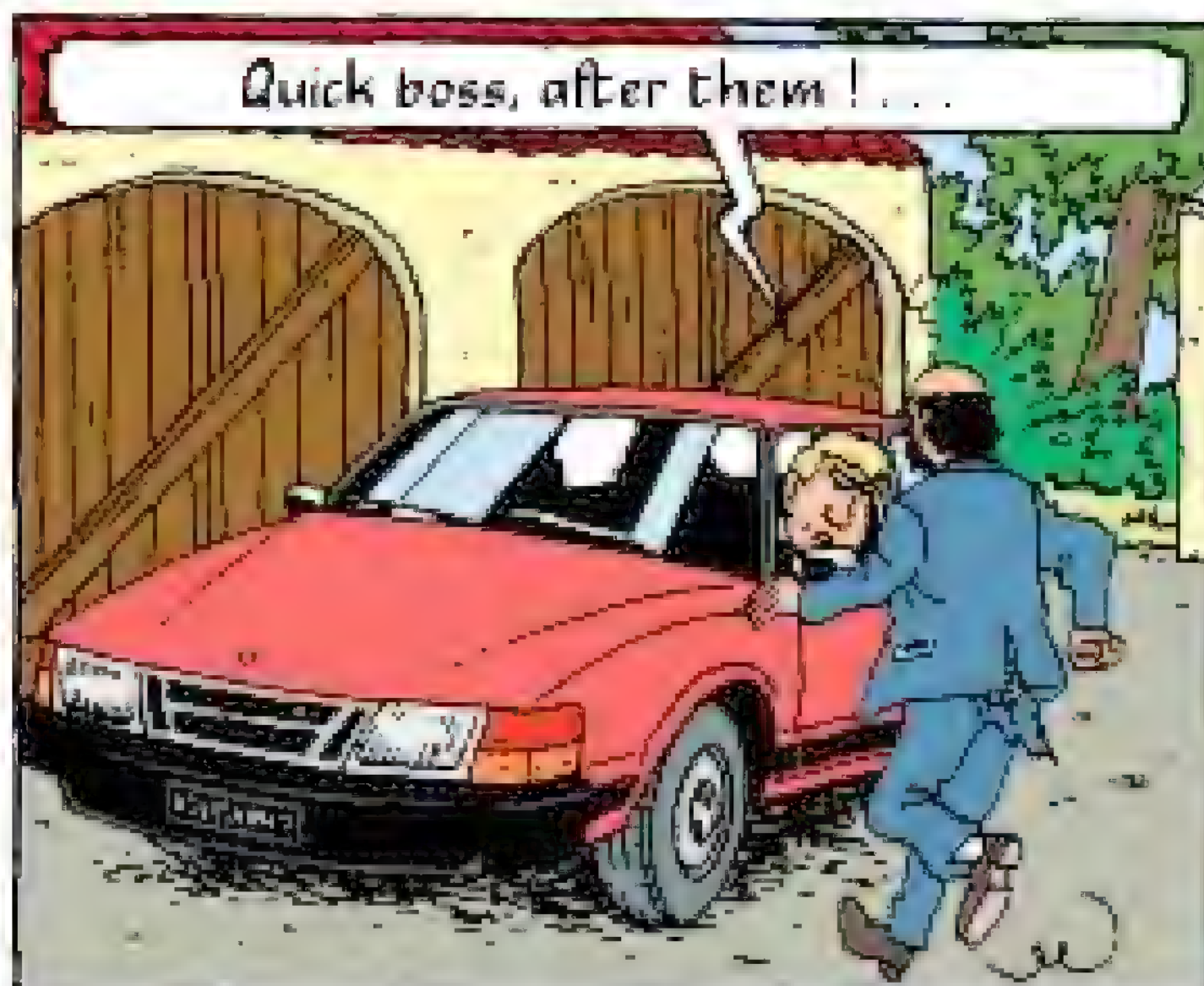
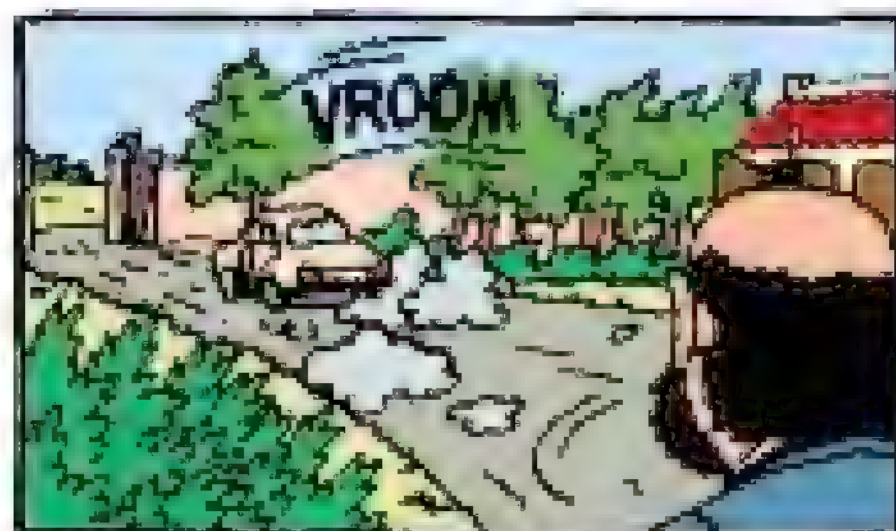
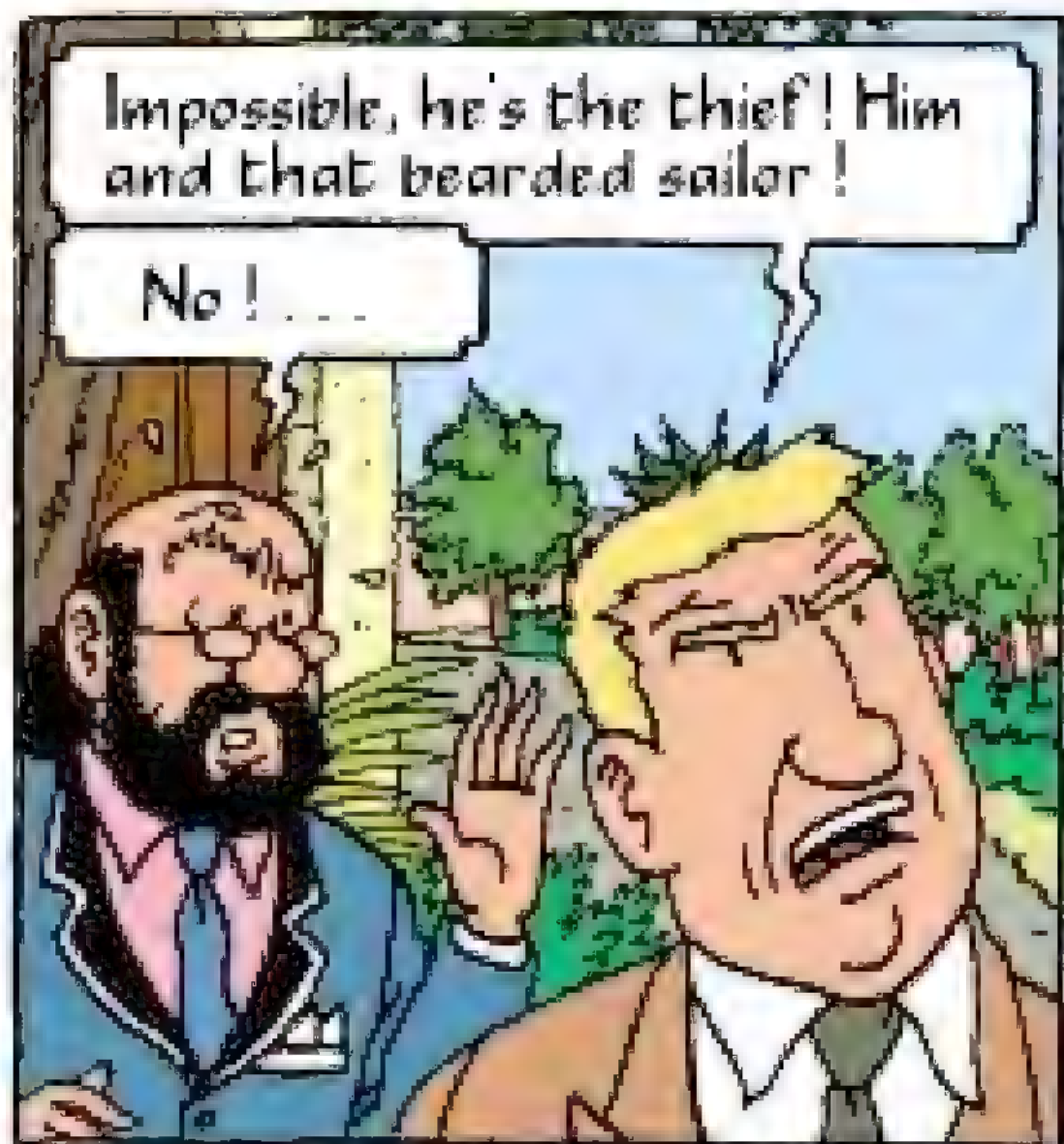
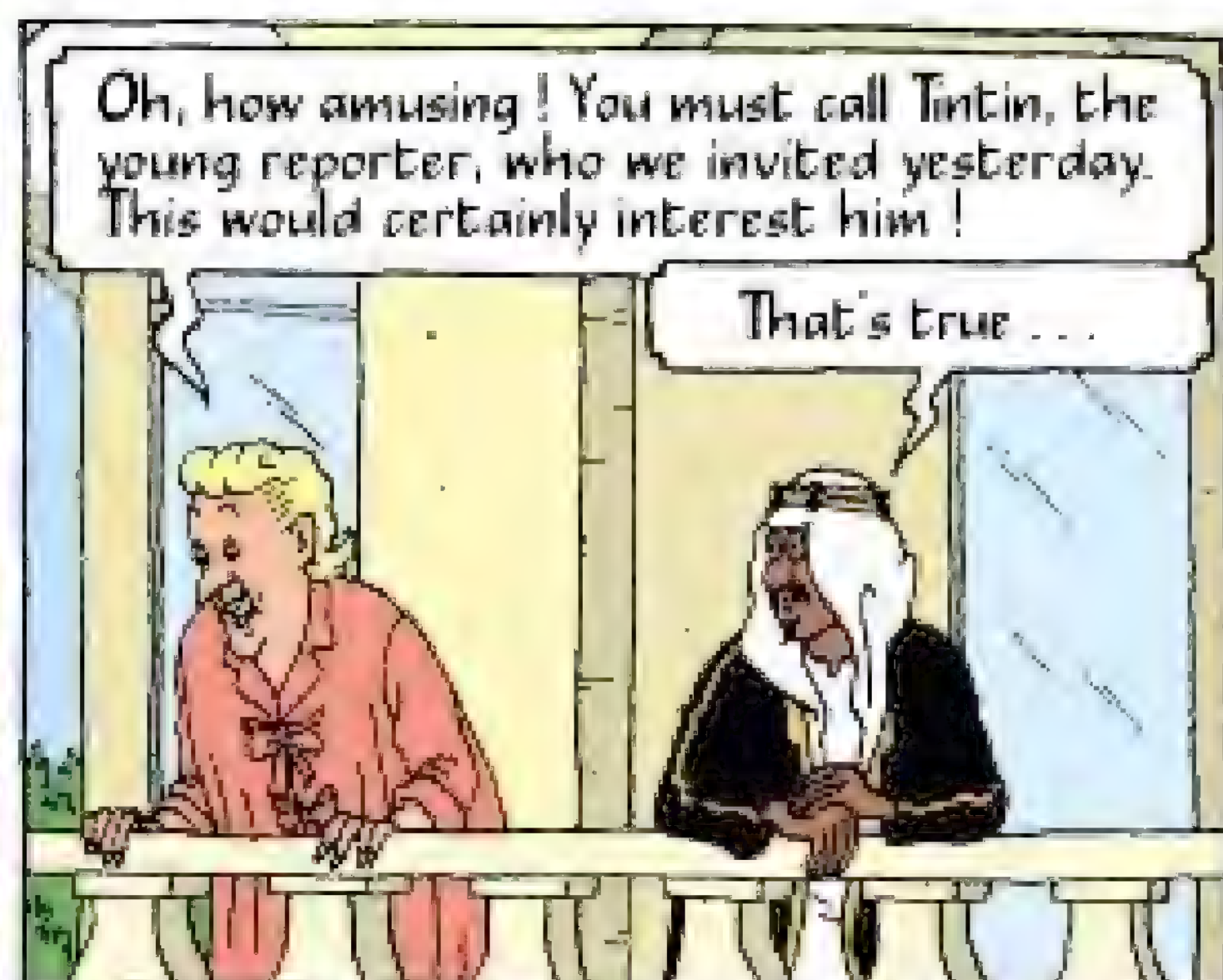
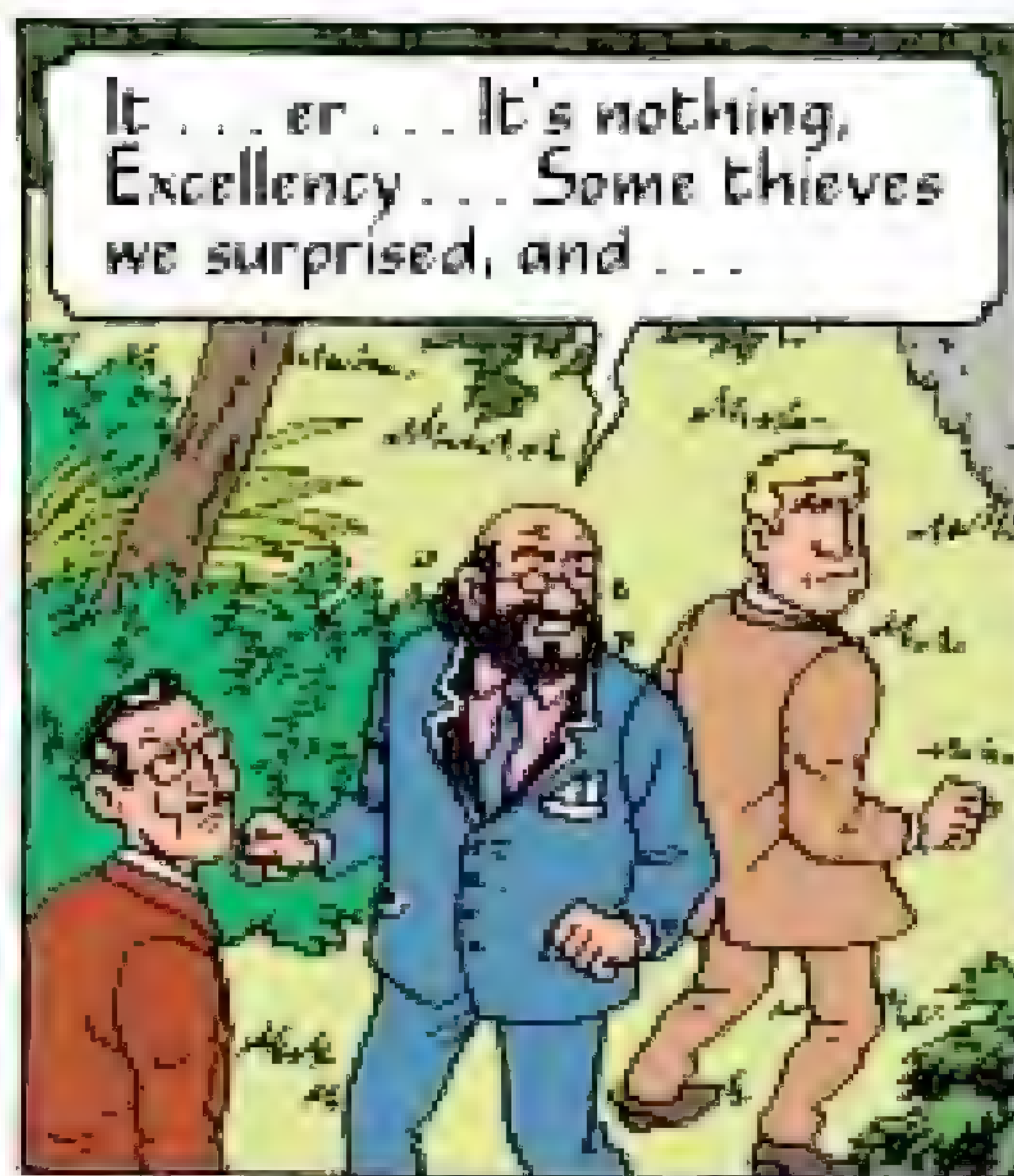
Now the formalities are over with. ... get in! Let's go!

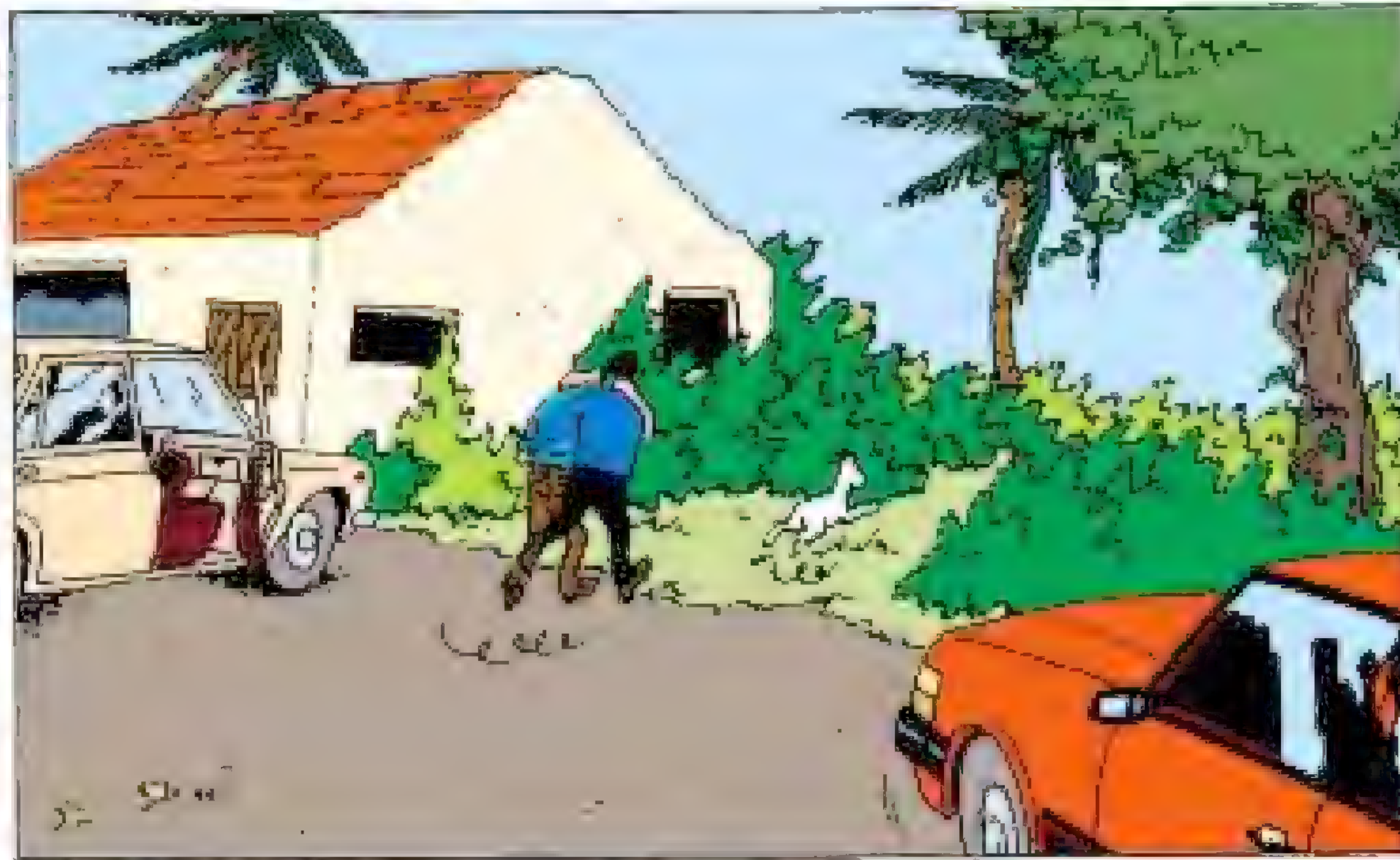
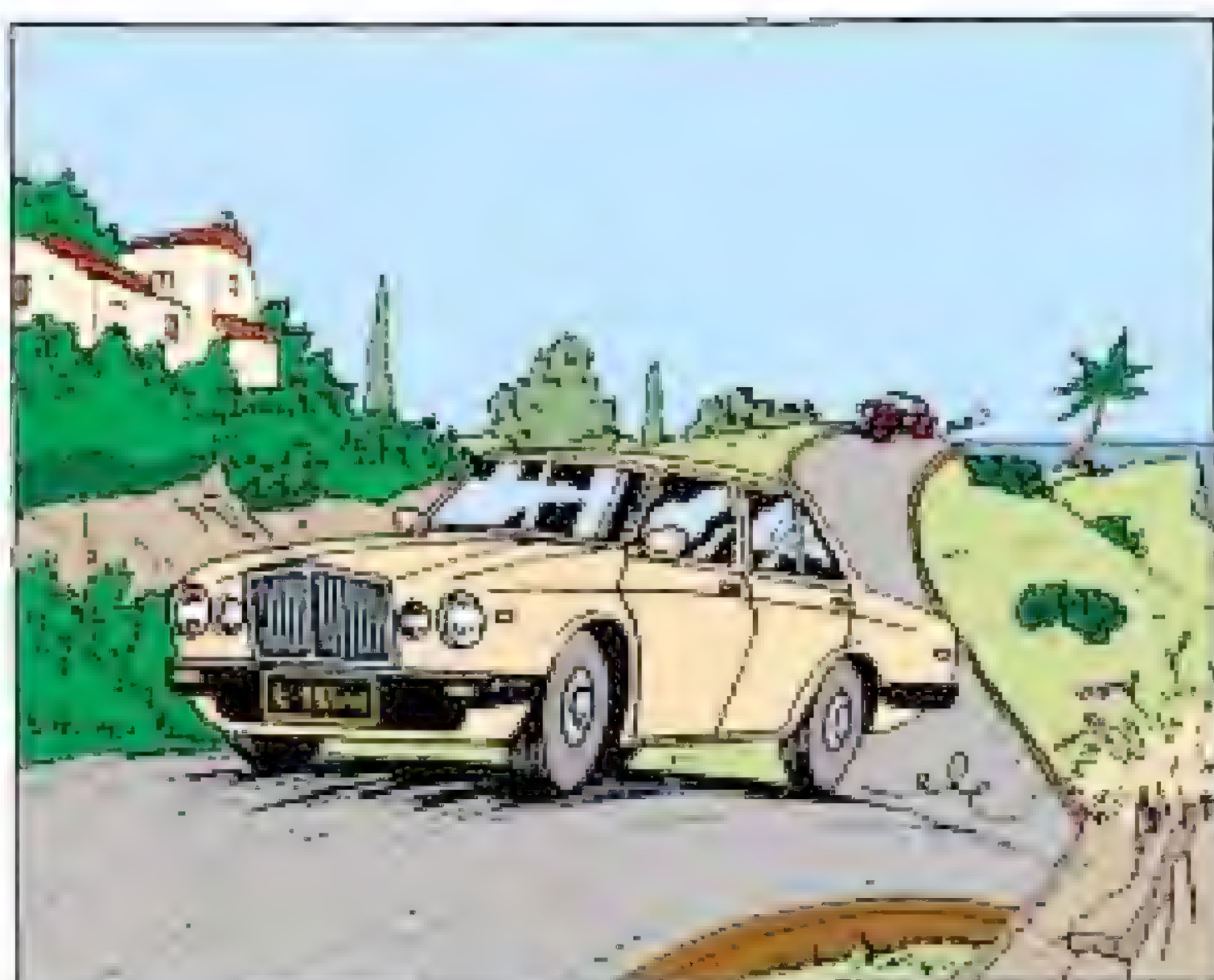








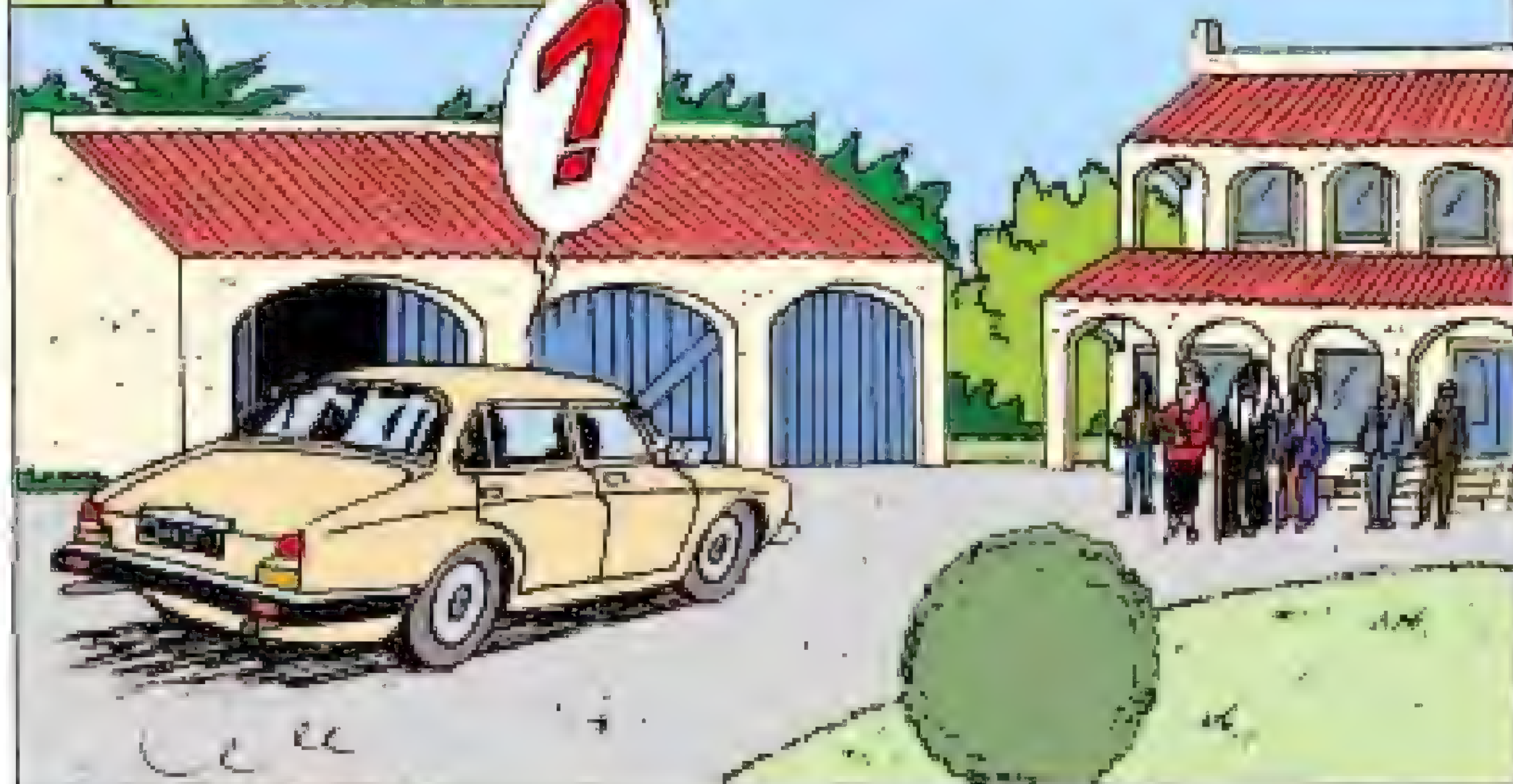




This time, my dear Tintin, there's no point hoping - no one can help you now.



A few minutes later...



Captain Hardrock! It's impossible! There must be some sort of mistake!



Don't worry, Tintin, I've put in a plea in your favour. This can be nothing but a mistake!...



Have you called the police?
I... I was just going to...



No one can help us now, eh?



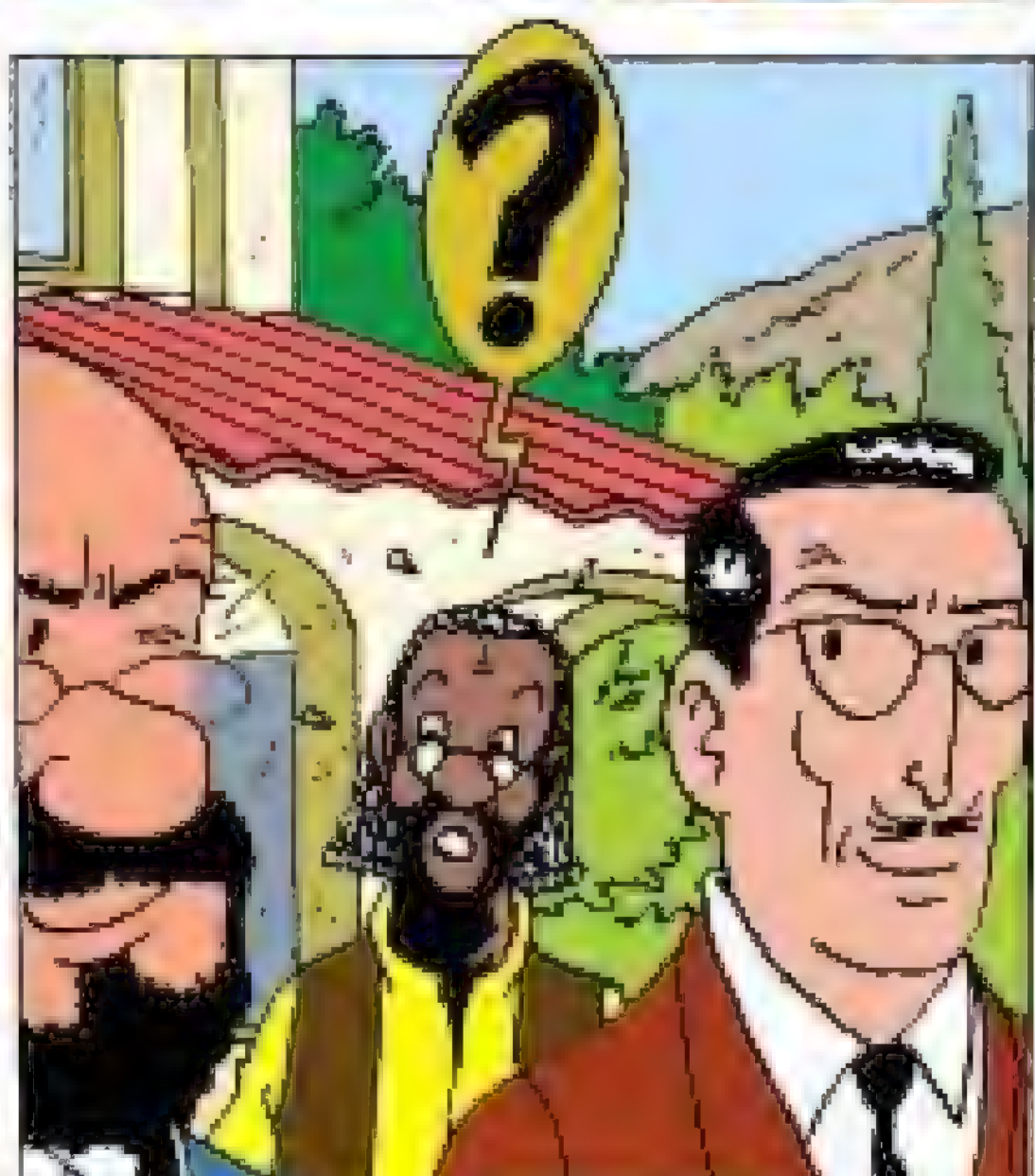
You tell us your version, Tintin, whilst we wait.

Sorry, but they can't speak until the police arrive... Er, it's a legal technicality... you understand?

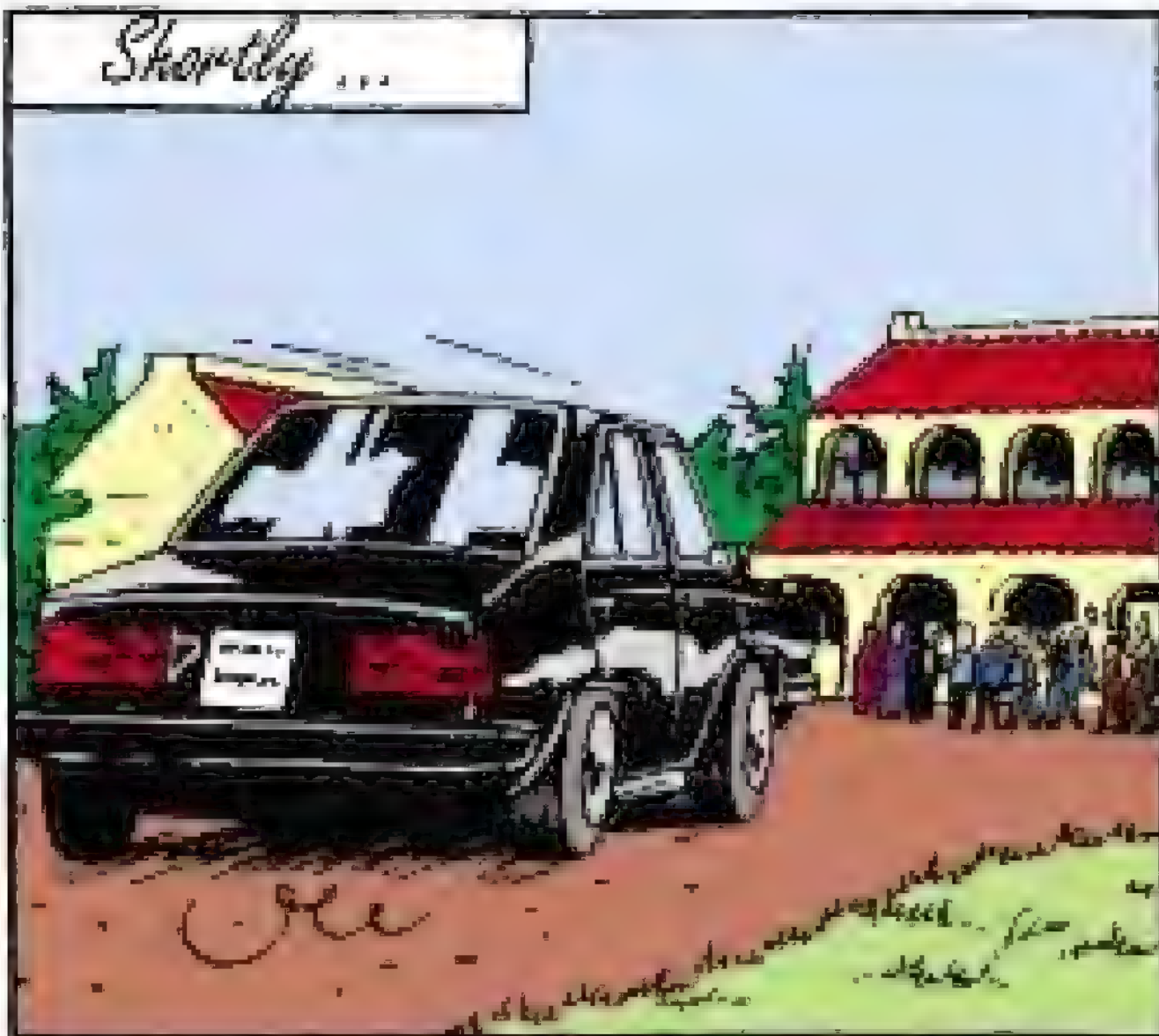


OK then.

Right, the police are on their way.

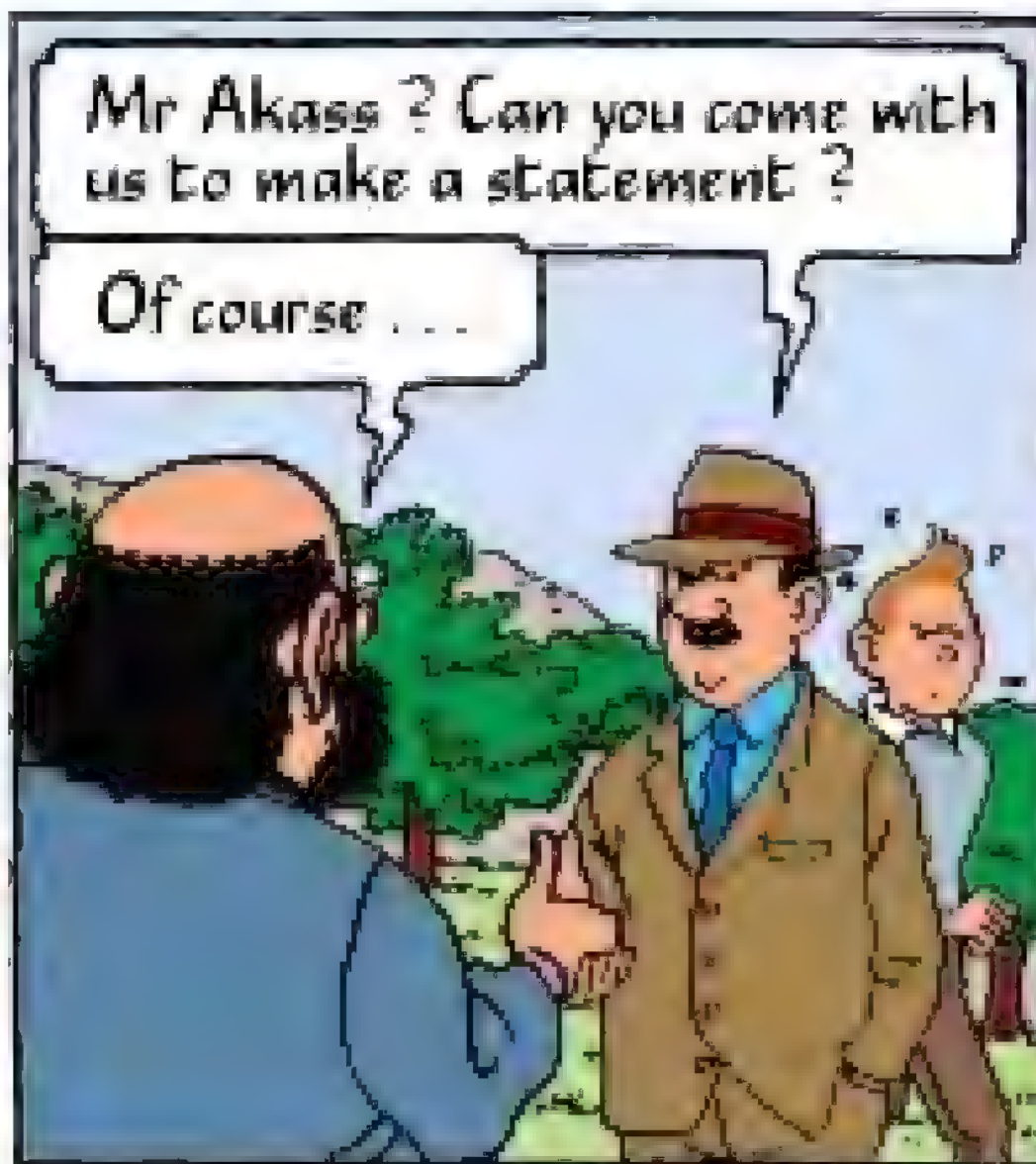


Shortly ...



Mr Akass? Can you come with us to make a statement?

Of course ...



You can make testimonies in favour of your friends in the late afternoon. You only have to present yourselves at the station.



You're going out, Mr Nash?

Er... Yes... Just a little shopping in the village... What can you do? Life goes on, so they say.



Ah, the artists are truly blessed. Always above the problems of everyone... But our poor friends...

Don't worry...



The police won't find anything on Tintin and Haddock...

May the Madonna protect them...



After all these years, how nice it is to see Tintin... on his way to jail! Revenge is sweet!

I'll drink to that!



Blistering Barnacles in jail?



And just when I'd filled his pipe with my best explosives! What a waste!



I'll bet that you're not real police officers!

Oh no! We've been demasked!



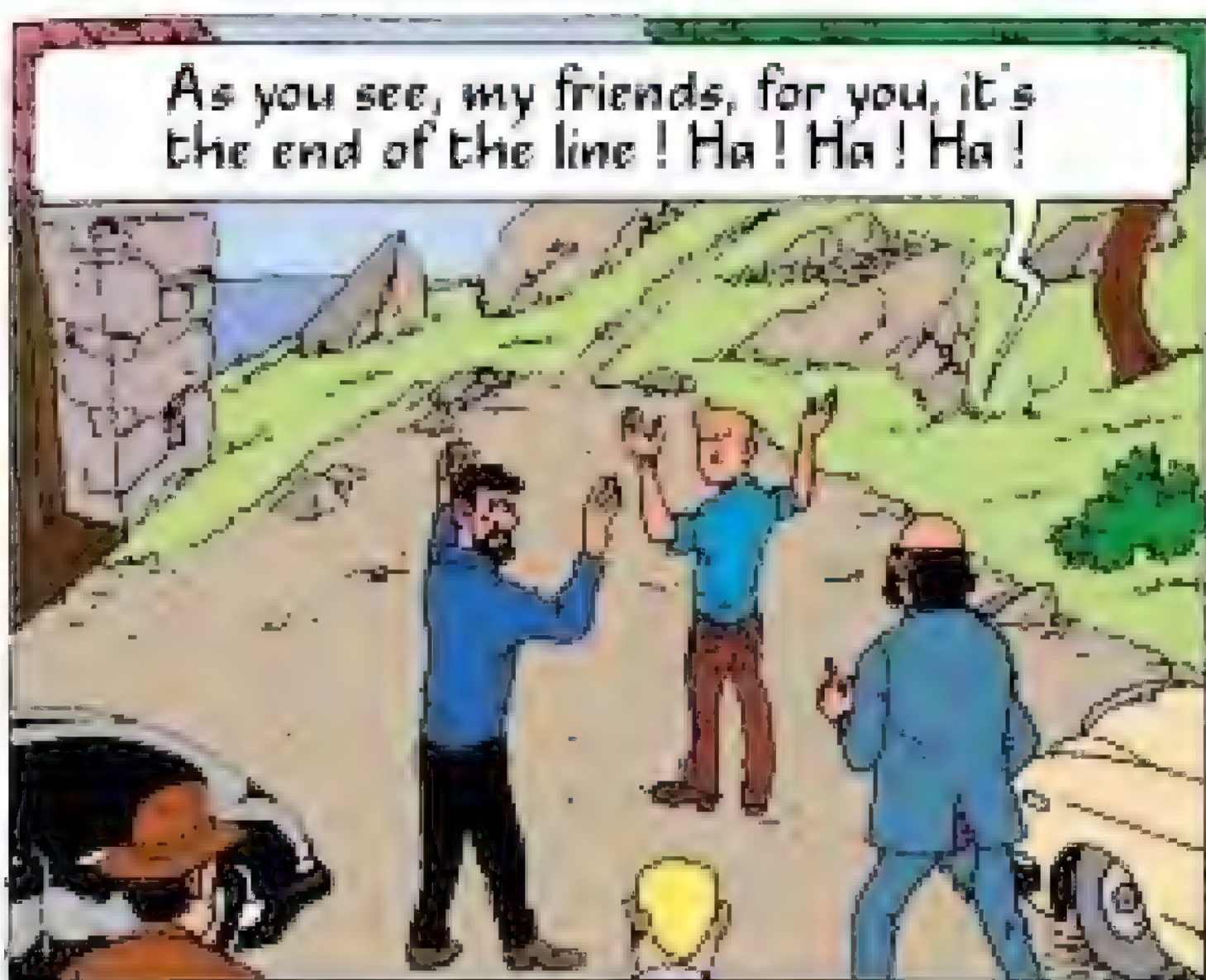
Well done, kid. And I'll bet that you two haven't got long left to live...



Here we are, everybody out.



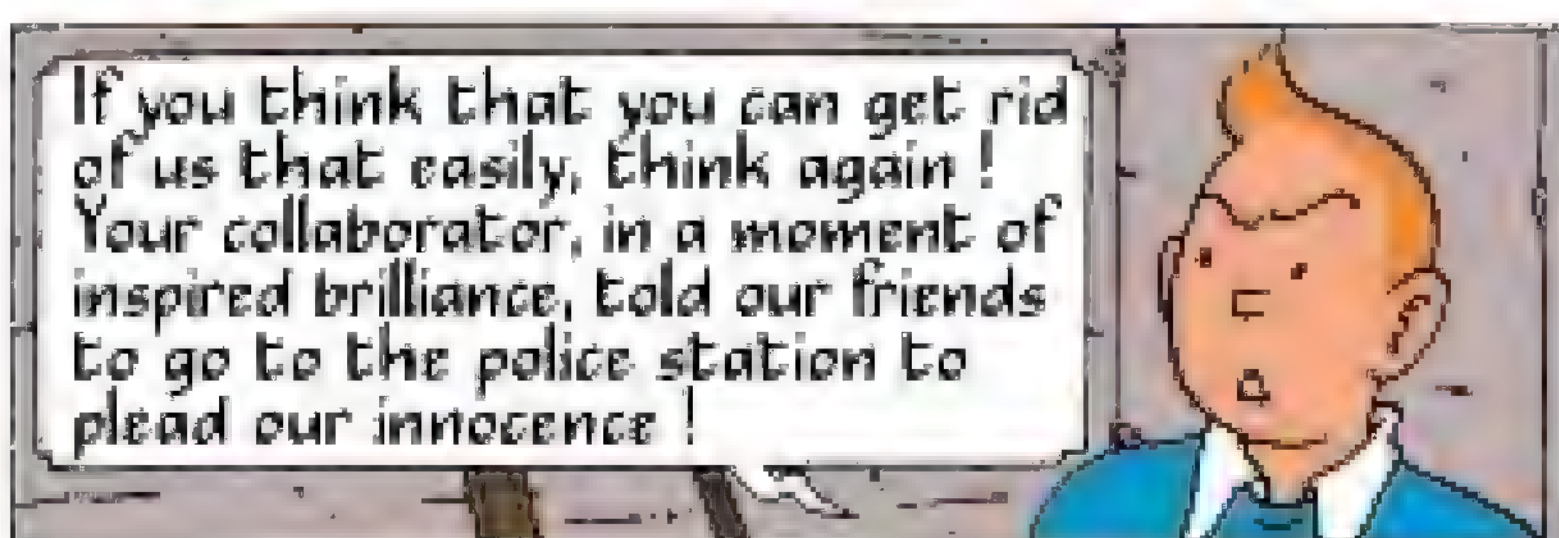
As you see, my friends, for you, it's the end of the line! Ha! Ha! Ha!



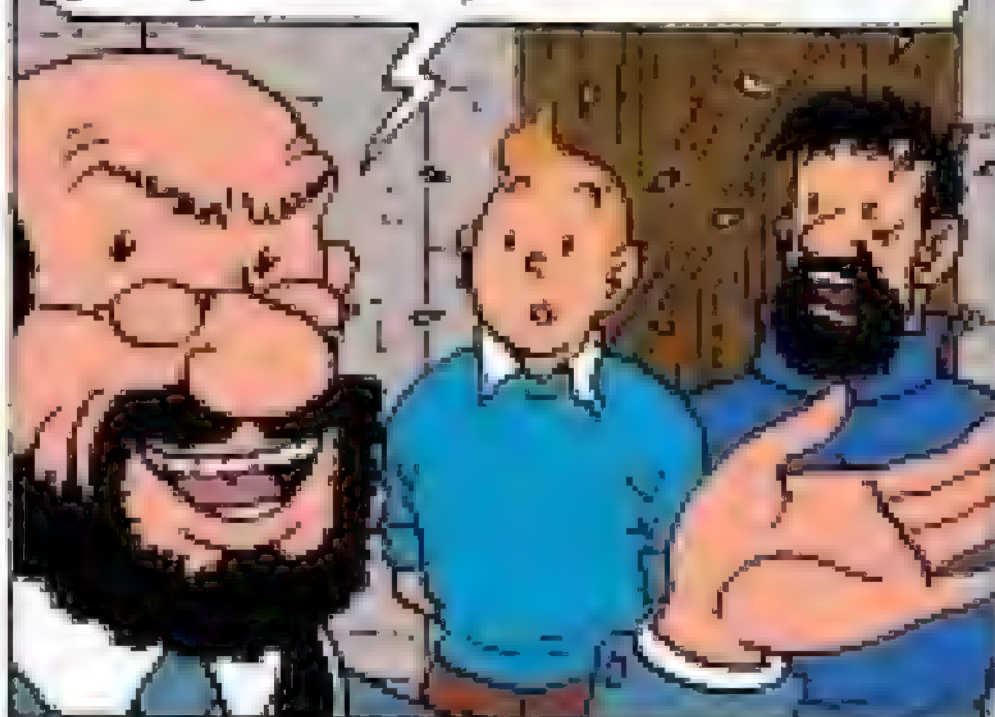
Well, gentlemen, won't you sit down? I insist!



If you think that you can get rid of us that easily, think again! Your collaborator, in a moment of inspired brilliance, told our friends to go to the police station to plead our innocence!



And then? You were killed during your bid to escape. A simple call to your friends will tell them the bad news, and therefore they needn't bother going to the police station.

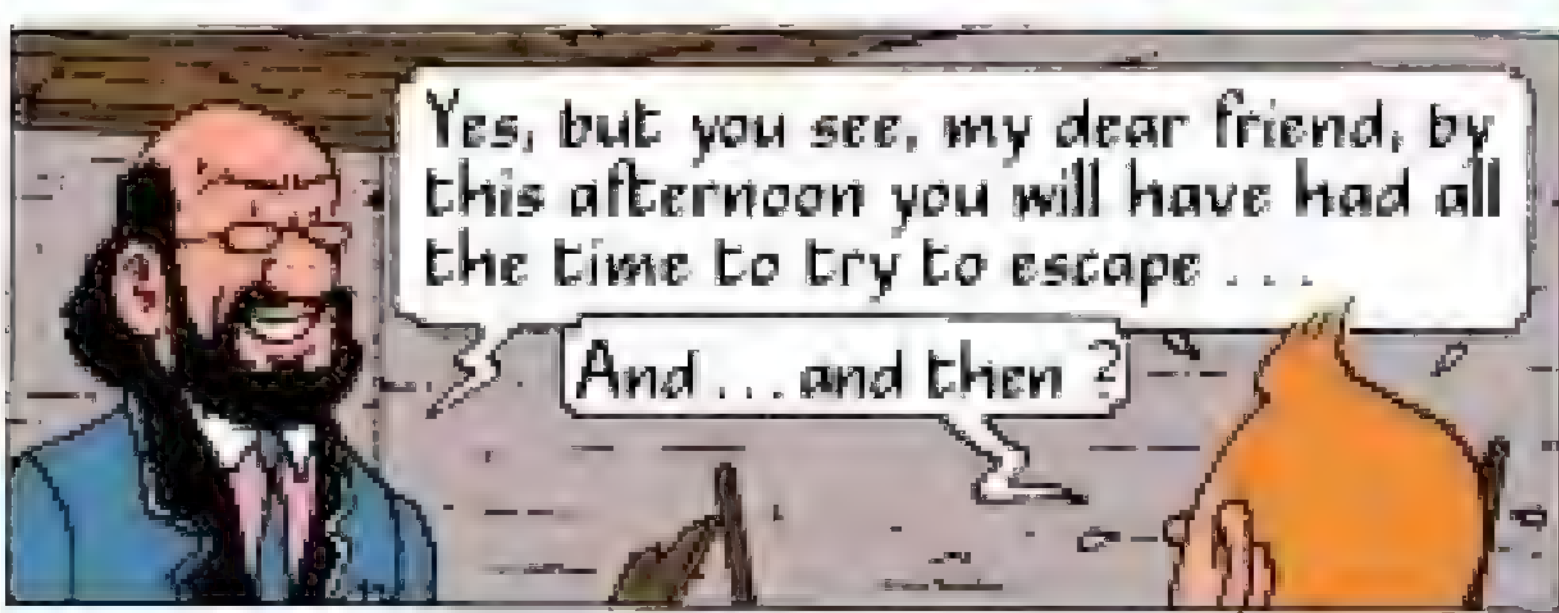


Quick! I must find help to save Tintin!

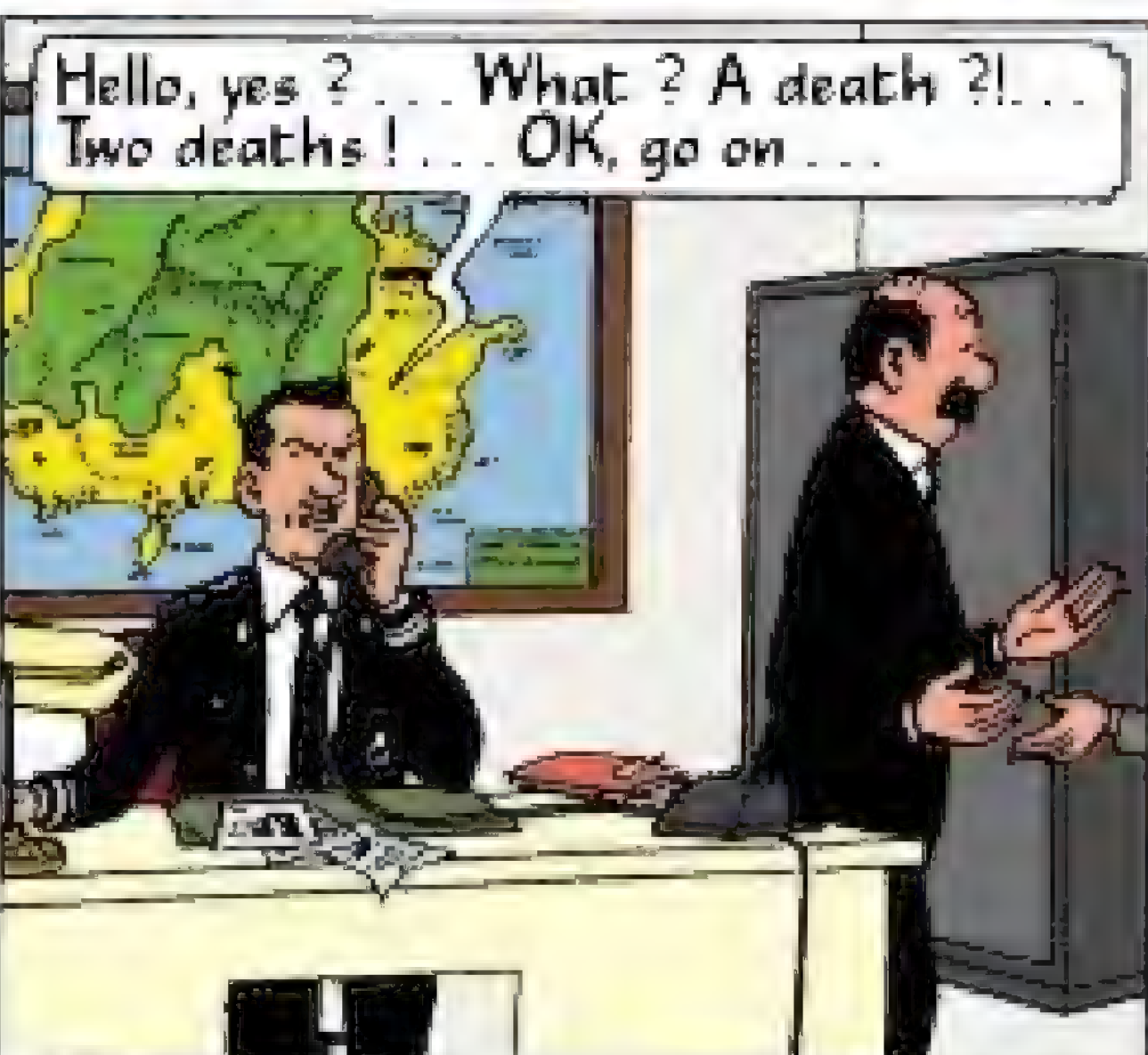


Yes, but you see, my dear friend, by this afternoon you will have had all the time to try to escape...

And... and then?



Hello, yes? ... What? A death?! ... Two deaths! ... OK, go on...



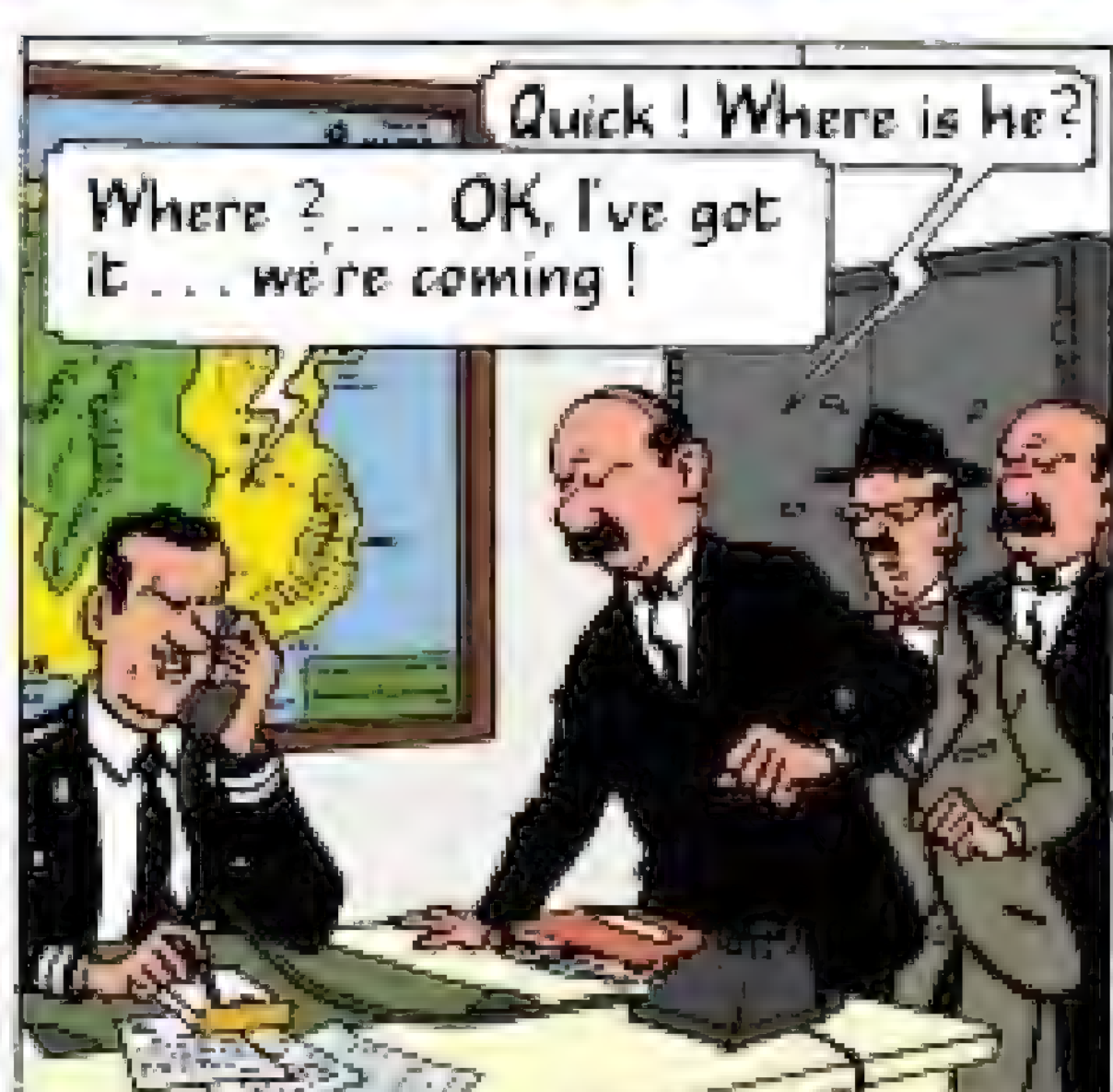
Tintin and Haddock...

TINTIN?!

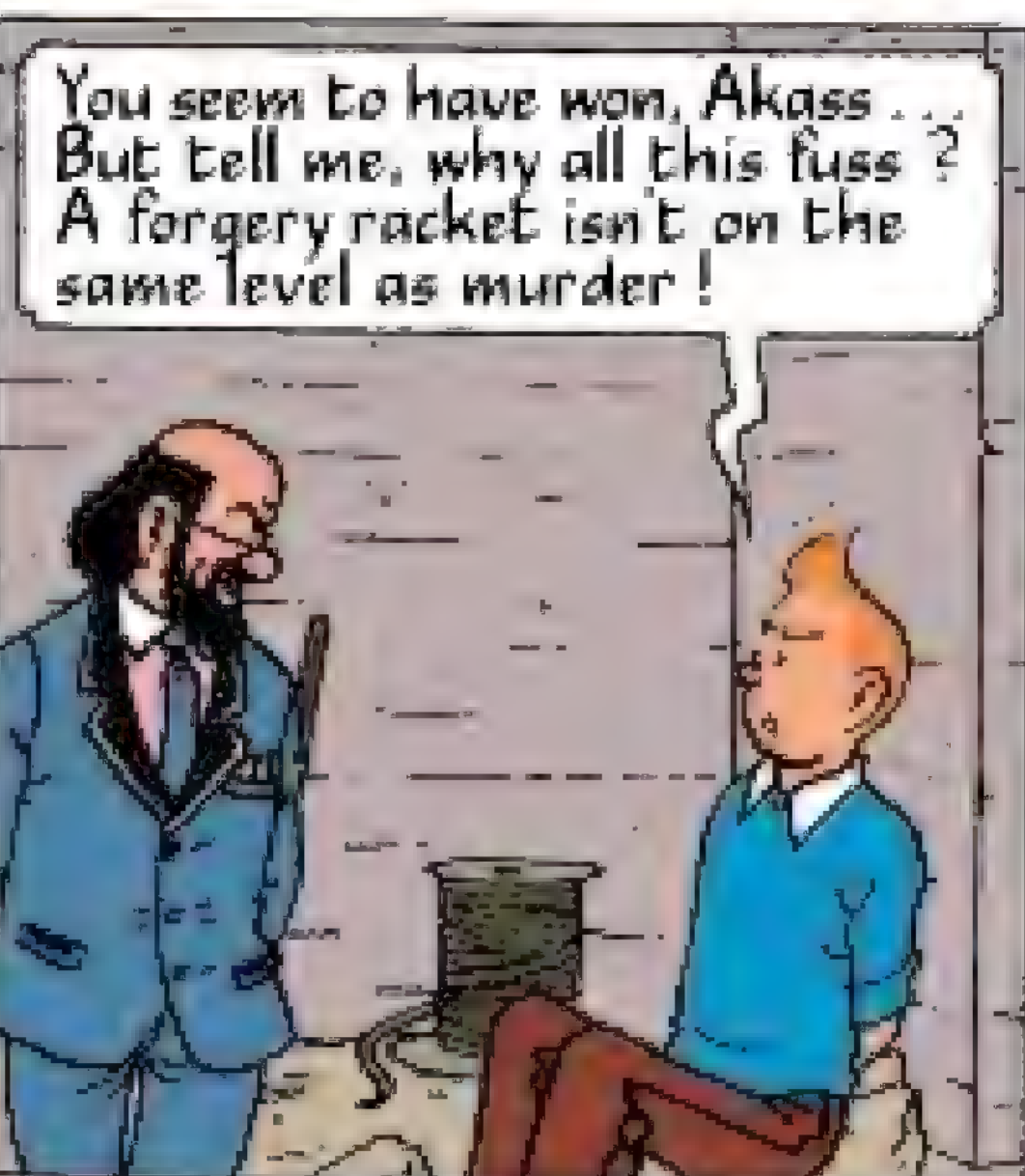


Quick! Where is he?

Where? ... OK, I've got it ... we're coming!



You seem to have won, Akass... But tell me, why all this fuss? A forgery racket isn't on the same level as murder!



For someone supposedly intelligent, you still haven't figured it out. I'll give you a clue...



NO!...



RASTAPOPOULOS!

Ha! Ha!

But!... But?... It's impossible!
I saw you go down with your launch
in the Red Sea (1)... You're dead!

Ha! That's what I wanted you to think!
But you know, we've met since that day,
although you don't remember...

Some years ago, I organised the kid-
napping of the famous millionaire
Laszlo Carreidas, just before the
International Astronautical Congress,
to which you were invited as guests
of honour... (2)

Unfortunately for me, the
island we were on was des-
troyed by a volcano... I
managed to escape, but I'm
not sure how, since at the
time of the eruption, I became
amnesic...

After my escape, I met Nash in Jamaica.
I was impressed by his talent. It was then
that I had the idea of dealing in forged
art. A little plastic surgery, a few accessories
and I became Akass. After recrui-
ting a few men to work
for me, the project took
off very quickly...

And Allan, the fresh-
water pirate? Is he not
with you?... Or is he
disguised as one of these
gorrillas?

Allan? That idiot
refused to help!
He's in the United
States now, after
some peace and
quiet...

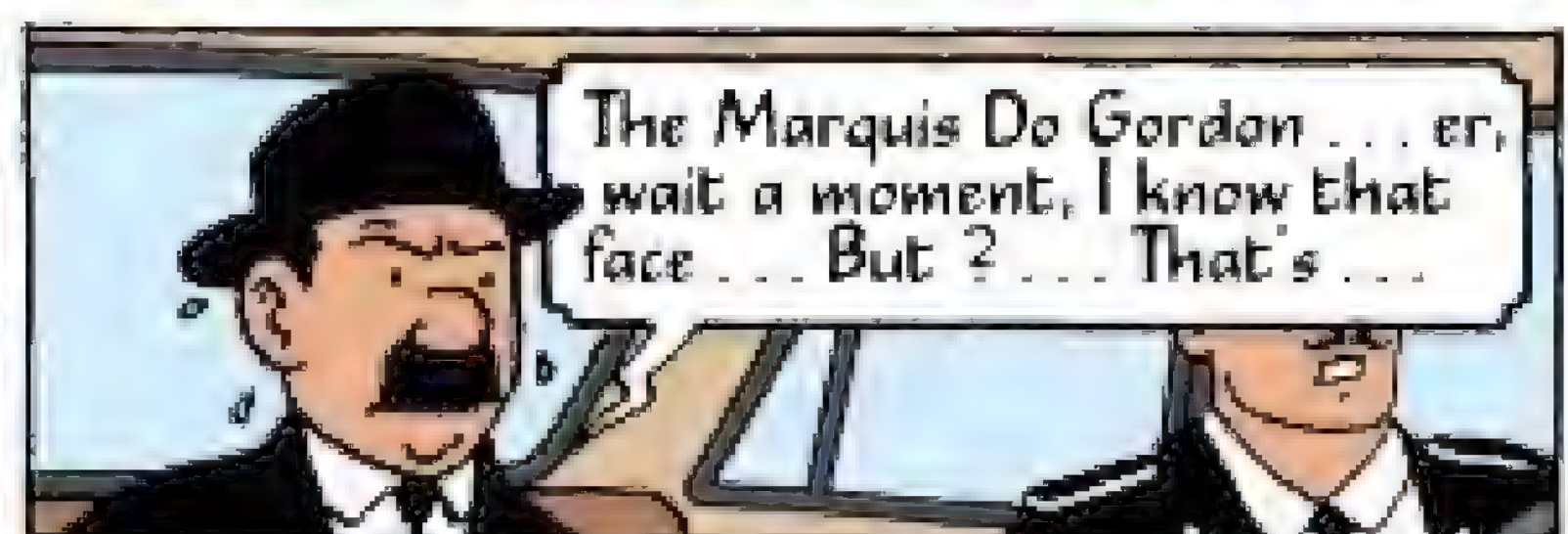
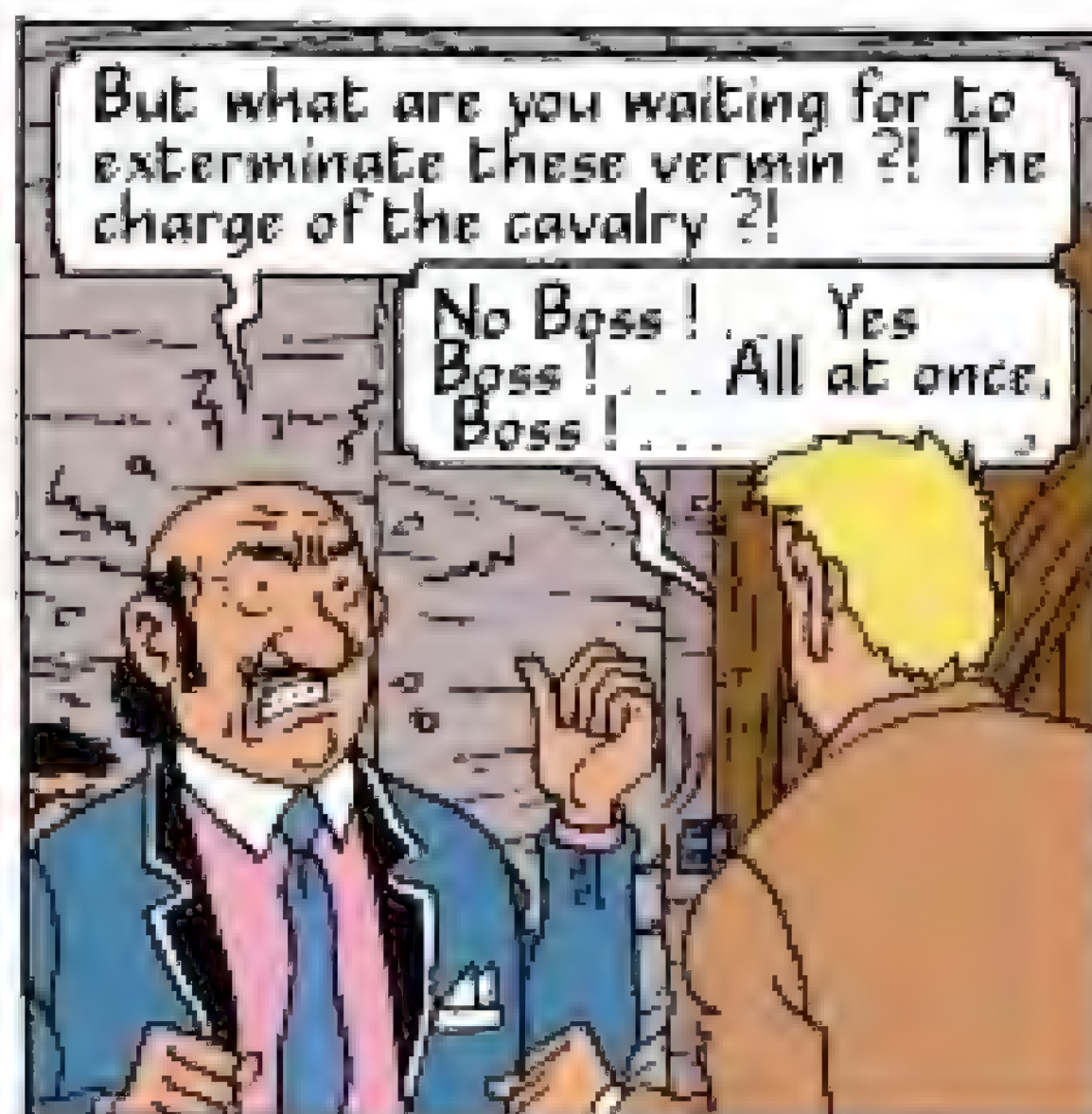
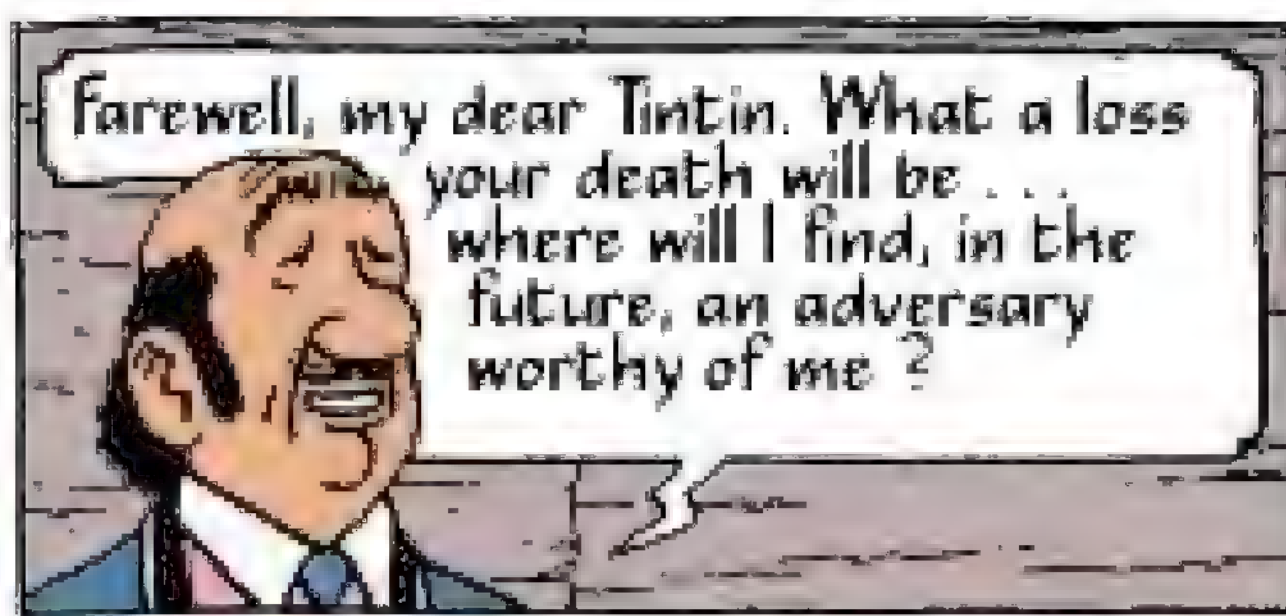
Meanwhile, in the United States...

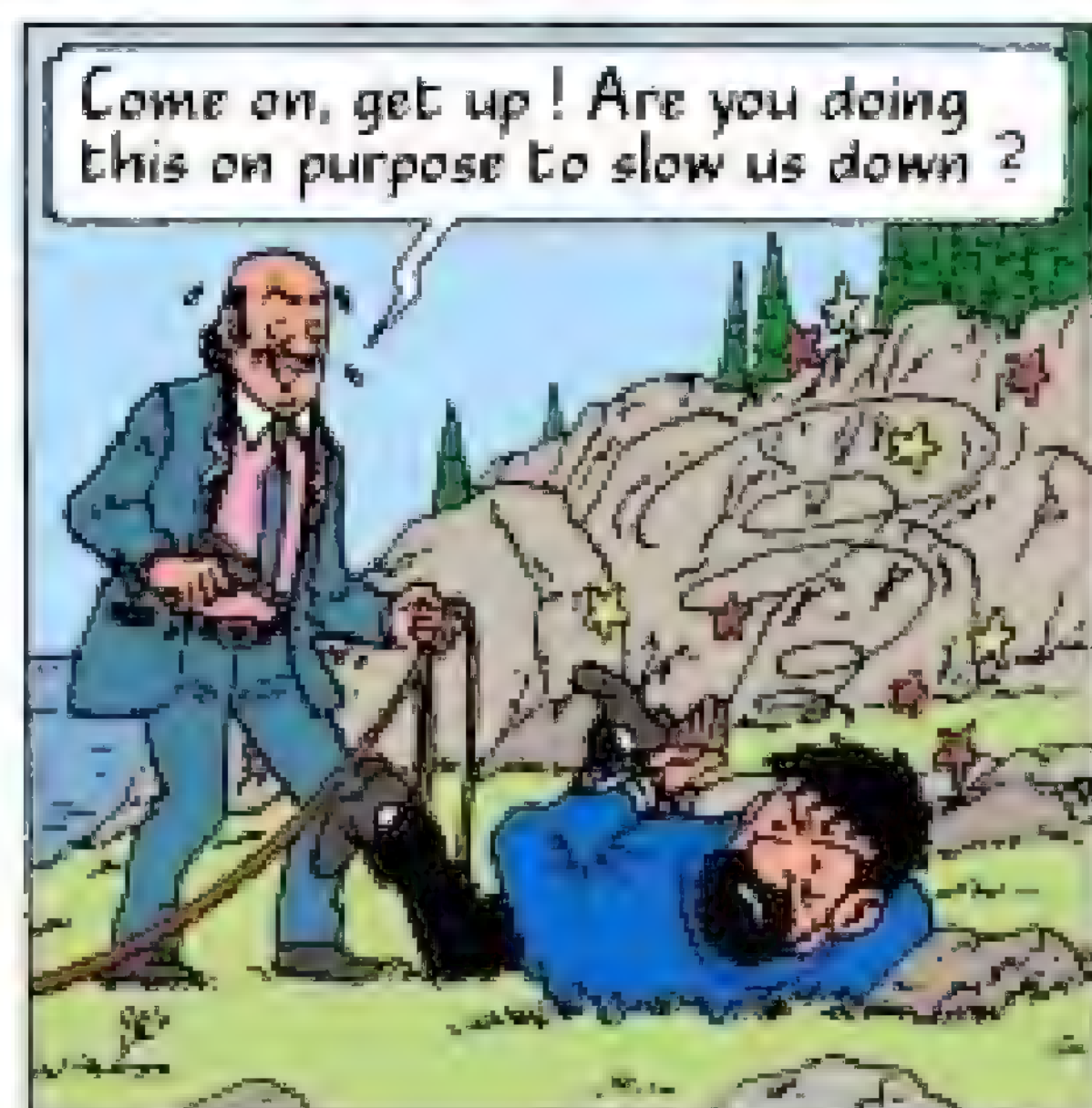
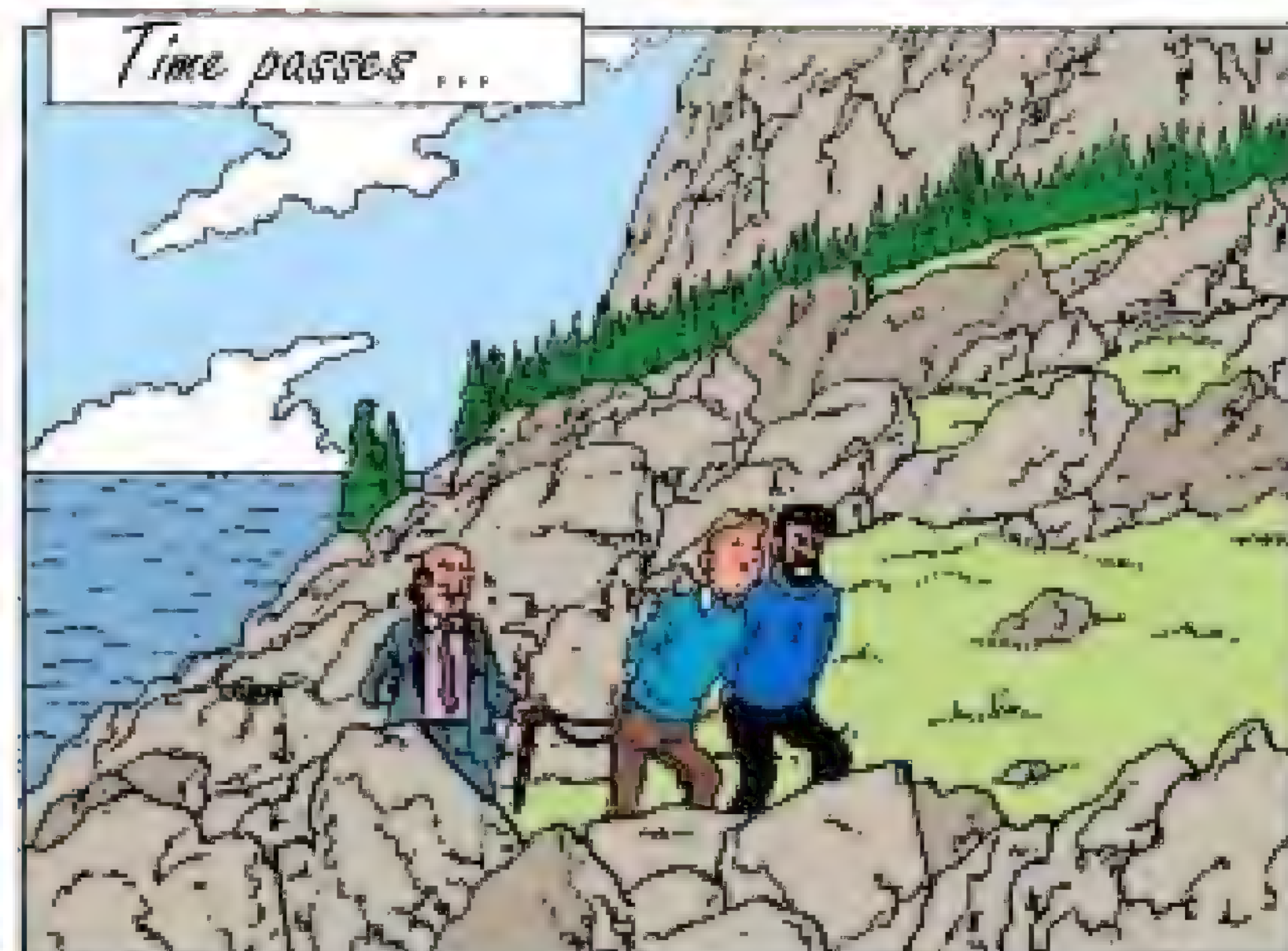
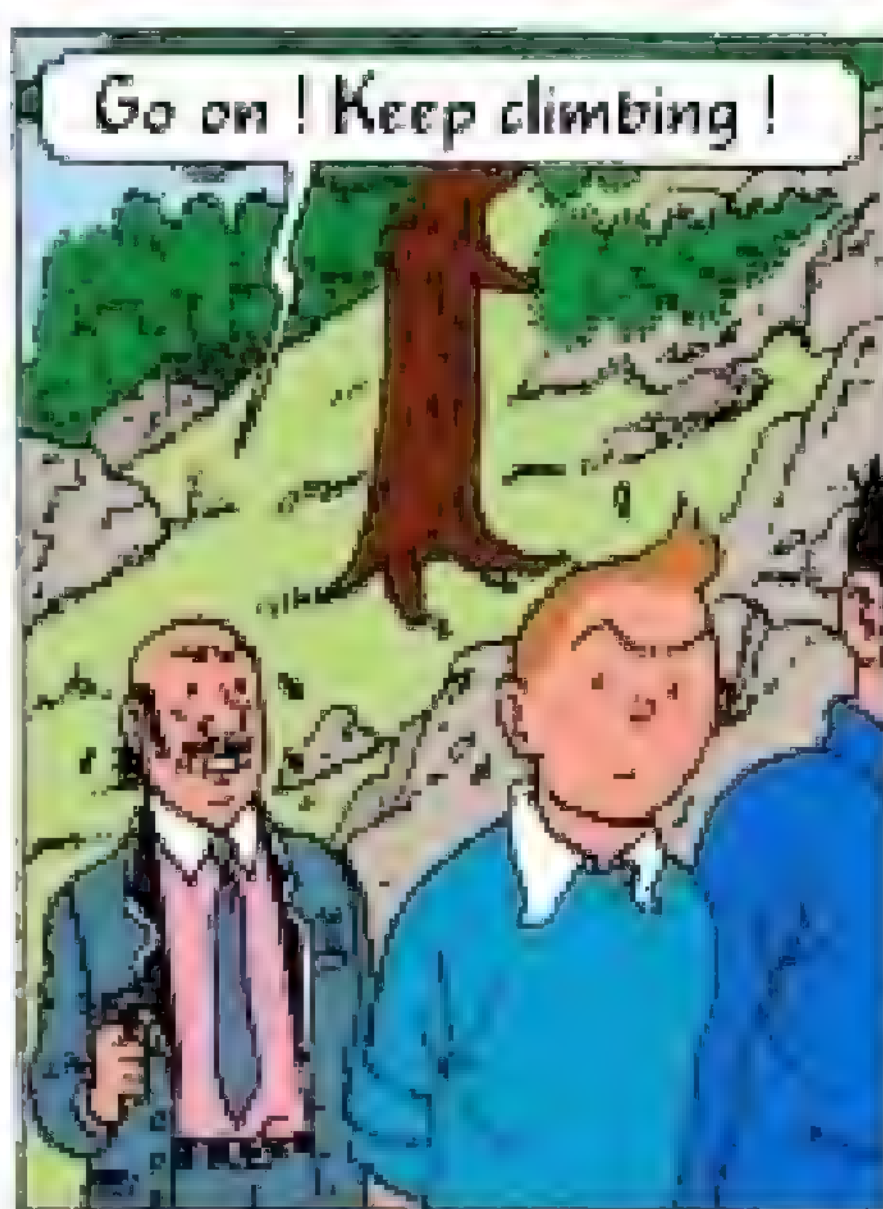
And how did you persuade
an artist like Nash to...
You ask too many ques-
tions, young man!

But I'm not a fool, all these
questions are just a ruse to
gain some time, aren't they?
Well, game over, my friend!

We've wasted enough time! Finish them!
With pleasure, boss!...

(1) See The Red Sea Sharks
(2) See Flight 714





I'd like to see you try that! ... Climb down there? With our hands tied?!



That's true ... any decent would be impossible on this side of the cliff ... and we can't turn back.



We'll follow the edge of the cliff round ... We should find a path that we can climb down ...



Right, let's move.



You're caught, Rastapopoulos!

Ssh! Captain!



GIVE UP, RASTAPOPOULOS! YOUR MEN HAVE BEEN TAKEN PRISONER! YOU CANNOT ESCAPE! YOU'RE CORNERED!



BANG BANG



Come on, Rastapopoulos! Don't make the situation worse! Face it - you've been caught.

Me? Caught? Alive?



Never! Hey, you down there! If you follow me too closely, I'll shoot them! And I'm serious!



OK! GO AHEAD! WE WON'T FOLLOW!



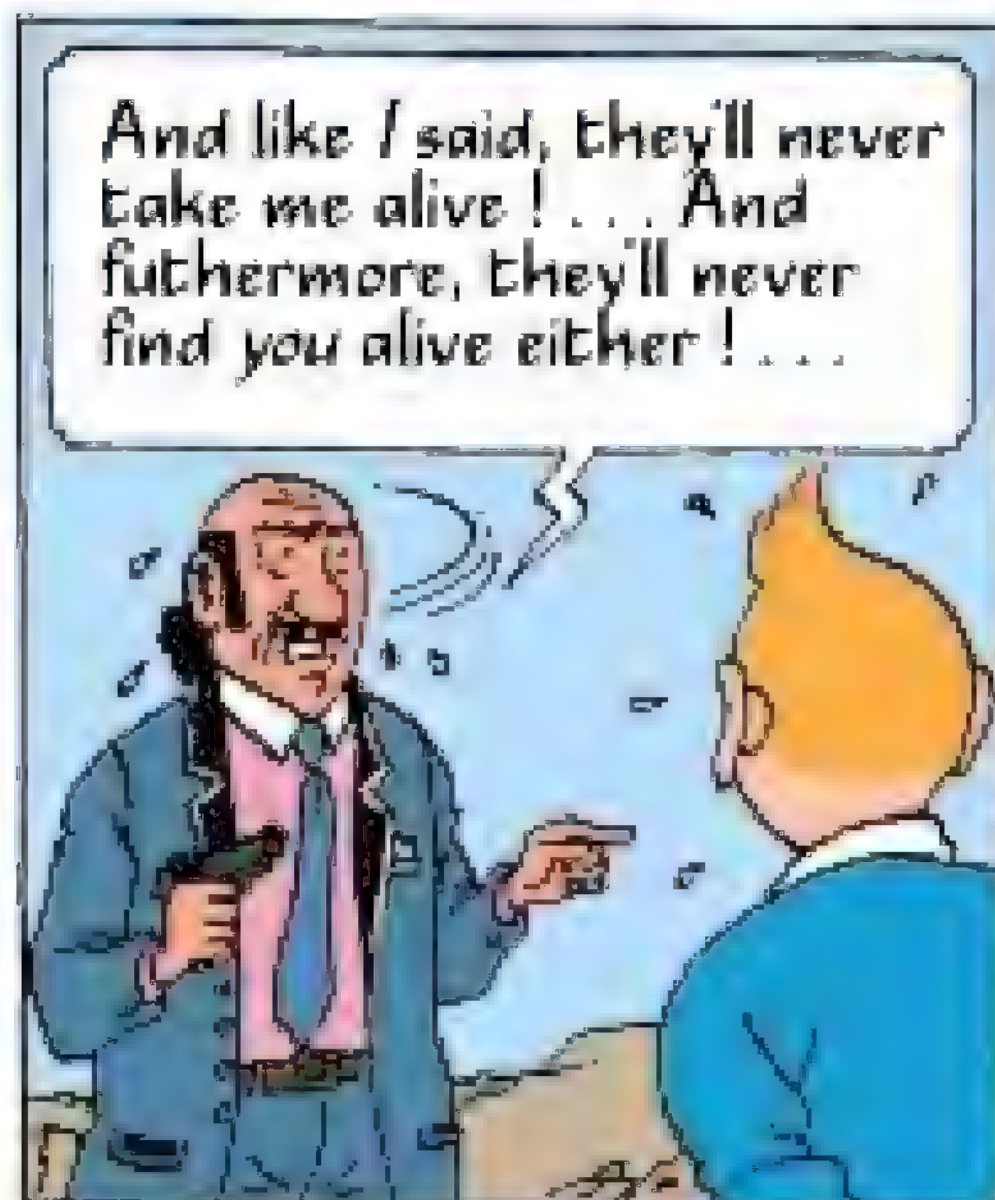
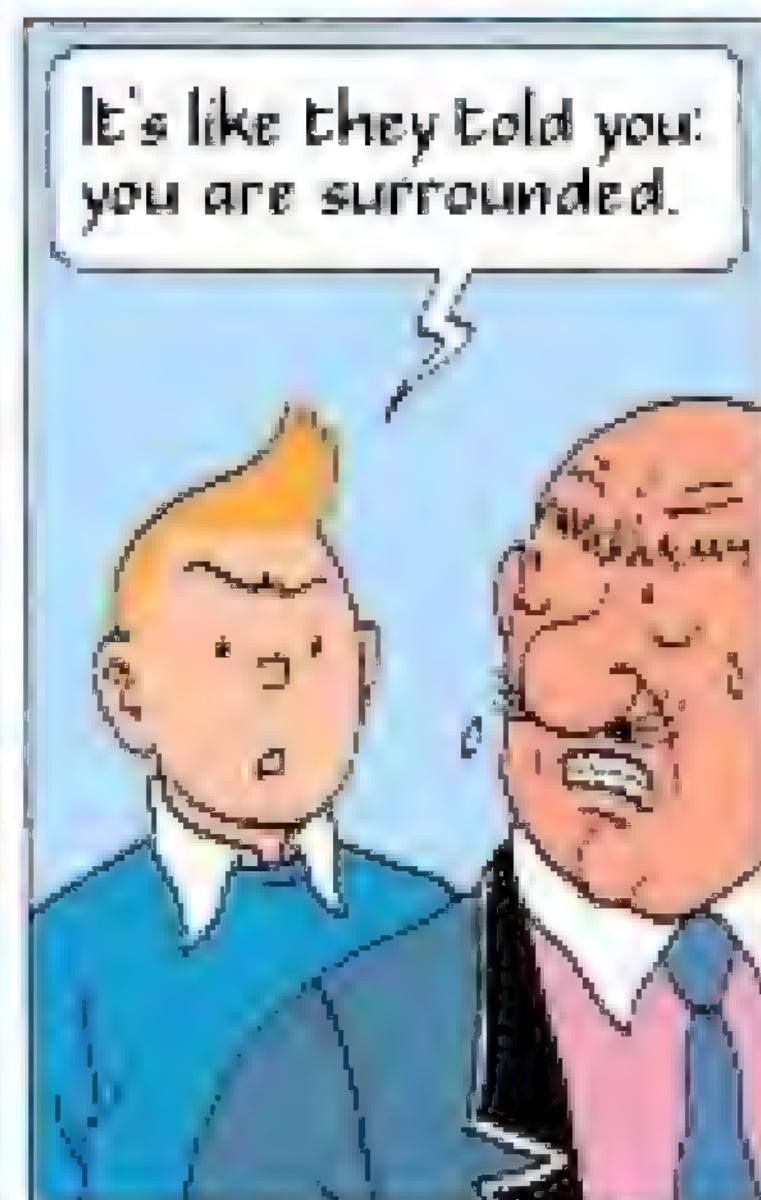
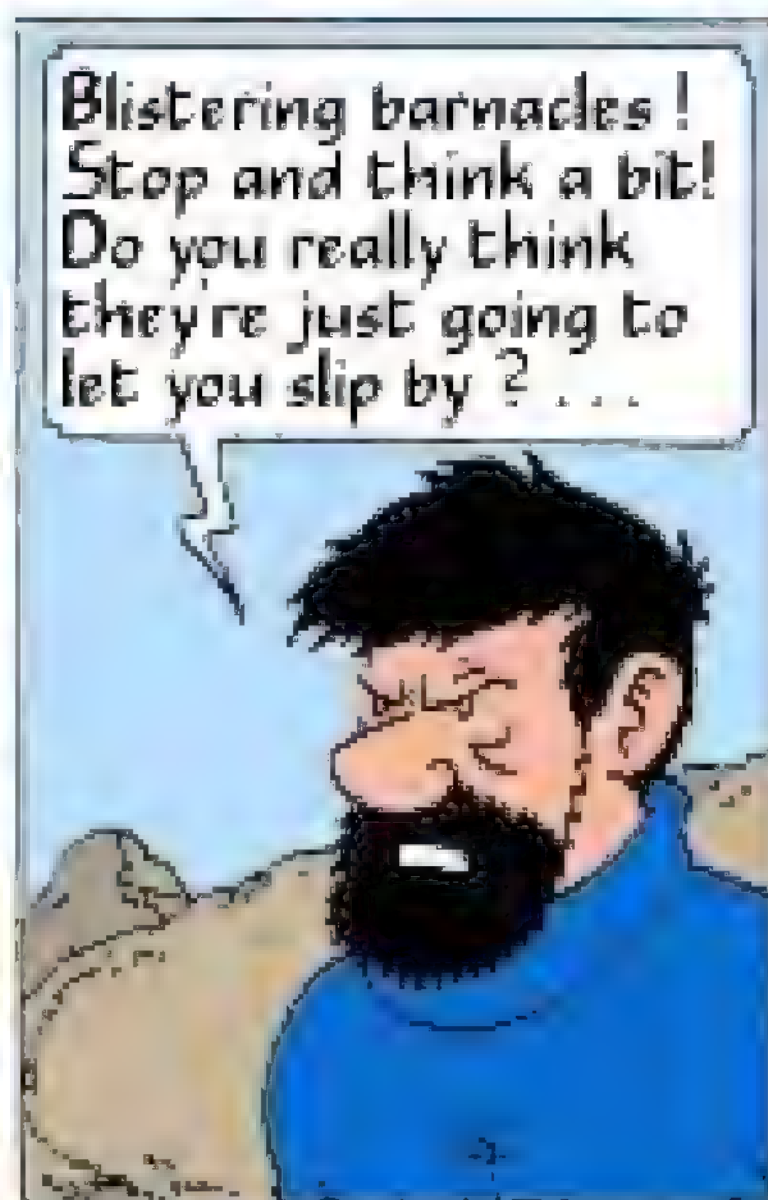
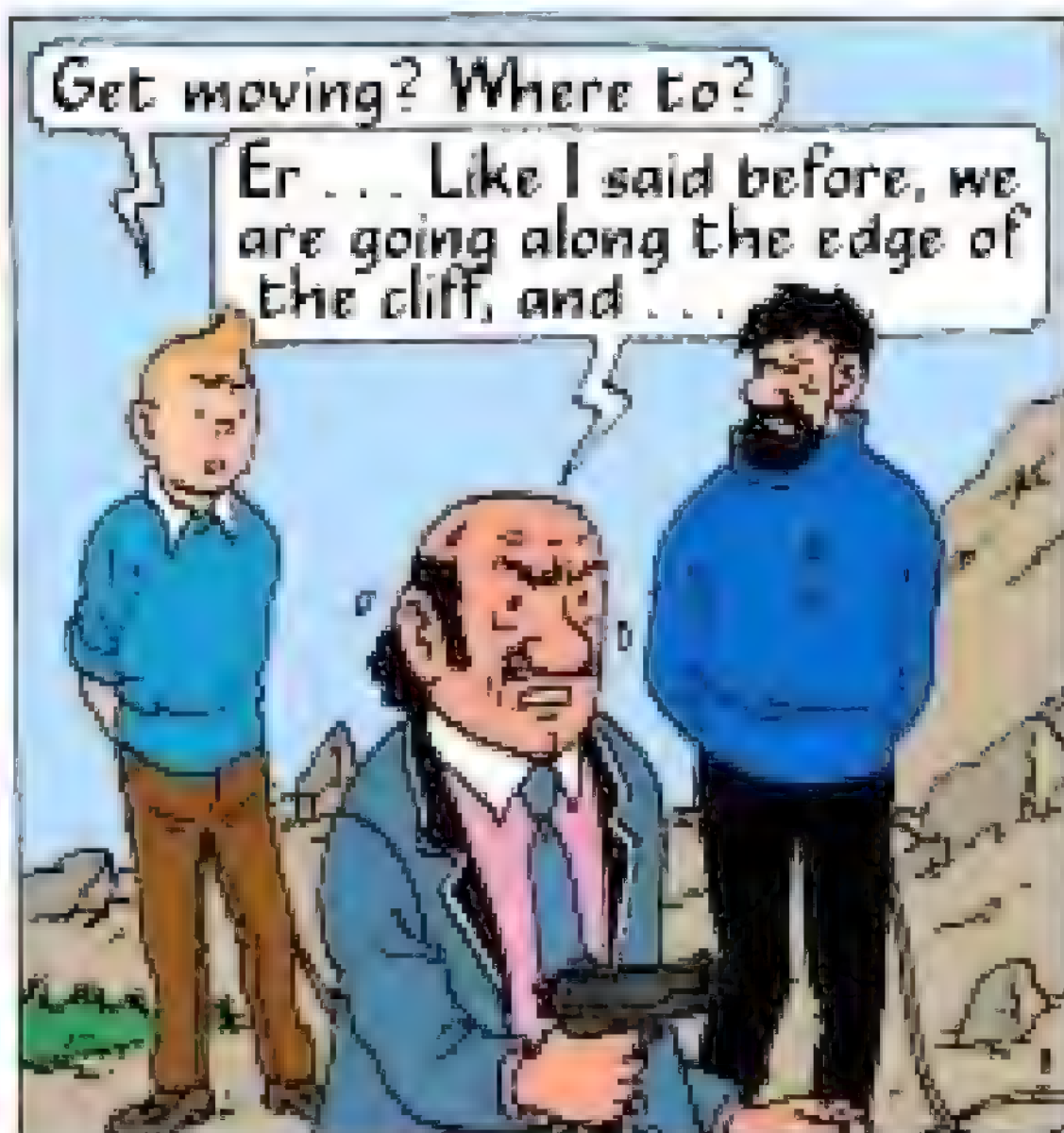
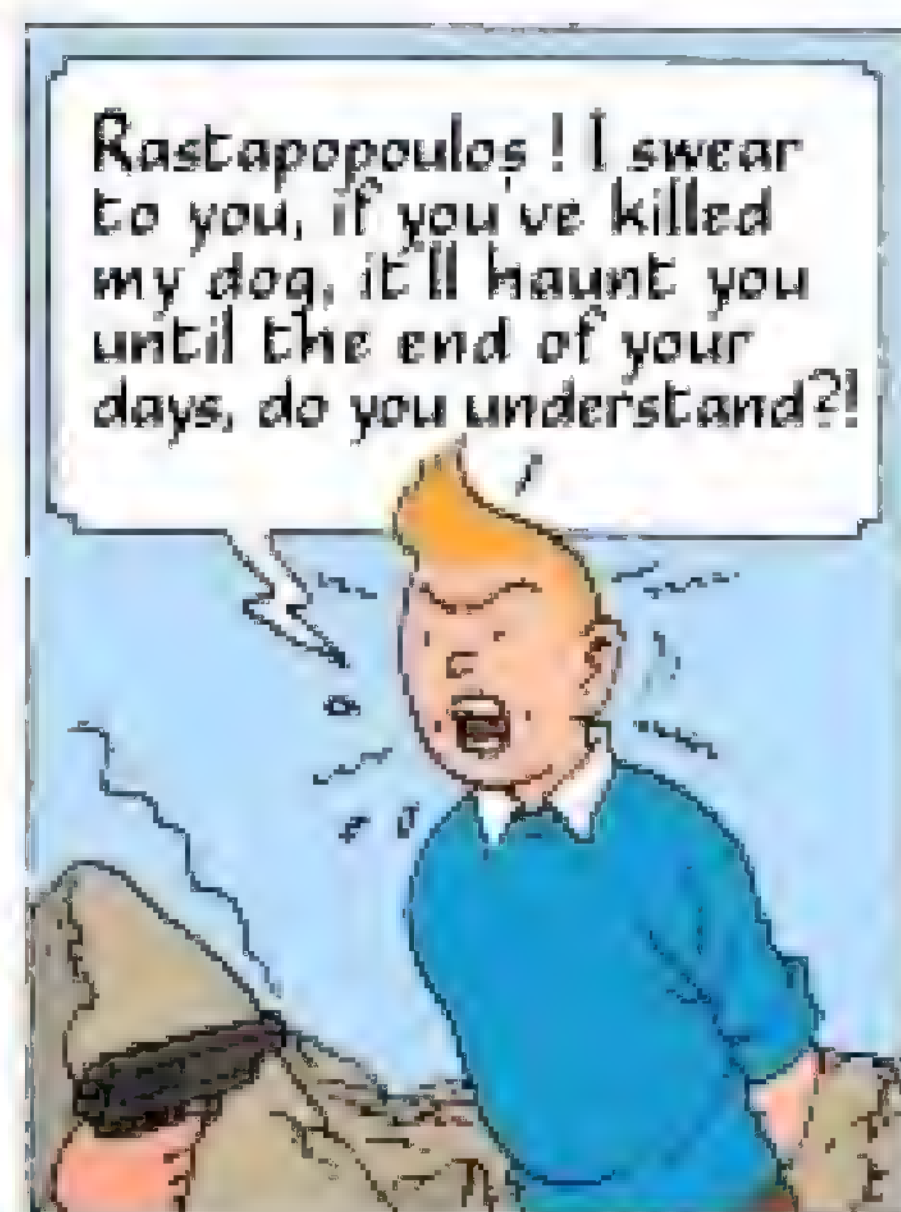
Good, now let's go! And no trying to escape, now, you understand?

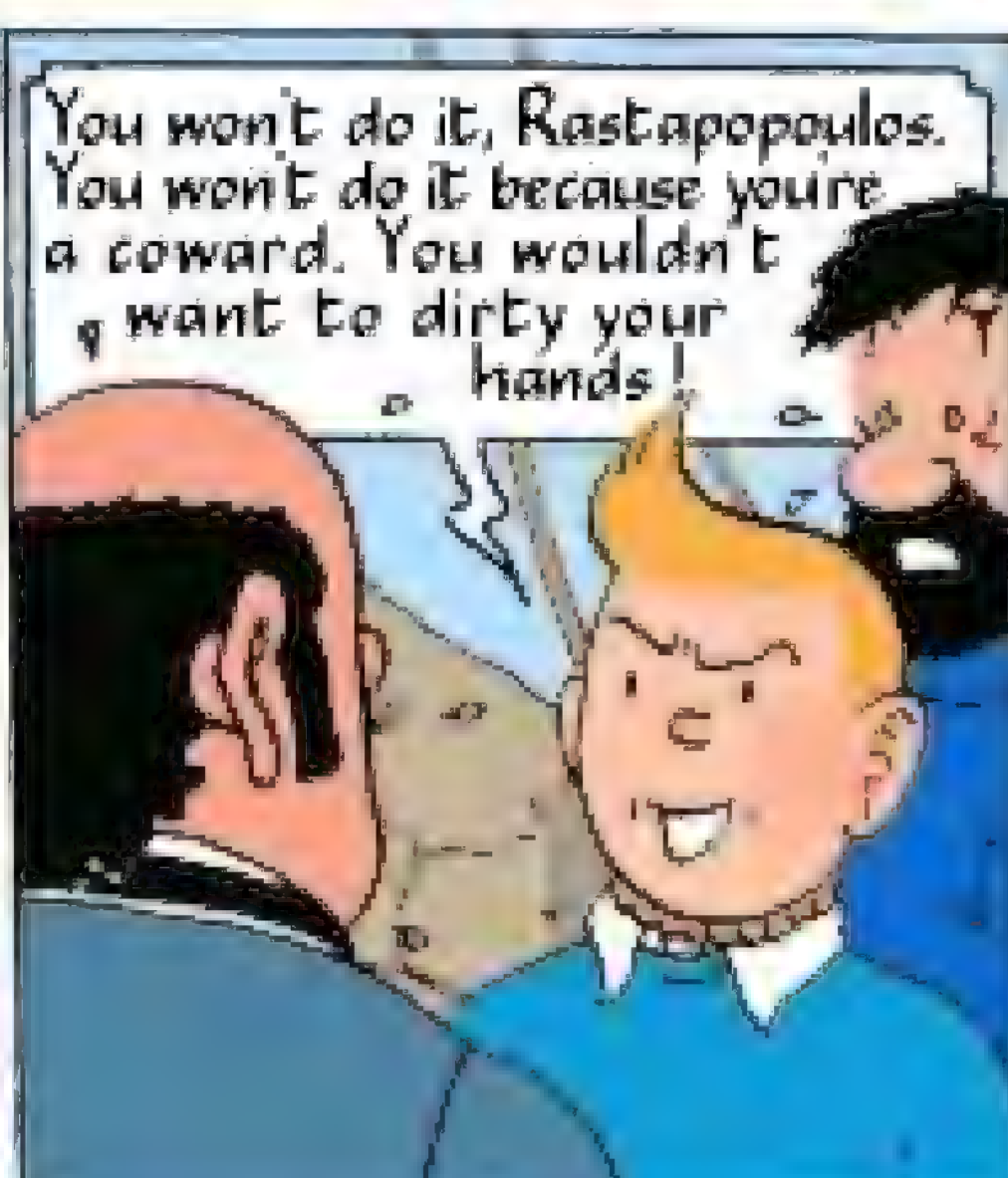
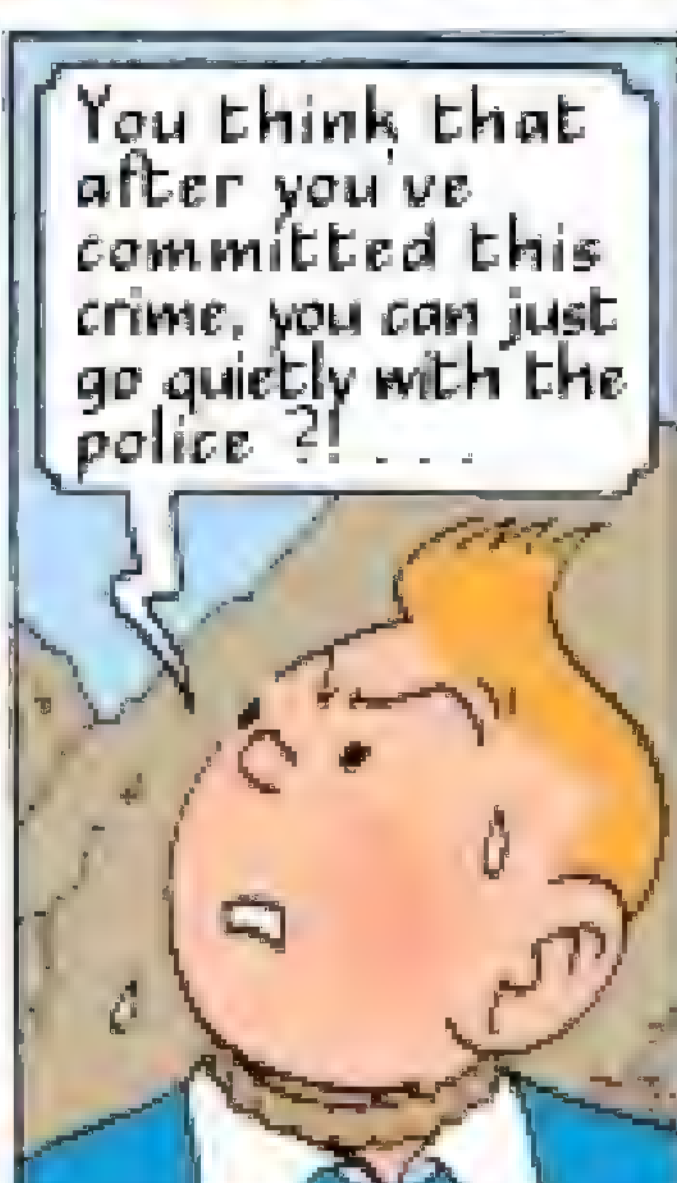


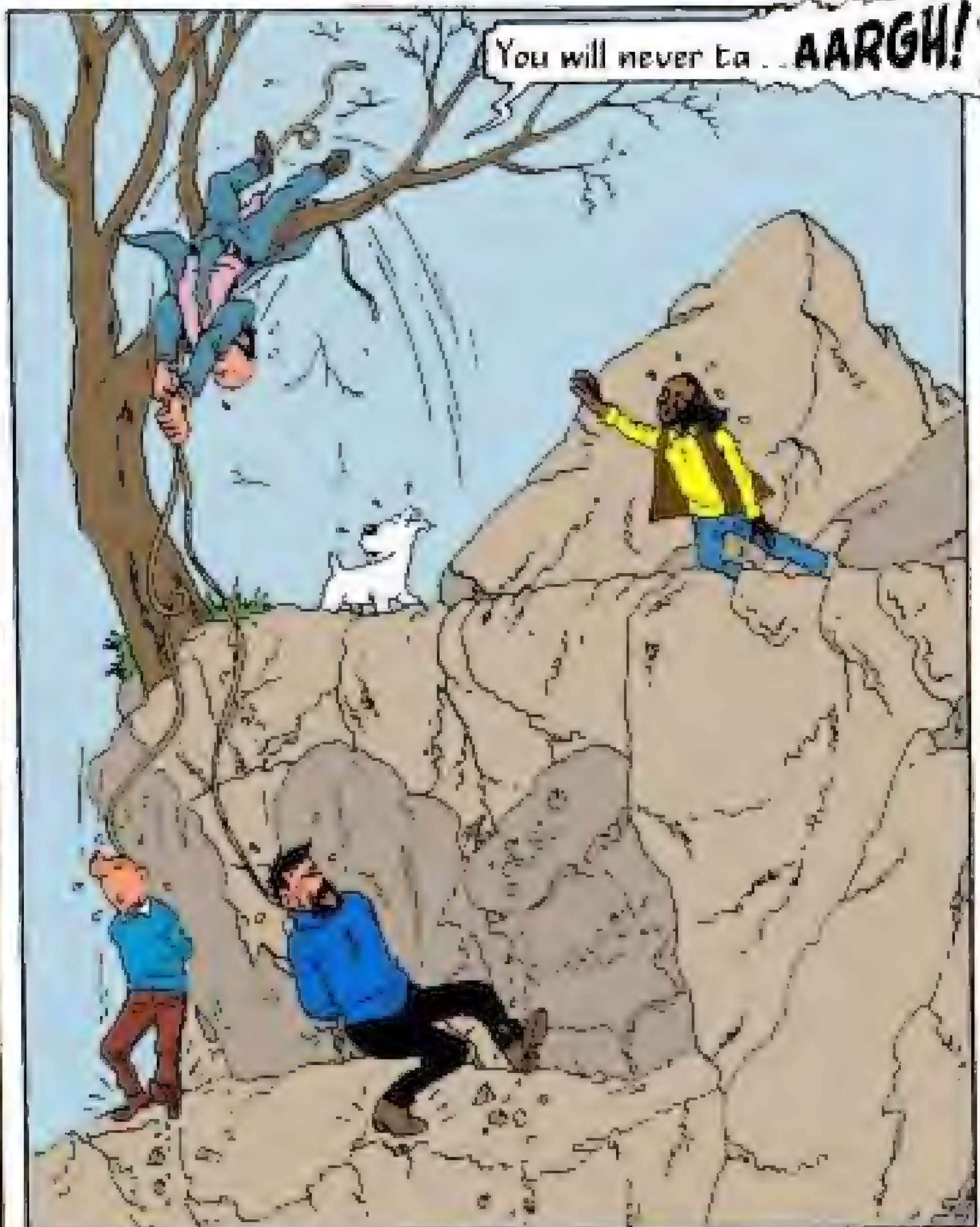
ARGH!

SNOWY!









And now, we'll go back down to rejoin the others. Snowy, you take the pathway down.



Phew! Well, you certainly had an arrow escape... no, a narrow...

Definitely!... But how did you find us here, in Ischia?



For some time, Akass had been suspected of an illegal traffic of old paintings... We continued our enquiry, which led us here, when we met Mr Wagner at the police station.

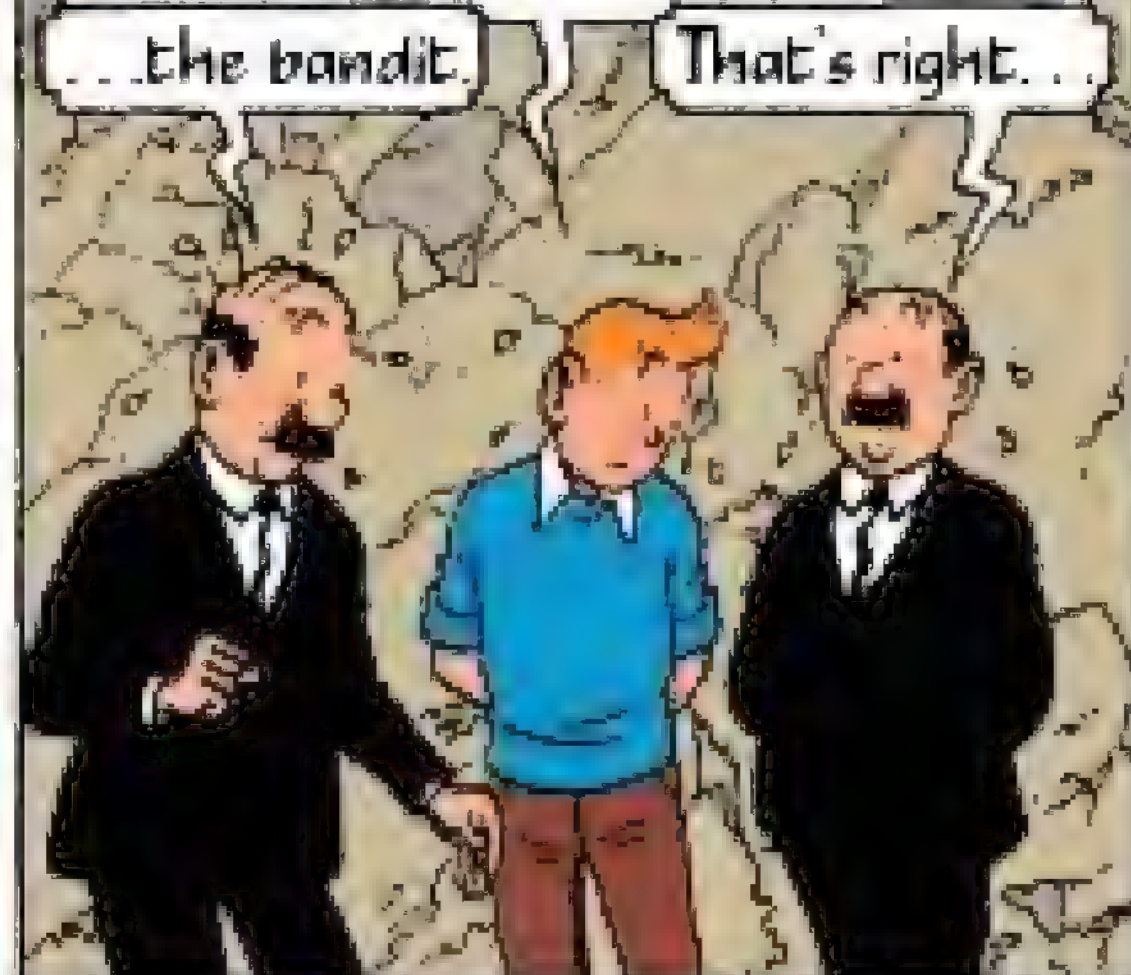
Ah?...



Come on, we'd better go down and find the...

...the bandit.

That's right...



So, we met Mr Wagner at the station... he told us of your bizarre arrest... then we got a telephone call from Mr Mash... er...



Nash... But Rastapopoulos didn't deal in old paintings, they were fakes.



Isn't that right, Mr Nash?

Er... that's right...



But I'm not a bad man! I... When Rastapopoulos met me, in Jamaica, I was only a penniless, unknown artist - I was starving!



... then Rastapopoulos turned me into an artist of international recognition!



And all I did was paint canvases in the style of classical artists. It's a gift. I'd always done that...



Rastapopoulos arranged for them to be authenticated by experts, and then the money started rolling in. Up until today, I didn't complain at all.



Ah! There! I... I think I see him.



Is... is he...?



Yes... dead. God rest his soul!



Mada

TORE in AD

Alph-Art busin

Shanghai, wh

staying,

with

End

Den Hainish LZAD abandons plans to

art museums in Khemed

at, the Hain

cancelled

a series of

country's

the Hain

a great at

Madaddine

than the

Madaddine

asked that

er for

that

lighted

But I now have absolutely

no intention of building

art galleries in Madaddine

kass & Alph-Art: the truth behind the cover

RASTAPOPOULOS: TALENTED FRAUD

Robert Rastapopoulos, who the entire world has known since the "Red Sea Sharks" affair, as it has come to be known, when his private launch sank in the Red Sea, and it was believed he died. However, he had survived under the guise of a false beard, thanks to a false beard and plastic surgery. The Rastapopoulos, as he was known to members of his sect, used this as a cover for a more sinister business - art forgery on a grand scale.

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually came to see Rastapopoulos during a flight, and he would tell him the latest news. It is likely that he was buried in the Red Sea.

On the Nash years ago, and coming to see Rastapopoulos, and also underworld, Nash to

Accomplice?

Allen Thomson, the right hand man to Rastapopoulos in the Red Sea, was an US

ER

on by

money

day

day's

mouth

feeds.

Band

from

ments

able.

ES

at will

of us,

at that

phones

le most

own.

one is

ersity

is no

s off;

actly

hem."

RASTAPOPOULOS, BEFORE AS KASS, THANKS TO

At times, the money each day would be three million dollars. Nash usually came to see Rastapopoulos during a flight, and he would tell him the latest news. It is likely that he was buried in the Red Sea.

On the Nash years ago, and coming to see Rastapopoulos, and also underworld, Nash to

The reporter Tintin foils an international

FROM LEFT: MADDOCK, ZHOVY & TINTIN

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It was believed that the paintings were sold to rich American collectors. A list of names was kept at the villa, and the names were passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert such as the unfortunate Jacques Monette and Jean Bourdier. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE

It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

The reporter Tintin foils an international

FROM LEFT: MADDOCK, ZHOVY & TINTIN

Each was produced to the style of the original piece, and was then signed by Nash - with whose name was required. It was believed that the paintings were sold to rich American collectors. A list of names was kept at the villa, and the names were passed off as originals by Rastapopoulos, by having them authenticated by a well-known expert such as the unfortunate Jacques Monette and Jean Bourdier. These men were murdered by the gang, protect the "business" that was being run.

TINTIN TAKES UP THE

It was at this that the young reporter intervened. According to Mr Tintin, Mr

Two days later ...

By thunder! More journalists!

Look here, Mr Tintin!

Here

Mr Tintin, a few words? ...

Certainly, Mr Willoughby-Drupe ...

Is it true that the Italian government has recompensed you by giving you Rastapopoulos's villa?

Yes, that's right.

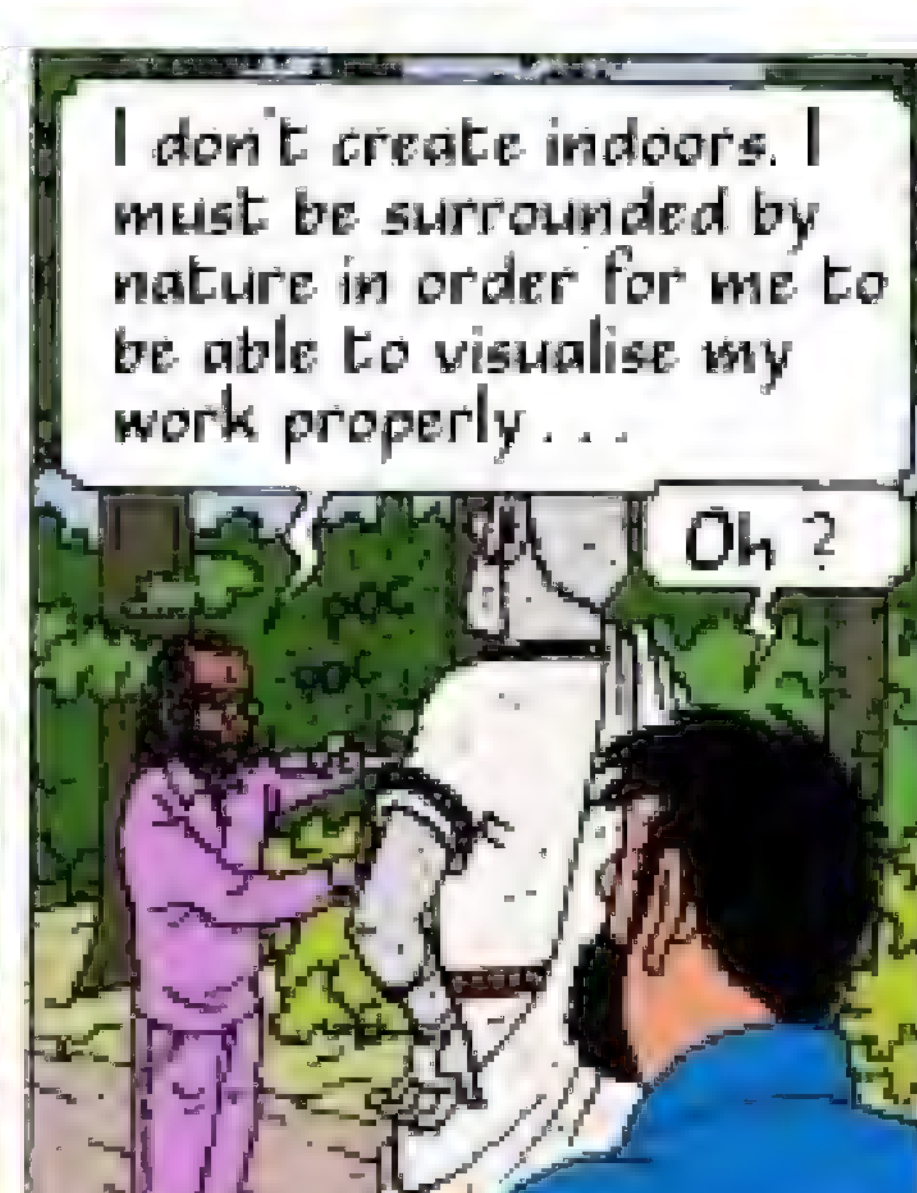
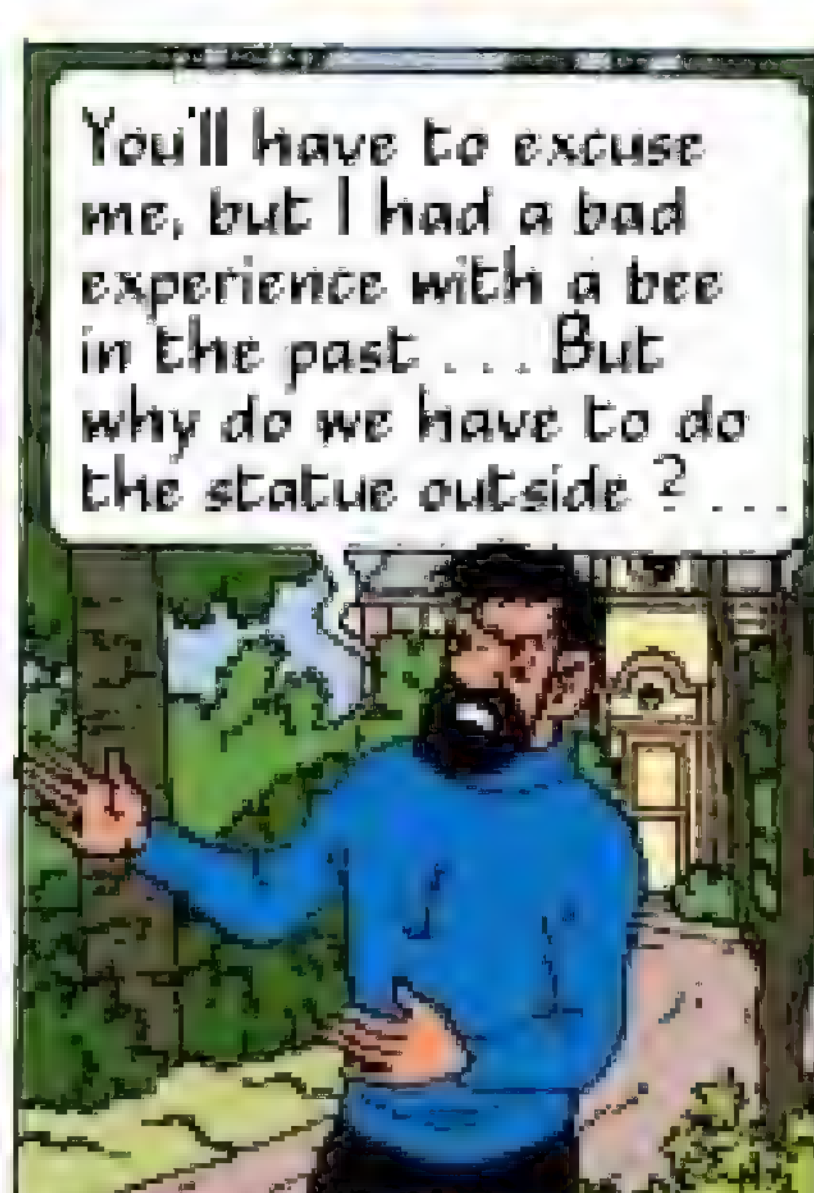
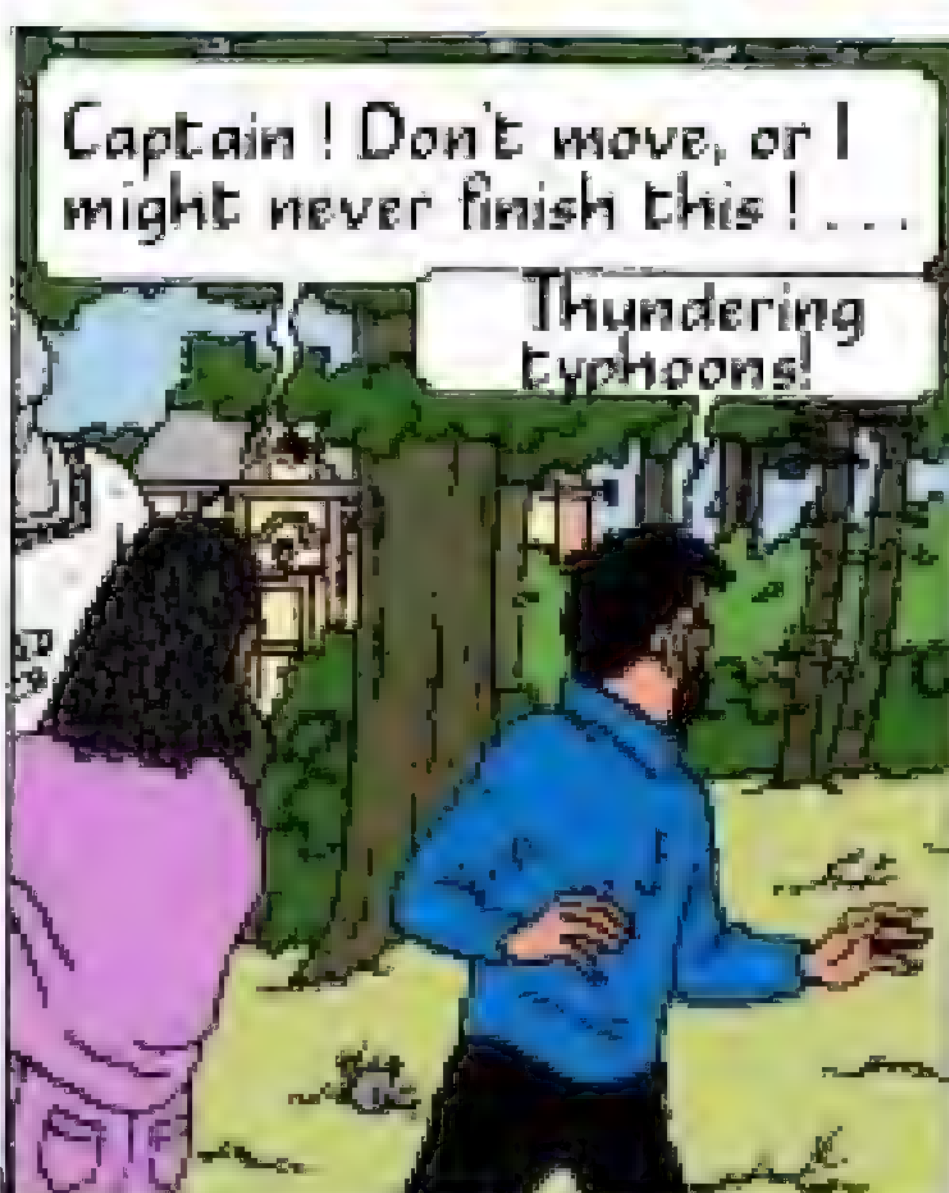
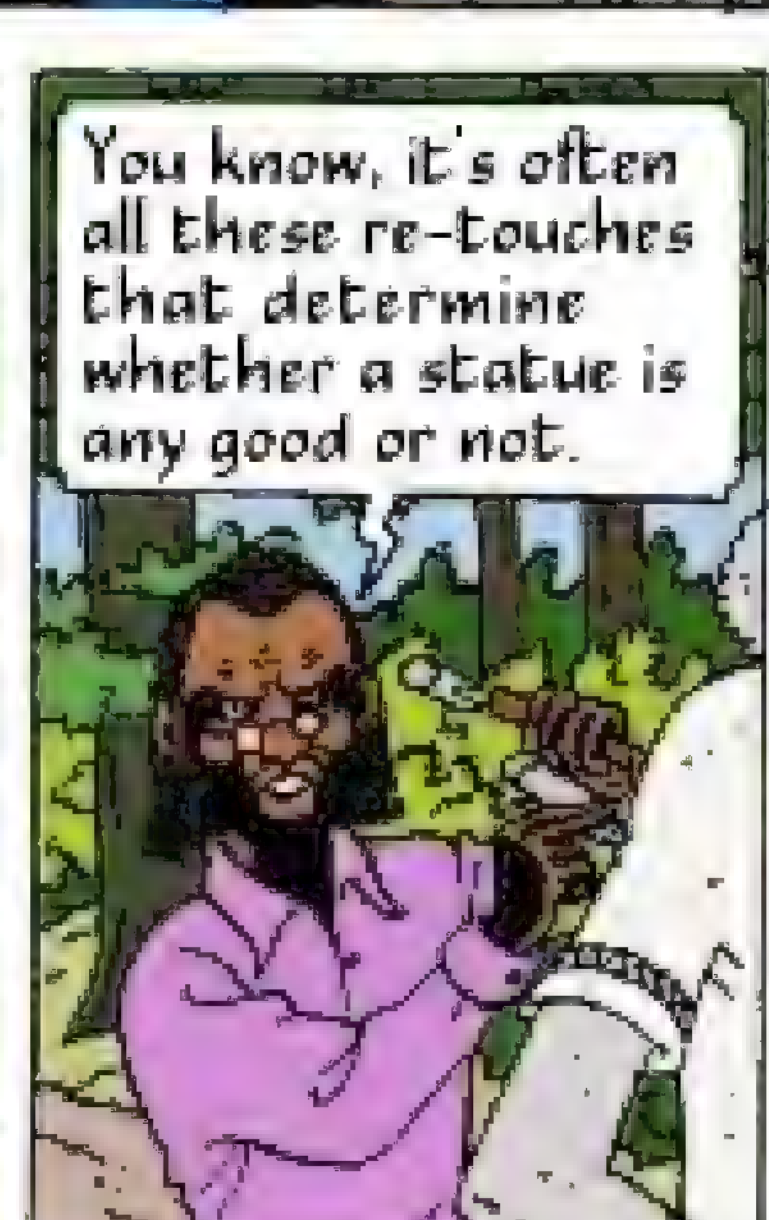
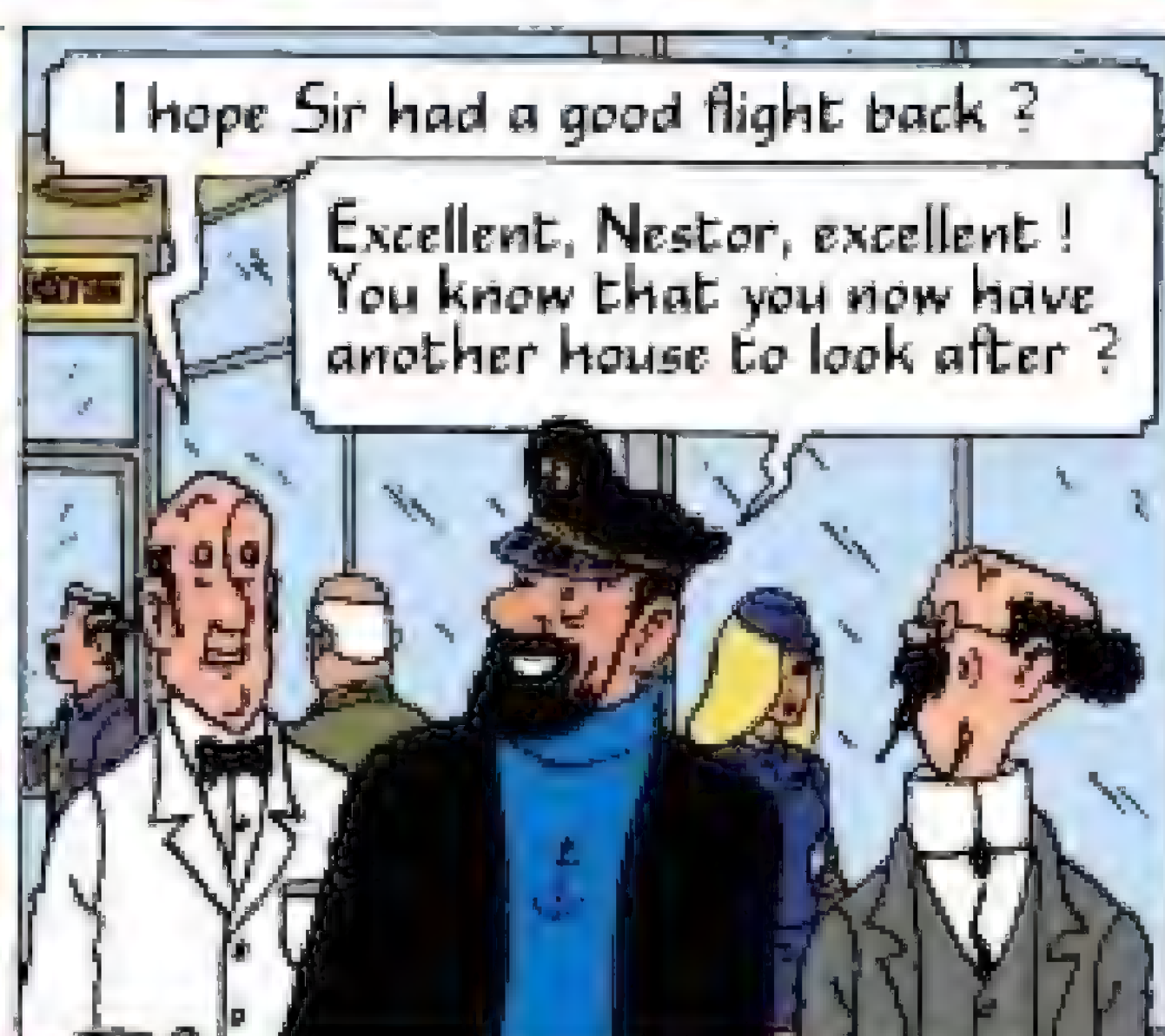
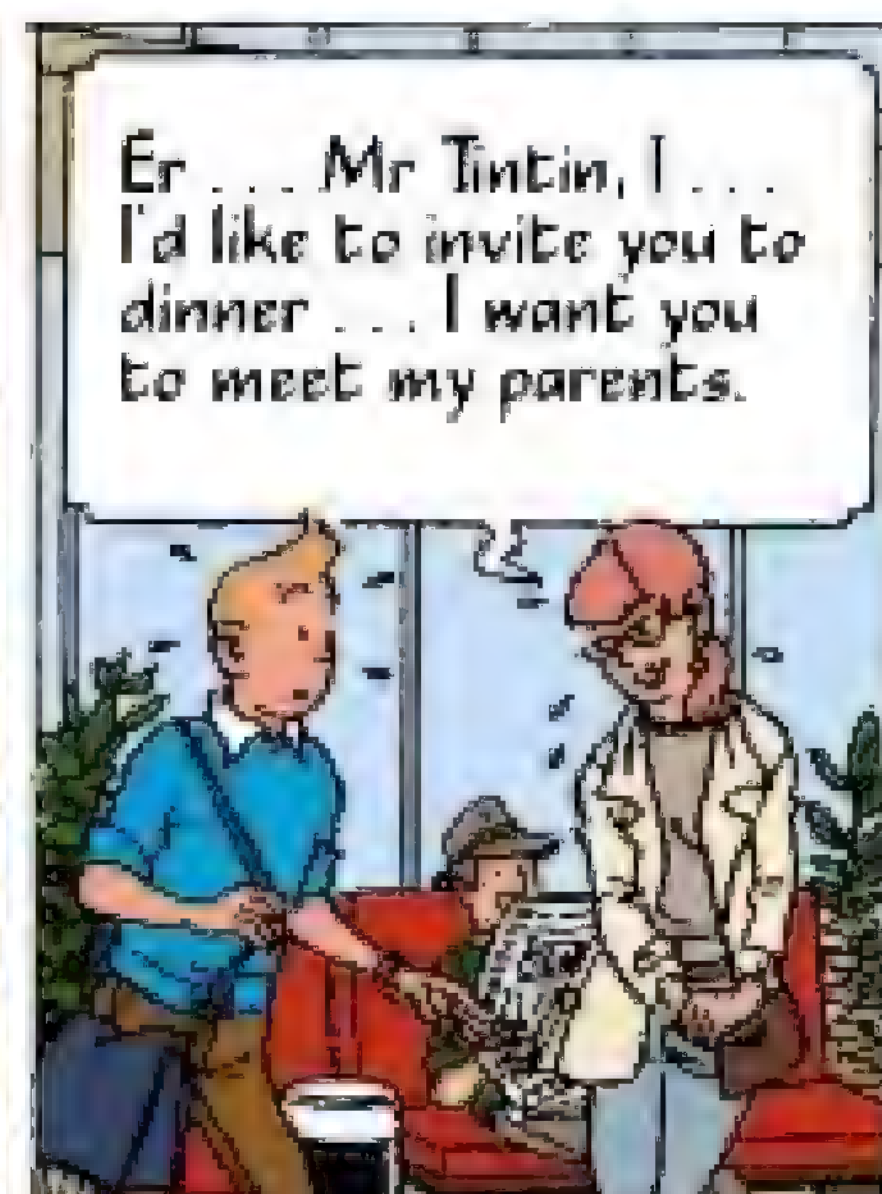
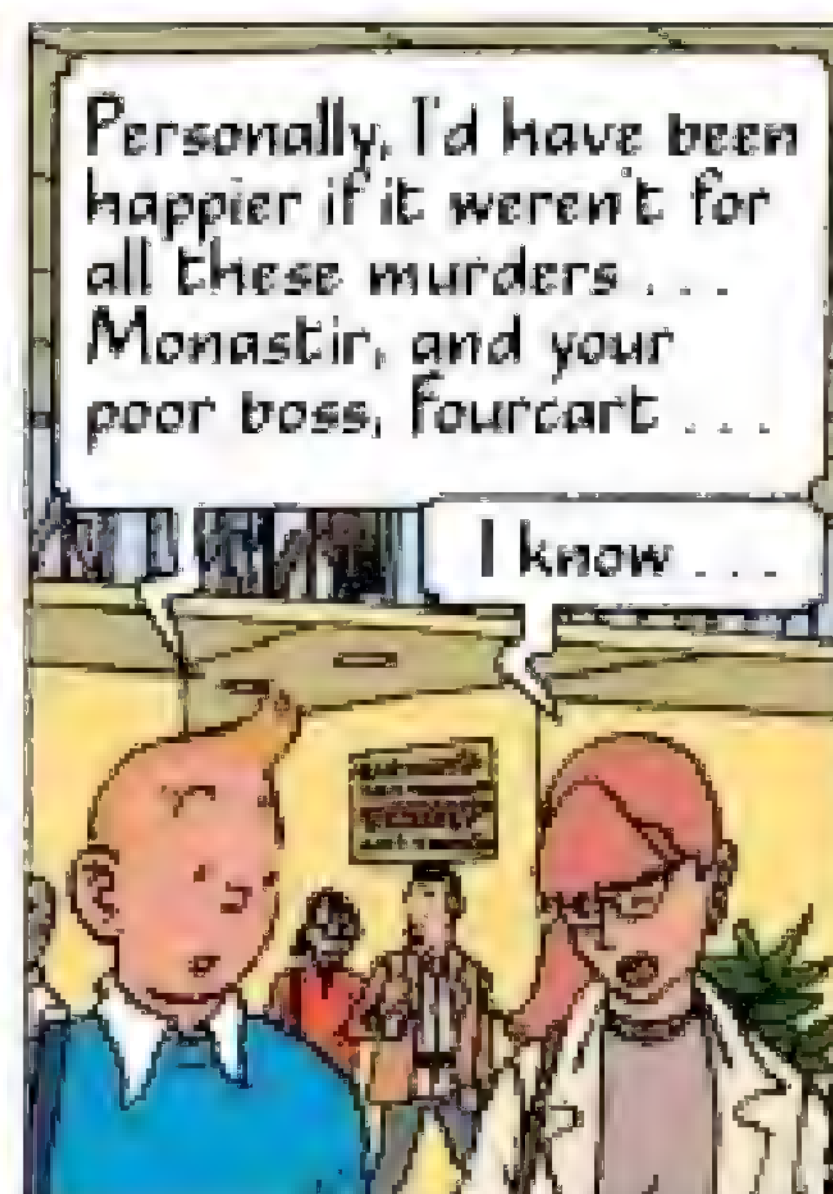
Do you plan to stay there?

Blistering barnacles! Out of the question! We're going back to Marlinspike! I will never set foot in Italy again!

Mr Nash, is it true that you have given up Alph-Art and moved on to classical painting?

Yes, that's true.

Mr Tintin ...





Hi, my old chum! I say, I heard you've inherited a villa in Italy? I wanted to congratulate you!

Er... thanks.



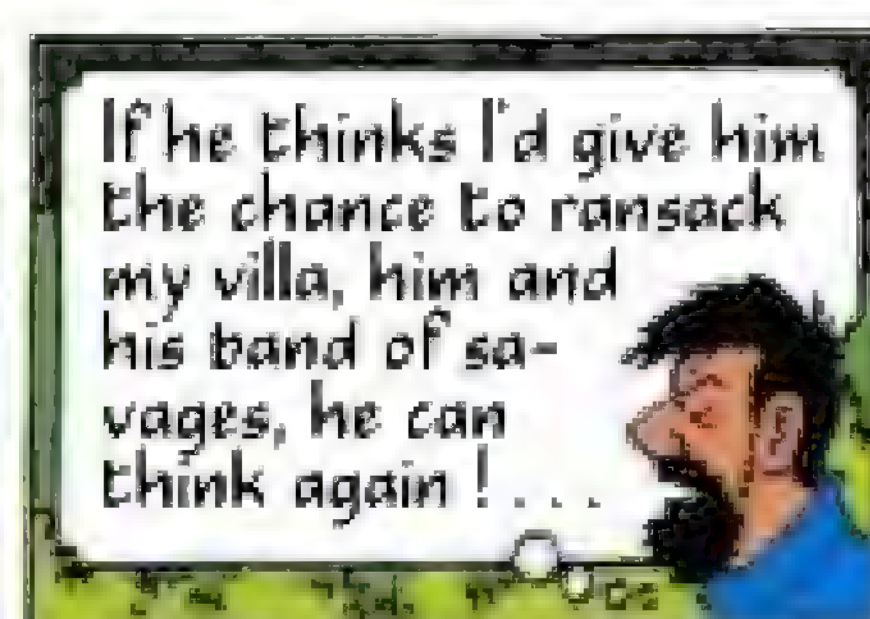
I'm taking the family to Italy for a holiday. You couldn't lend me the keys to your villa for a fortnight, could you?

Er...



The villa belongs to Tintin. I'll have to ask him.

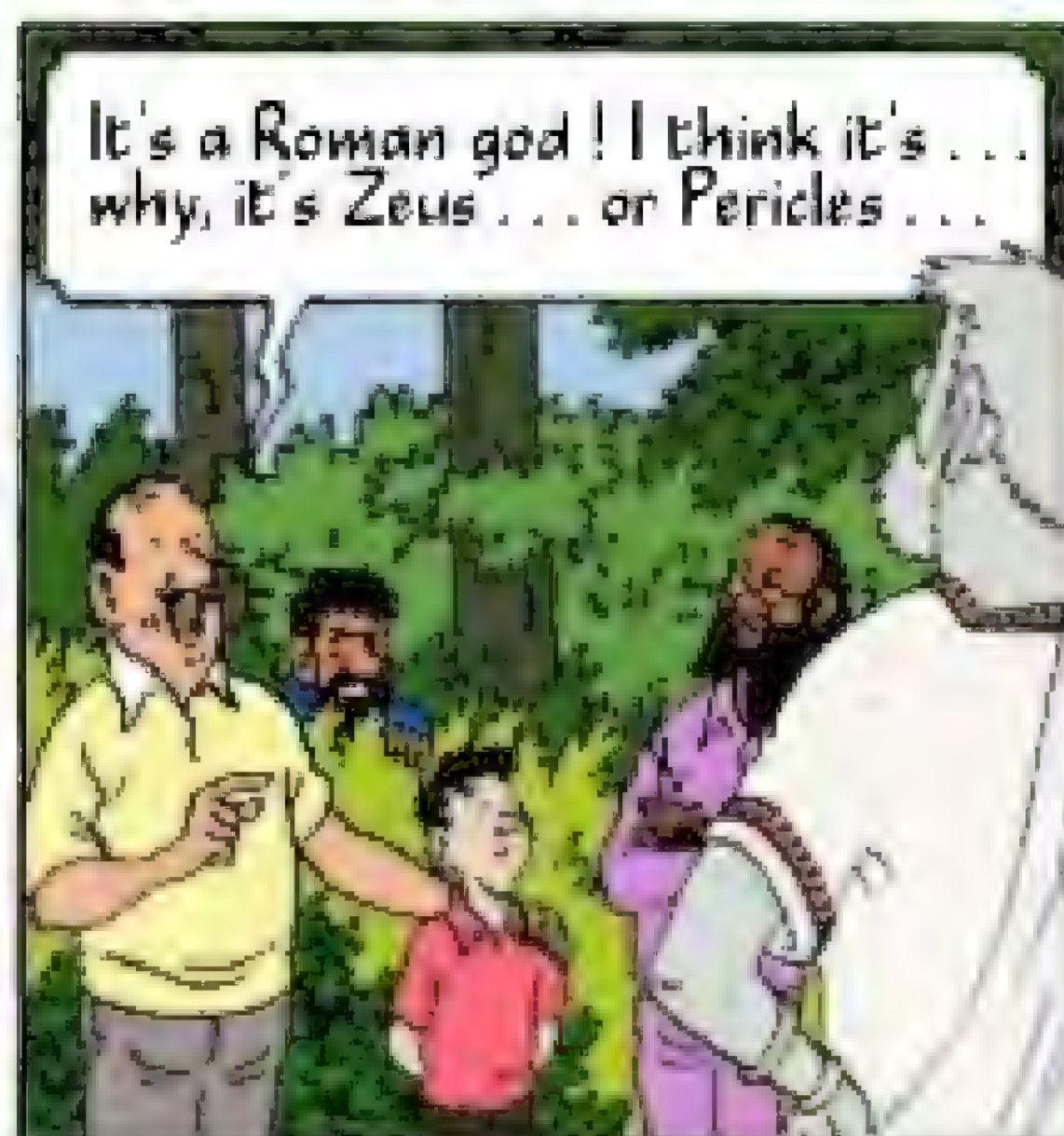
Be quick!



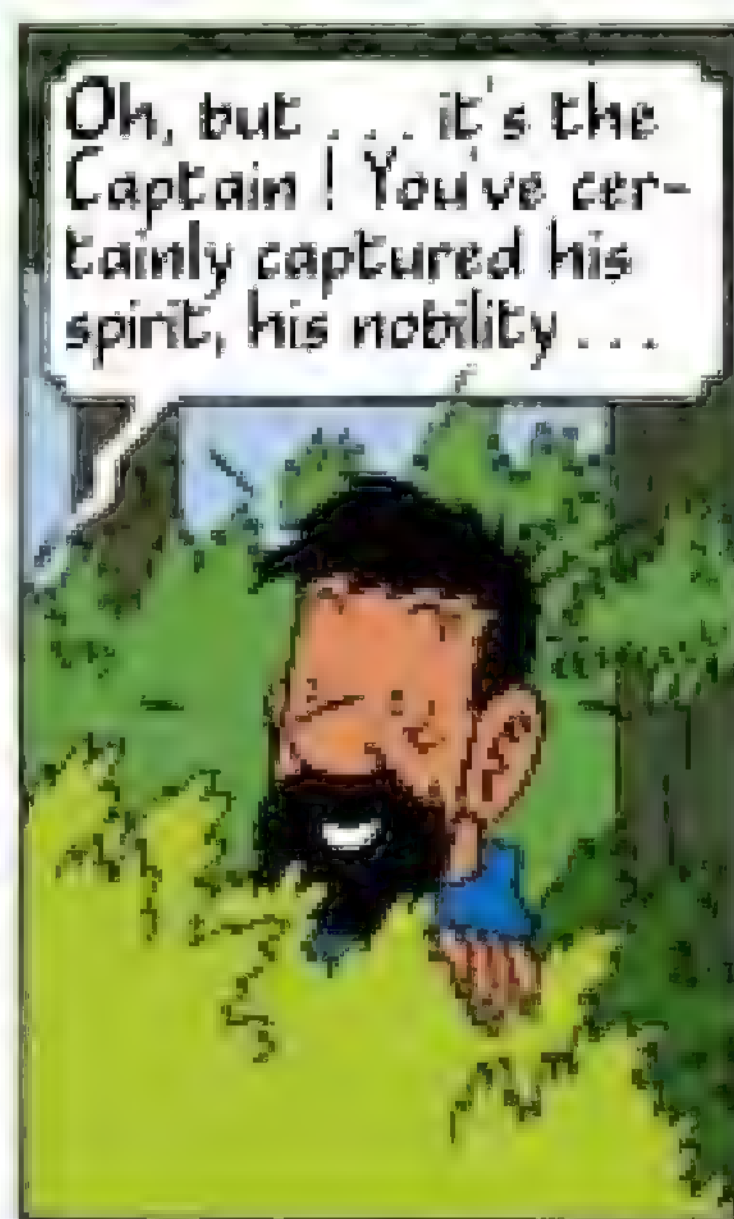
If he thinks I'd give him the chance to ransack my villa, him and his band of savages, he can think again!...



Wow! Dad! Have you seen that statue! It's a god!



It's a Roman god! I think it's... why, it's Zeus... or Pericles...



Oh, but... it's the Captain! You've certainly captured his spirit, his nobility...



What a great heart he has, that man. His intelligence, as well, shines through!



Jolyon, my old friend, here are the keys...

Ah good!



Tintin was a bit hesitant, but I soon convinced him!

Thanks, old salt, I owe you one!



In fact, I've invited my cousin, who lives in Italy. He's going to join us, with his family...



Hi, Captain. Nice day, isn't it? Who was that you were talking to?

Wagg...



I've just given him the keys to the villa...



No, it's alright, it's free! I'm in a generous mood today!

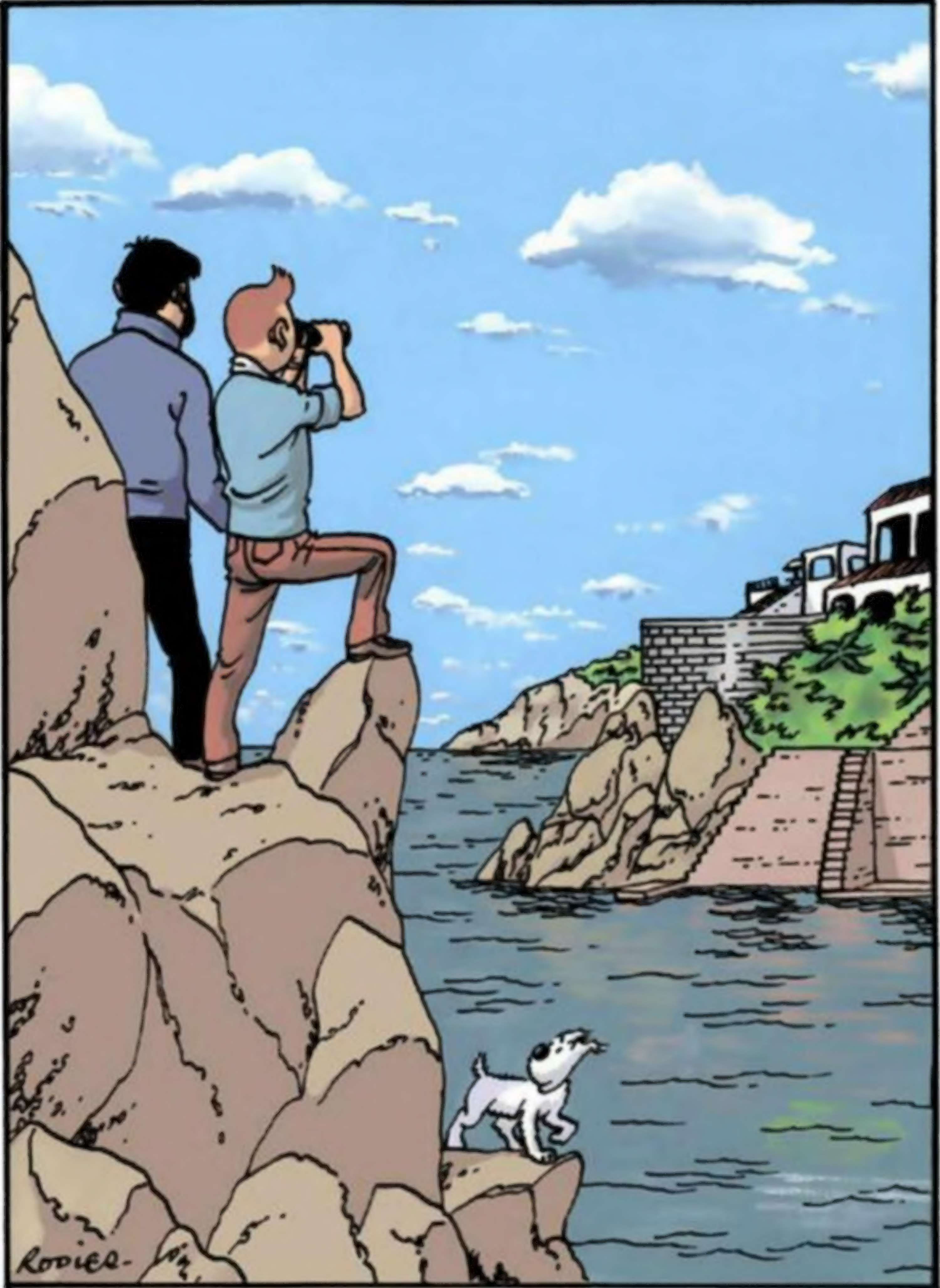


HERE SNOWY!















TINTIN *and* ALPH-ART

The twenty-fourth adventure of Tintin, "Tintin and Alph-Art", was left unfinished at the time of Hergé's death on the 3rd of March, 1983.

Since then, several artists have tried their hand at finishing this ultimate adventure of Tintin. Presented here is the version drawn by Yves Rodier, a Canadian artist, in an English translation by Richard Wainman.

The intention, when creating this translation, was to remain as faithful to the original as possible, and therefore, new place names and character names have not been anglicised. This practice, which was carried out by the English translators, Leslie Lonsdale-Cooper and Michael Turner for the books in the established canon, has not been used here.